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November

Harpers MAGAZINE

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Overproduction: What Shall We Do About It?

By STUART CHASE

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Harper's Magazine

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE: Published Monthly: 40 cents a copy, $4.00 a year. Serial No. 966. Issue for November, 1930. Harper & Brothers Publication Office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 49 East 33rd Street, New York. *Copyrighted 1930 in United States and Great Britain by Harper & Brothers. All rights reserved.* *Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under the act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the United States of America*

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the New York World

THERE is a good deal of the winter's reading laid away in the 570 solidly printed pages of Hendrik Willem Van Loon's latest book, *R. v. R.*, subtitled "The Life and Times of Rembrandt van Rijn." The author has attempted in it nothing less than the vivid reconstruction of Rembrandt's Amsterdam, of Rembrandt's Holland, of Rembrandt's Europe, during the seventeenth century and has included more than a cursory glimpse of the new world. He has done this in the most informal of ways, justifying the apparently sprawling method. It is through the pen of an imagined ancestor, in the ninth remove, one called Joannis van Loon, a physician and surgeon who became acquainted with Rembrandt at the time of the fatal illness of his beloved Saskia, that the story is told, and by that device the author does manage to convey a feeling of contemporaneity, encircling his theme rather than attacking it directly. *R. v. R.* is an historical novel and a biographical romance. There is in it the sprawling, tumultuous life of Amsterdam, the history of the religious struggles reduced to colorful incidents, and stories of minor personalities, historical and imaginary; the taverns, the streets, and the port are etched in; we walk with Rembrandt, in search of an original Michelangelo, through the Jewish quarter, and learn of Spinoza by hearing his conversation, and of Grotius, and of Rembrandt's fellow-painters. The imagined Joannis van Loon tells us all about his boon companions, the Jew, the Turk, and the Frenchman, and of their gay adventures and delightful natures. He becomes only gradually aware of Rembrandt, but as the book proceeds in its apparently, and charmingly, careless way, Rembrandt takes up more and more of the foreground, without blacking out the background, and then, again, recedes while the supposed author tells us more of his private life and adventures. The garrulous ancestor, who, being a surgeon by profession and not a writer, must be allowed to tell things in his own careless way, informs us of his grandfather who was branded by the Inquisition and of his grandmother and of his father and of his friends and of the roundabout manner in which a bequest left him free to spend so much of his time with Rembrandt rather than in the development of a practice. The completeness with which Rembrandt's time and place is envisaged brings to mind Dmitri Merezhkovsky's *The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci*, which is also an historical-biographical romance of another rich and glowing century. (Horace Liveright.)

Among other recent publications in biography, European and American, are Herbert S. Duffy's *William Howard Taft*, Dorothie Bobbé's *Mr. and Mrs. John Quincy Adams*, Henry Bamford Parkes's *Jonathan Edwards*, William Lawrence's *Life of Phillips Brooks*, Hamilton Fyfe's *Northcliffe: An Intimate Biography*, Susa Young Gates's *The Life Story of Brigham Young*, *Letters of Henry Adams*, edited by Worthington C. Ford, Fred D. Pasley's *Al Capone, the Biography of a Self-Made Man*, Gordon Craig's *Henry Irving*, George D. Lyman's *John Marsh, Pioneer*, Eucardio Momigliano's *Cromwell*, Alice Stone Blackwell's *Lucy Stone*, and *The Private Letter Books of Sir Walter Scott*, edited by Wilfred Partington, and with an introductory letter by Hugh Walpole.

A List for Discriminating Readers

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SWIFT

He loved men, yet hated mankind. He had a wife, Stella, if she was his wife, and a mistress, Vanessa, if she was his mistress. He was a country clergyman, yet one of the three men who administered the British Empire. He was as outspoken a man as ever lived and yet he lived in a cloud of secrecy. The story of his life as told by Carl Van Doren adds new lustre to the art of biography.

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Among the New Books

Rembrandt, as a subject of biography, appears also in the latest translated book of Emil Ludwig's. It is called *Three Titans*, and the other two are Michelangelo and Beethoven. By and large, the book is written as if the author were constantly aware that he was dealing with titanic and demoniac forces released through three human agencies. Except for a style that seems at times a little heated, *Three Titans* will be found to be of service as an introduction to a more rounded knowledge of the men considered. The central theme of this book is implied in this phrase from Ludwig's preface: "They are three Titans who accepted battle with the gods." He says, in effect, that Michelangelo, Rembrandt, and Beethoven were spiritually akin, although the sculptor of the Renaissance and the musician of Napoleonic Germany were more closely related, with the Dutch artist acting in the role of a not too distant cousin. To look at Michelangelo's Sistine Chapel murals, writes Ludwig, is to be reminded of the Ninth Symphony, and "the fire infused by Michelangelo in the attitude of Moses has its analogue in the rebellious mood of the Egmont overture, and the melancholy of the earth-bound form sobs from many a great Adagio of Beethoven's." And the path between Rembrandt and Beethoven, continues Ludwig, lies in the contrasts between light and shade, which each, in his way, achieved. The German biographer perceives a more easily recognizable kinship in the natures of the three Titans: "They were all, throughout life, misanthropical, enigmatic, distrustful; and at certain periods each approached the borderland of madness. Despite their prodigious successes, all three had been perpetually in conflict with the world; Michelangelo strove for power, Rembrandt for luxury, Beethoven for love; but each attained his desire only by fits and starts, and always at the cost of bitter experiences. All three lost the few men and women whom they loved." Although the three essays are substantially developments of this central theme, they do not stray from the main function of describing with a fair amount of interest the lives of three strikingly interesting men and men of genius. (Putnam.)

PETER ODEGARD
Author of "The American Public"

"MORGAN THE MAGNIFICENT"

The Sphinx seems to have furnished the greatest financiers with their model of conduct. Among those most eminent for their silence, as for the scope of their operations, may be named James Stillman, George F. Baker, and J. P. Morgan. Myths have clustered most thickly about the life of Morgan, the founder of the private banking firm, and some of the myths have been authenticated and admitted to the first complete biography of the elder Morgan, under the title of *Morgan the Magnificent*. John K. Winkler, who has previously published popular biographies of John D. Rockefeller and William Randolph Hearst, is the author of this book. The title derives from Mr. Winkler's attempt to show that there was in Morgan something of the poet and something of the pirate. It may be said that the elder Morgan is a little less of an enigma as a man and only a little less of an enigma as a financier because Winkler has written this book. In it we are told not only the story of the life of Morgan but, necessarily, a good deal of the financial and industrial history of America during the lifetime of the banker. The biographer takes us through the life of Morgan's father, relates the story of railroad consolidation in America, centering that part of the story on the battle for the control of the Northern Pacific, with Hill and Morgan, Harriman and Kuhn, Loeb ranged on opposing sides. The story of the steel mergers

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which led to the formation of the United States Steel Corporation is also here, as well as accounts of the panic of 1907, in minimizing the effects of which Morgan was one of the most important factors, and of the Treasury crisis of 1895, when the nation's gold reserves fell below a day's supply. Mr. Winkler is painfully conscientious in describing the detailed processes by which Morgan got his foothold in the financial world. The atmosphere throughout the book is one of respect and wonder for the power that Morgan became and wielded. The author attempts to round out his portrait by means of humanizing touches, by reference to Morgan as the great art collector, to his domestic life, friendships, loyalties, hobbies. (Vanguard.)

SALEM'S CONFUCIAN SAINT

Lytton Strachey, among others, has helped to make familiar the story of the romantic career of "Chinese" Gordon of Khartoum, who was credited, in the early part of his career, with the force and the generalship by means of which the Taiping rebellion, which threatened the Chinese Empire around the 1860's, was broken. Starting as a sect of native Christians, the Taipings extended and entrenched their power in South China until they held a string of cities, threatened Shanghai itself, and might have descended upon and captured the Imperial City. They seemed to have been more victorious in relation to China than the Confederate armies ever were in relation to the United States. It appears, however, that the man who organized the army and won the victories by means of which the Taiping rebellion was broken was not General Gordon, but an American—a soldier of fortune, a hot-blooded adventurer named Frederick Townsend Ward, the scion of a family of Salem shipmasters, merchants, and soldiers, who rode horseback across the American continent in 1859, sold his horse for passage money to Shanghai, and in the less than three years more of life vouchsafed him—he died at the age of thirty-one—whipped an army into shape, stormed more than a dozen cities, achieved victories in the field against enormous odds, and died as the result of wounds suffered in the assault on the city of Ningpo. He had already become a citizen of China and taken a Chinese woman for wife and when he died he was canonized as a Confucian saint, a temple was erected in his honor, and incense is burned in it to this day in his name. Before his Chinese adventure he had served, at the age of sixteen, as second mate on a trading vessel, had taken part in a filibustering adventure in Nicaragua, and is believed to have fought with the French in the Crimea. The life story of Frederick Townsend Ward is told by Holger Cahill in *A Yankee Adventurer*, the emphasis being on the Chinese episodes. Mr. Cahill tells in detail the story of the rise of the Taipings, describes the tribulations overcome by Ward in the organization of his army, and details also the adventures of some of Ward's chief officers and of the "Ever Victorious Army" following Ward's death. (Macaulay.)

KATHERINE ANNE PORTER
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Dr. Sigmund Freud, the virtual founder of the psychoanalytic method in the treatment of neuroses, expresses the conclusion in his latest book, *Civilization and Its Discontents*, that the state of humanity has become neurotic and that it is altogether likely that it is impossible to live in a state of culture without being neurotic. He puts his conclusion in a rhetorical question: "If the evolution of civilization has such a far-reaching similarity with the development of an individual, and if the same methods are employed in both, would not the diagnosis be

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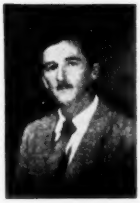

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justified that many systems of civilization—or epochs of it—possibly even the whole of humanity—have become 'neurotic' under the pressure of the civilizing trend?" He carries the analogy forward by suggesting that a means may some day be devised by which the whole of civilization may be submitted to psychoanalytic treatment and a cure proposed. He makes the point that civilization is built up out of repressions, the denials of instinctive gratifications, the sublimation of desires to a level upon which they cannot be the cause of hurt to others. He believes that applied science, in destroying distance and expediting the functions of communal life, has given us less than "civilization" has taken away. In other words, he opens up the question of whether a primitive form of life is not, in the long run, more conducive to happiness than an economy which operates by electric buttons. "It is impossible to ignore the extent," he writes, "to which civilization is built up on renunciation of instinctual gratifications, the degree to which the existence of civilization presupposes the non-gratification . . . of powerful instinctual urgencies. This 'cultural privation' dominates the whole field of social relations between human beings; we know already that it is the cause of the antagonism against which all civilization has to fight." Joan Riviere is responsible for the translation of *Civilization and Its Discontents*. (Cape & Smith.)

HAPPY DAYS IN 2030

The Earl of Birkenhead has attempted, in *The World in 2030*, to tell us about the kind of world to which we may look forward one hundred years from now. His book is not a Jules Verne fantasy, but an attempt to picture a future which is derived from the most optimistic possibilities—especially in science—in the present. Bred in the two most conservative professions of England, politics and the law, the former Mr. Smith is not inclined to give unleashed play to his imagination. The world to which he looks forward is sanitary, sterilized, organized, leisured, entertained, and painless. He visualizes ectogenic birth, by which process all types of women will be released from the burden of motherhood; he foresees life extended to a century and a quarter, with the retention of vital powers; the creation of synthetic foods, making agriculture unnecessary; release of power hidden in the atom, so that "a power plant of six hundred horse-power will carry fuel for a thousand hours' working, in a tank no bigger than a fountain pen"; the harnessing of the power of the winds and waves, resulting in the slowing down of the speed of the earth's rotation; the creation by chemistry of substances like tobacco and alcohol with their potentialities of pleasure and, among other things, the production in the laboratory by individual nations of types of human beings required to carry on those types of physical labor which omnipotent science has not been able to place on its own shoulders. (Brewer and Warren.)

MOCKING THE SYMPOSIUM

Whither, Whither, or After Sex, What? is an attempt to take off the symposium by a *reductio ad absurdum* of that form of reading matter. *Whither, Whither*, may not add anything to the world's store of knowledge or opinion, but some of its chapters may amuse, and certainly some of Bill Gropper's caricatures are likely to serve that purpose. The contributors, who number twelve, fall into two general classifications: intellectuals on a spree and professional humorists engaged in doing their stint. In the latter class fall Corey Ford, who writes about "Libido, or the Future of Debauchery"; E. B. White (co-author of *Is Sex Necessary?*) who contributes "Quo Vadimus?—or the Fate of Complexity"; and James Thurber (the other co-author) who writes about "Freud: or the Future of Psychoanalysis." Kenneth Burke, Edmund Wilson, and Malcolm Cowley are among the more or less grave intellectuals who advertise the possession of a humorous string to their bow; Mr. Burke writes with real verve on "Waste: or the Future of Prosperity"; Mr. Wilson on "Gorgonzola: or the Future of Literary Criticism"; and Mr. Cowley on "Œdipus: or the Future of Love." Others who contribute to this effort to make "life" a little less somber are Slater Brown ("Democritus: or the Future of the Atom"); Robert M. Coates ("Leviathan: or the Future of Ocean Travel"); E. E. Cummings ("Anthropos: or the Future of Art"); John Wheelwright ("Fugue: or the Future of Frozen Music"); Isidor Schneider ("Coolidge: or the Future of History"); and Matthew Josephson ("Eno: or the Future of the Vine"). The sets of students' review questions at the end of each chapter, and the burlesque biographies of the contributors accentuate, in most cases, the dominant burlesque note of the book. (Macaulay.)

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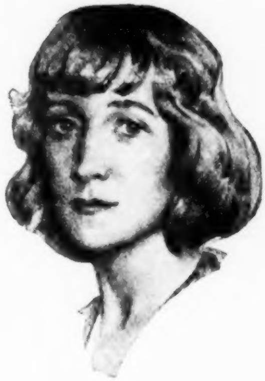

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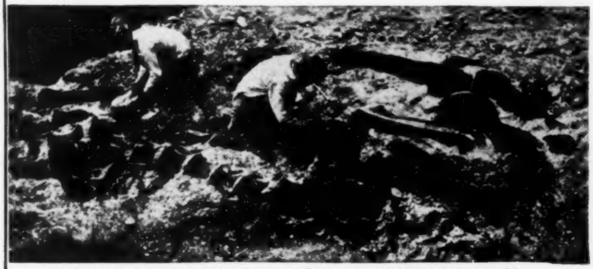

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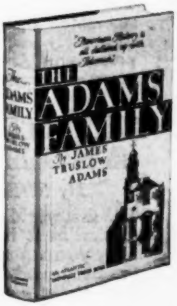

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because his trades were in kind, and not in cash, among his deals being the exchange of a three-seated buckboard and a barrow for an automobile, which went to someone else for a flock of ducks and $28, and so on. *Uncle Hosie* reveals the triumph of wit against wit, and is full of a quiet, drawling, pervasive humor, of the kind that readers of *David Harum* may find pleasantly familiar. In a note about the author, Phillips H. Lord, we are informed that the character of Uncle Hosie is based on Mr. Lord's grandfather, Hosea B. Phillips, in whose company he spent several summers in the Maine village in which occurred the originals of these trades. (Simon and Schuster.)

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The latest edition of *The Canterbury Tales* of Geoffrey Chaucer is distinguished by handsome typography and the numerous illustrations of Rockwell Kent. Parallel with the original Chaucer, there is a version in modern English, supplied by William Van Wyck, so that those who find Middle English as difficult as a foreign language may nevertheless be enabled to read the tales that Chaucer's pilgrims to Canterbury told one another. The twenty-five full-page illustrations, which are in two colors, are reproduced by the Knudsen offset process, and the typography has been designed by, and printed under the supervision of S. A. Jacobs. There are two editions of this two-volume Chaucer, one limited to 999 copies, autographed by Mr. Kent, and the other of 75 copies, each containing an extra run of the illustrations with a specially drawn background and printed in panels, each signed by Mr. Kent. (Covici, Friede.)

RECENT FICTION

Between dinner one winter evening, in the penthouse home of Hector Champion, and tea the following afternoon, in the old-fashioned brownstone house of Savina Jerrold, a number of interrelated dramas occur, the whole making Louis Bromfield's latest novel, *Twenty-Four Hours.* The events of these hours are made meaningful by reference to the past lives of the chief characters. During these twenty-four hours two men propose marriage, one of these men terminates an irregular relationship with another woman, the mistress of that woman's husband is killed by a gangster, a child is born to the murdered woman's sister-in-law, the woman who loses her lover and her husband

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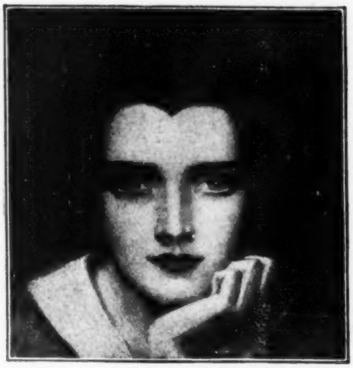

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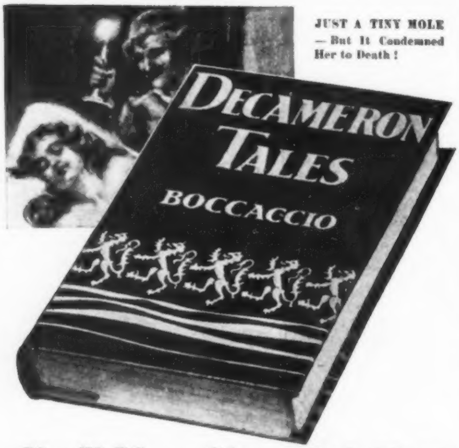
whose mistress has been murdered start their marital life anew. Events do not seem forced, we do not balk at the coincidences; what each person does or fails to do seems to belong to his character. It is an attempt to give us a cross-section of New York life during the span of a single day. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

Another kind of life is depicted by V. Sackville-West in *The Edwardians*, wherein we are told the story of Sebastian, Duke of Chevron, from the Sunday of a summer week-end party in 1905 to the coronation ceremony of the present King George. Between these events we are present at a court ball, the opening of the opera season at Covent Garden, a Christmas party at Chevron, and the young Duke's coming-of-age party. Sebastian is presented as a representative of his class and as a likable individual, young and handsome, who need deny himself nothing. Perhaps the most idyllic section of the book describes his love affair with the radiant Lady Roehampton. In the section devoted to his friendship with Teresa Spedding the novelist indicates the attitude of the middle class toward the nobility. The novel as a whole is a graceful story of manners in the England of Edward's reign. (Doubleday, Doran.)

Every Mother's Son by Norman Lindsay may be called Australia's *Main Street*. In this baked little community, the family of the Pipers work out their unsavory, but not unamusing, destinies. The adolescent Robert, who discovers love in his affair with the parson's daughter, and the coy flirt, Ethel, who takes her sister's beau away, furnish the chief action of the story, with Grandpa Piper and the beer-loving tutor Bandparts serving to remind us that there are still Dickensian characters in fiction. (Cosmopolitan.)

In *The Governor of Massachusetts* Elliot Paul tells the story of an average retired business man and lover of the land who is maneuvered into politics and by a combination of circumstances reaches a high office which he never desired. His ruin and the ruin of his family date from the enforced necessities of politics. (Horace Liveright.)

Other fiction of recent date includes a new edition of Conan Doyle's detective fiction under the title of *The Complete Sherlock Holmes* in two volumes, boxed; a new volume of Leonard Merrick's short stories, *The Little Dog Laughed;* and Henry Handel Richardson's first novel, *Maurice Guest*, in a new edition.



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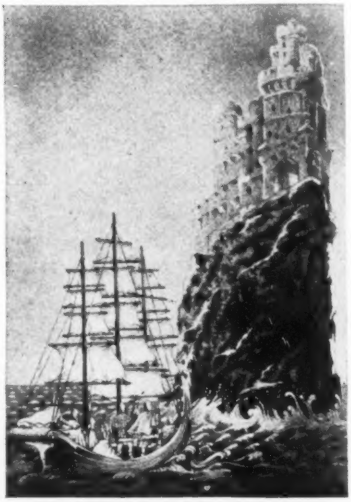
See It At Your Bookstore

Let's Look at Children's Books

By Virginia Kirkus

EXCITING days these, with holiday books coming from every publisher—gay, exuberant, exhilarating books for the junior members of the family, books in every color, varied in shapes and sizes, enticing in subject matter, leading one into realms of imagination and fancy, providing outlets for frayed nerves and weary bodies. They make the sober adult books seem monotonous and dull in contrast. One wishes first that one could be back at the picture-book stage—and then, as memories of straining eyes over bad type and bad printing in reading the classics come to mind at sight of a beautifully illustrated new edition, one wishes oneself in the teens once more. The middle-age children have, perhaps, the most exciting time of all, for they have every gate open, and strange fields beckoning, and they have not had a chance to outgrow the fairy tale stage nor to find anything outworn.



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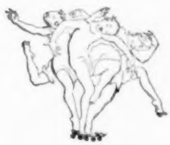

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almost walked off the page onto my desk. Marjorie Flack, in this picture book, has established herself as preëminently a story-teller in pictures. The text is amusing, but scarcely necessary. There is just exactly the right amount to carry the pictures along. Many a three-year-old will find a kindred soul in Angus, who after all his misadventures, "for exactly *three* minutes by the clock, was *not* curious about anything at all." We hate to part with the book, but it proclaimed itself the property of our very youngest niece the minute it arrived on our desk. (Doubleday.)

To Market! To Market!

But not to buy a fat pig. To buy instead a big, round, red cheese for a Dutch Mouse, and a slippery, neat little fish for a Dutch Duck. The Duck, you see, had found a silver gulden and invited his friend the Mouse to help him spend it. They had plenty of offers of assistance on their way to the market of Op-Zoom, but all the seemingly friendly folk had designs on the Duck, so the good companions ended by making their own way to market. Last year Emma Brock in *The Runaway Sardine*, gave us a background of Brittany. This year her book has a Holland setting. And once again we chuckle over the adventures in the quaint old streets, and absorb the charm of that picturesque land, with its dikes and canals and markets, its windmills and its costumes. Miss Brock has a magic brush and an original way of weaving her tale in and out through her pictures. (Knopf.)

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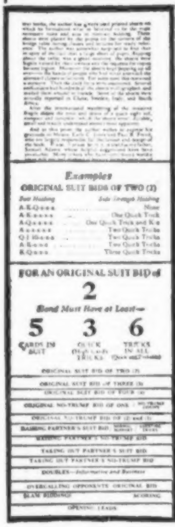

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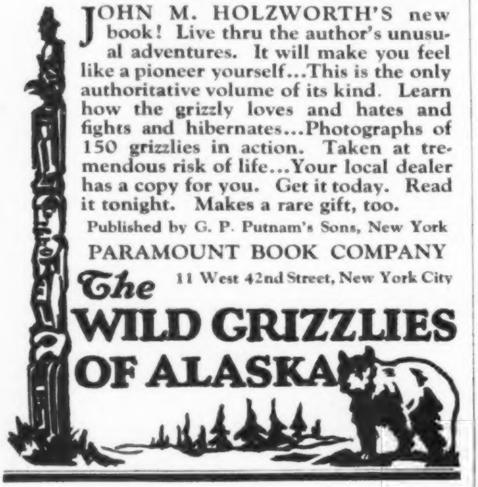

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phone. *Sparky-for-Short* is the story of a photograph of a "Lost Boy" which escapes over the radio and has exciting adventures in which two human children share. It is a modern tale indeed, with skyscrapers and submarines and aircraft and television taken as a matter of course. And the story skims along, carried on the crest of the writer's imagination and aided by the continuous strip of rapid-fire silhouette cutouts which decorate each page. (Coward-McCann.)

Magyar Fairy Tales

By way of contrast, we are writing next of this noteworthy collection of old Hungarian legends, by Nandor Pogany. An old, old country and old, old legends, these, redolent of the soil, distinctly folk-lore, with echoes of familiar Grimm tales, but with a twist and turn that mark them apart. There are princesses, and ogres, and witches, and devils, sleeping beauties and fairy godmothers. But they are all a bit more grim, and a trifle more bloodthirsty, or yet more beautiful and even more all-powerful, than the versions which are more familiar to us. Our favorite story of all was "Two Wee Thumb Oxen," which carried us back to the days when we first saw midgets and thought what fun it would be to have them instead of dolls. The illustrations have caught the eerie quality of the tales, and their almost sinister power. Willy Pogany has made an important addition to his work in this volume. (Dutton.)

The Needle in the Haystack

Ever since Alice took her place in the ranks of the immortals, writers have found that type of fairy tale irresistibly appealing. Most of them fall so far short of attaining the same category that they are scarcely worth consideration. But John Matheson seems to have touched the fringe, at least, in this story. There is a certain originality of conception, a freshness of viewpoint, and a sense of humor in the telling that makes the book sure to appeal to the imaginative child. Bridget, the cow that jumped over the moon, is unique. We grew very attached to her, and particularly enjoyed her adventures as a pagan goddess. And the illustrations by Edgar Parin d'Aulaire are utterly delightful. (Morrow.)

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George Sand, we wonder? They are stories she told her grandchildren, and they are stories that hold the interest of junior readers and adults to-day. "Wings of Courage," particularly, has a rare charm and one feels that here is the ideal "moral tale" which teaches right conduct without ever seeming to do so. A fanciful story, with an unusual setting on the coast of Normandy where the birds nest in the cliffs. There are other tales that deserve to live also, where one meets Clopinet, Queen Coax, Aunt Colette who spun the clouds, the big green frog, and others. And the illustrations in color by Harold Hess have an unusual appeal, a decorative and fantastic quality and, rarest of all, originality. (Lippincott.)

Book of the Three Dragons

Wales is the source of this saga, retold by Kenneth Morris. And Welsh children, we are told, know these stories as English children know their King Arthur legends. Hero tales they are, dramatic, vigorous, essentially virile, and yet with an undercurrent of the poetic feeling, the appreciation of the essence of beauty, and the grandeur of the racial spirit. Doubtless we all will stumble over the guttural, strange syllables of the Welsh names, but there is a rhythm to the telling that carries us over them, and we thrill to the bigness of the canvas and the youthful spirit of the legendary hero, Manawyddan. The illustrations by Ferdinand Horvath have caught the essence of the mystical quality, while the decorations have the characteristic vigor of the tales. (Longmans, Green.)

FOR THE TEENS

The Dark Star of Itza

Alida Malkus is one of our younger writers who is worth watching. She has chosen for her field of research little known aspects of Americana, and she has given us several memorable books of fiction for older boys and girls which show a distinctly scholarly attack

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and are at the same time good tales, well told. This latest volume is the first fruit of her expedition of last year to Yucatan with the Carnegie Expedition. The artist, Lowell Houser, was for three years the official artist of the staff and has given her a perfect setting for her glamorous tale in his fascinating decorative drawings. The story moves along rapidly, with a pagan Mayan princess as its heroine and the reconstruction of life in Chichen, one of the lost cities of the jungle, as its motive. Very convincing and dramatic and vital she has made it; the vanished race seems as vivid as a race in our outlying districts to-day. A civilization has been rebuilt for us, and once more the people move across its stage, and love and hate and fight and die. We hear that there is to be another story, the outgrowth of this expedition, in the spring. (Harcourt.)

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

From Genoa, Italy, a letter comes from Mr. Lionel H. Bresing, who has been a regular reader of this magazine for two years. He wants to know of new books as they are published in America. We believe that he will find adequate information in *The Publisher's Weekly*, the address of which is 62 West 45th St., New York City. . . . A letter by L. M. S. of New York City has been forwarded to us asking that we answer it. He will find in *The Concise Oxford Dictionary*, India Paper edition, edited by H. M. Fowler and F. G. Fowler, Oxford University Press, New York City, the answer to his requirements in a dictionary. According to binding, the prices of this book range from $4.50, cloth, $7.50, half morocco, to $8.00, Persian morocco, limp. . . . We are very sorry to state that we cannot find any listing of a book called *Brittany and Her People* by George Wharton James, as our correspondent seems so certain that she has read such a book. The letter comes from Minneapolis, Minn., and we are withholding the writer's name because of personal reasons. . . . Our next three correspondents are advised to seek

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In this biography the famous white plume waves as valiantly as Dumas would have us believe. Henry's amorous exploits bear all the finish of Don Juan and his kingcraft emerges unblemished.—*Philadelphia Ledger.* Illustrated. $5.00

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To the Puritan ideals, says the author, many of the ills of modern society are to be traced. This, she establishes most convincingly. $3.00

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further information from any store that deals in old and rare books. The names of two of these are: Dauber & Pine, Fifth Ave., New York City, and Lauriat's Book Store, Washington St., Boston, Mass. The three owners of old volumes who have sought information as to the value of the books in their possession are: Mrs. E. B. Slow, Eldorado, Ill., Mr. H. S. Geer, New York City, and Miss Harriett D. Miles, Hampton, Va. . . . Our next two writers are interested in the possibility of obtaining out-of-print books. Again we ask that any of our readers who may own these books and wish to sell them communicate with this column. The information will be forwarded to those requesting it. Mr. A. Smith, Liberty, N. Y., asks where he can get a copy of *Plain Home Talk and Medical Common Sense* by E. B. Foote. Several books by Spence Hardy are requested by Mr. Francis Franklin, Sanatorium, Va. The titles are: *Manual of Buddhism*, and *Eastern Monachism: An Account of the Order of Mendicants Founded by Gatama Buddha.* Leary's Book Store, South Pine Street, Philadelphia, or Schulte's Book Store, New York City, may be able to give information about these books. . . . Mr. J. H. Collins, Chicago, Ill., will doubtless find the answer to many things that have puzzled him since reading so many war books in the volume just published by Little, Brown Co., Boston, Mass. It is by Captain B. H. Liddell Hart and the title is *The Real War, 1914 to 1918.* The selling price is $4.00. . . . In Mott, North Dakota, the Woman's Club is planning a study of Africa. Mrs. E. H. Trousdale has written for a list of books on Africa from all angles. The following are some books which the club members may find useful: *Africa and Some World Problems* by J. Smuts, $2.50, Oxford University Press, New York City; *Africa from Port to Port* by Mott-Smith, Van Nostrand Co., New York City; *Rise of South Africa*, five volumes, by G. E. Cory, Longmans, Green Co., New York City; *Sport and Service in Africa* by A. H. W. Haywood, $6.00, Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pa.; *Then I Saw the Congo* by G. C. Flandrau, $3.50, Harcourt, Brace Co., New York City; *East Africa* by A. G. Church, $5.00, Ryerson Press, Toronto, Can.; *To Bagdad and Back* by J. M. Chapple, $6.00, Century Co., New York City.

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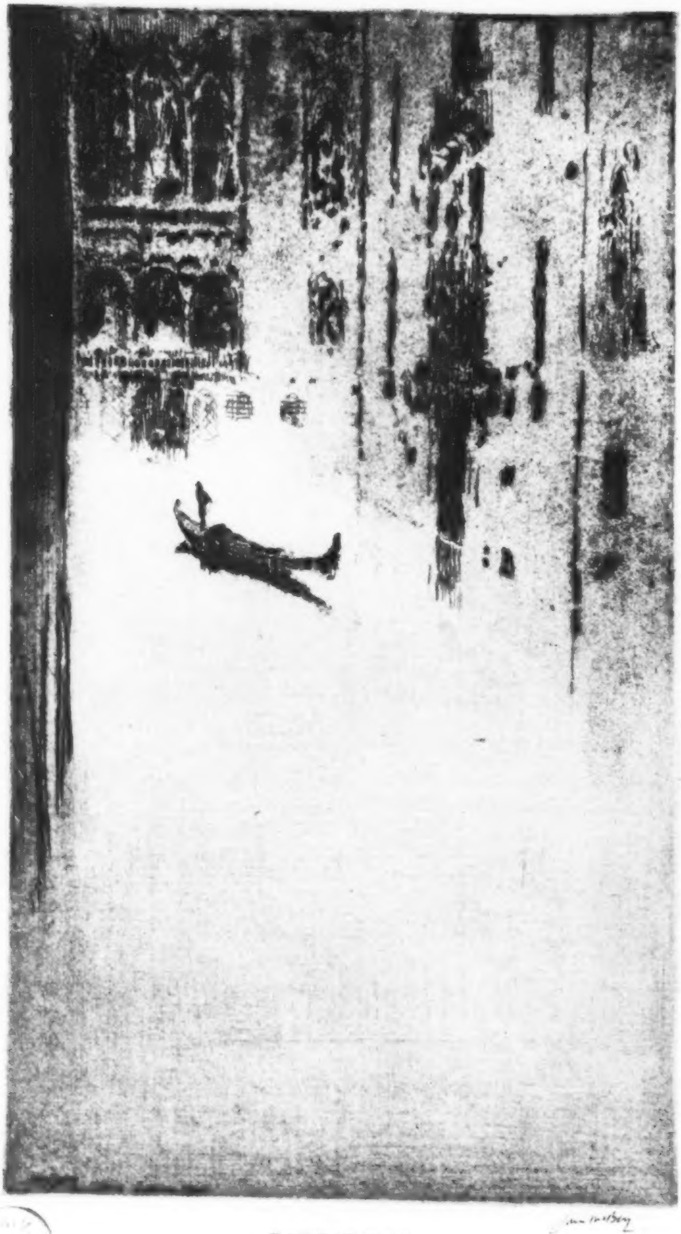

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VOLUME 161 NOVEMBER 1930

Harpers
Magazine

THE ENEMY OF PROSPERITY

OVERPRODUCTION: WHAT SHALL WE DO ABOUT IT?

BY STUART CHASE

A GENERATION ago the automobile industry was unknown. It has been created out of whole steel in the past thirty years, particularly and especially in the past ten. It is probably the most mechanized and most modern of all the world's industries. Ten thousand years ago farming was well known. Save hunting, it is the most ancient of all economic crafts. Motor car making and agriculture thus stand at the extreme left and the extreme right, respectively, of the economic field. Yet each suffers from the same handicap. Both are readily capable of producing far more units than the market can absorb, with resulting disastrous competition, wasteful selling effort, and chronic unemployment. In the massed ranks of other industries, reading from left to right, I can call to mind but very few in which the blight of overproduction is not endemic. Throughout Western civilization—with reservations in respect to France—the malady takes a frightful toll, which is clearly mounting with the years.

In April, 1929, the automobile plants of the United States were capable of producing 8,000,000 units a year. Plant-expansion programs have gone forward since that date. Yet in 1929 the entire world bought only 6,295,000 new cars, including the output of all foreign plants as well as American. To make matters worse, in 1923 3,000,000 people in the United States became, for the first time in their lives, the proud owners of new cars, whereas in 1929, the potential market had been so far exploited that there were only 500,000 such persons. A lush virgin territory has been reduced to cut-over lands; a *new* market has largely given way to a *replacement* market.

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Jumping now across the economic front to agriculture, we find that the basic problem of the American farmer lies in his "surplus." The government at the present writing has bought and holds in storage millions of bushels of wheat in a heroic and possibly calamitous attempt to keep the surplus from crushing wheat farmers altogether. Four factors, according to Dr. O. E. Baker, have speeded up the agricultural surplus in recent years, and promise, moreover, to speed it even faster in the future:*

1. Mechanized farming.
2. Better seeds, stock, soil treatment and land use.
3. Drastic shifts from less productive to more productive crops per acre—from corn to cotton in the South; from hay to fruits and vegetables all over the country, particularly in California.
4. The extensive shift from beef cattle to dairy cattle, hogs, and poultry—the latter producing far more human food per unit of animal food consumed. A man can be fed for a year in theoretical calories on two and one-half acres of hay stoked into milk cows, but to keep alive on beef steaks, he calls for *eleven* acres of grain, plus several acres of pasturage thrown in. Agricultural engineers are outdoing themselves computing these chemical and mathematical comparisons; farmers are following their logical and scientific deductions—and the surplus promises to rise to heights hitherto undreamed of.

In brief, the better we do things, the worse off we are. Or again the more potential goods with which we are capable of blessing mankind, the worse for us and for mankind. (That echo of a sardonic laugh is from the shade of William Morris.)

II

Overproduction, particularly in this year of world-wide depression, is on every man's tongue. What precisely does it mean? There are indeed distinguished savants who affirm there is no such thing. In one sense they are perfectly correct. Let us look into the term a little more carefully.

The actual overproduction of goods destined for the ultimate consumer, in the sense that they never reach him but have to be thrown away, is a reasonably rare phenomenon. Cases have been cited of shiploads of bananas and carloads of vegetables making gay the waters of Manhattan because they could not be given away, but the authenticity of such reports is dubious.

Far more frequent is a conflux of goods upon the market which can be absorbed, but only by a very painful lowering of the producer's price—often below the cost of production. The phenomenon is however a very ancient one; the consumer often secures some advantage from it, if not the producer; while the nation-wide policy of hand-to-mouth buying by both manufacturers and merchants, inaugurated after the depression of 1921, has tended to reduce the ravages of overstocked shelves and sacrifice sales.

The average wage in the United States is somewhere in the vicinity of $1,500 a year. If the gentle reader has ever tried to support his family on that sum he knows the number—the very considerable number—of goods he would like to purchase but must forego. In respect to the whole body of finished goods, it is not so much *overproduction* as *underconsumption* which is the appalling fact. As a nation we can make more than we can buy back. Save in certain categories, there is a vast and tragic shortage of the goods necessary to maintain a comfortable standard of living. Millions of tons of additional material could readily be marketed if purchasing power were available. Alas, purchasing power is not available.

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* As I write, a serious drought threatens the current harvests. Thousands of farmers face physical hardships and ruin. Yet because overproduction is even more ruinous to agriculture as a whole, the drought has been hailed on many editorial pages as a blessing in disguise. You will remember that in a Southern town there stands a statue to the boll weevil.

Thus one horn of the dilemma is a money and credit system which does not throw off purchasing power as fast as factories can throw out vendable commodities. It is the more acute with the entrance of mass production upon the economic field. While average income creeps slowly upward, potential industrial output may increase at twice, five times, a hundred times the pace.

Which brings us to the other horn. The most immediately critical factor in the whole "overproduction" situation, to my mind, is *excess plant capacity*—which means more mills, more mines, more machines, aye, more farmers' fields—than can be used. Not only is this equipment almost always in excess of purchasing power, but frequently, if you please, *it is in excess of consumption requirements, granted unlimited purchasing power*. American shoe factories are equipped to turn out almost 900,000,000 pairs of shoes a year. At present we buy about 300,000,000 pairs—two and one-half pairs per capita. There is admittedly a considerable shortage of shoes, but could we wear out, or even amuse ourselves with, five pairs per capita? I doubt it. For myself two pairs a year satisfy both utility and style. Yet if we doubled shoe consumption—gorging the great American foot as it were—one-third of the present shoe factory equipment would still lie idle. There are more shoe factories than we have any conceivable need for, either here or in Utopia.

Whether the capital equipment exceeds money power to buy, or man power to consume, the hobgoblins in the picture are overhead costs. Taxes, insurance, interest, depreciation, obsolescence, repairs, the services of watchmen, executive and clerical salaries, general office expenses—all go merrily onward whether a wheel turns or not. If few are turning, they will eat up the profits earned on those wheels, and keep the plant as a whole operating at a loss. The greater the plant, the greater the overhead; the bigger they come, the harder they fall. But nobody in his senses builds a plant with any idea except that of continuous, profitable operation. Rosy sunrises illumine every factory chimney which climbs upward. The promoter knows that, *granted continuous operation*, his overhead expense per unit of output can be kept to a minimum. The greater the volume, the lower the overhead cost; and of course the bigger the plant, the greater the volume. He never stops to consider—the American success saga does not permit him to consider—the reverse of the shield, to wit, the bigger the plant, the greater the costs of possible idleness.

Abnormally low costs when everything is humming. Abnormally high costs when everything is slack. As more plants and greater plants invade any particular field, the chances in favor of slackness are bound to grow. Unless, of course, purchasing power grows equally fast, which it does not. And there we are.

Why do plants so consistently outrun demand? The figures make it perfectly plain that they do, but why does capital take such gorgeous risks? Who, in the light of the facts just cited, would be fool enough to build a new shoe factory? The reasons are many. Promoters do not know the facts; indeed some do not seem to want to know them. A new device, an improvement on an old device, a happy advertising slogan, a new technical method of manufacturing, a rumor of great profits being made by those already in the field, a patent, a selling contract secured in advance—all offer the chance for rushing in where angels fear to tread. And rush we do; others may have failed, but we shall succeed. It is all very human, and profoundly in accord with the American tradition. I bemuse myself sometimes in speculating upon the amount of new capital which has gone into dentifrices, cosmetics, and fat reducers simply on the strength of an advertising man's showing of copy in advance of any plant construction whatsoever. The plant may make money, lots of it, while the public craze for the article lasts, but it becomes superfluous concrete and steel when the craze subsides.

There seems to be no urgent social need for the 78 sizes of bed blankets now upon the market, or the 278,000 types of men's sack suits, or the 6,000 varieties of single-bit axes; or for numberless other over-styled commodities concerning which the American Standards Association can give you the most appalling information. Yet every style and size requires as a rule special equipment and added investment.

Untold plants, furthermore, have expanded to meet a peak demand—a demand which never comes again. Thus during the War new coal mines were opened right and left. After the War demand fell away by 100,000,000 tons, and will probably never climb again to the dizzy peak of almost 600,000,000 tons. The War is responsible for current excess capacity in many industries.

Lastly, and very much to the point in connection with our discussion of purchasing power, the margin between total costs and selling price has been so high in the well-situated establishments that an enormous amount of net profit has been available for new investment. The living expenses of the rich have absorbed only a small fraction of their total incomes. The balance has flowed into new enterprises, some of them extremely necessary enterprises, many of them only adding to an industry already overequipped. If more of the gross receipts had been returned in wages, industry would have stood on a more solid base, with less loose capital seeking even looser investment. In brief, a bad distribution of income has done much to foster excess plant capacity. Instead of being used, capital has been abused. It used to be widely held that if profits were tampered with, "capital would leave the country." We might have been better off to-day if it had. We have altogether too much capital in relation to purchasing power.

III

Excess plant capacity is inescapable under the blessings of an economic system founded on the basis of free competition and *laissez faire*. Ever since James Watt put his first steam engine into a cotton mill it has plagued western civilization. But for a century or more it was held, with some show of reason, that the virtues outweighed the defects. If A had a monopoly and was making an undue profit, it was to society's advantage to have B build a similar plant, invade the market, and bring prices and profits back to normal. If C, similarly inspired, came in too late and had to scrap his plant, it was wasteful and unfortunate to be sure, but C's loss was overbalanced by A's, B's, and society's gains. A, B, and C furthermore were all individual entrepreneurs; little capitalists with little money, drawn from a limited investment field. The procedure was not unlike the ebb and flow of independent retailers to-day—the new shingles on Main Street about equalling the petitions in bankruptcy in any given year. The shores of the system were strewn with wreckage, but the wrecks were small, and the system *functioned*.

Now, however, in a great and increasing segment of industry, the day of the small capitalist, the little plant, is over.

Billion-dollar corporations are almost as thick as airplanes overhead. Even where the plant itself has not vastly expanded, one concern will operate a string of smaller mills. The ebb and flow of free competition, the rush of capital to the point of high profits—like levels of water in connected tanks—is not the fluid thing it used to be. Where it once took thousands, it may now take millions of dollars of capital effectively to invade a given field, particularly where mass production is dominant. No longer can we view with benign equanimity the operation of majestic laws. The units are too great, the investment too heavy, the employees too numerous, the possibility of waste and loss too enormous for us to look with anything but the liveliest apprehension upon bankruptcies, shut downs, part-time functioning, indeed anything but capacity operation of these mammoth structures.

If competition also had gone, we might have something to be thankful for. Great monopolies articulated to consumer demand, producing according to the latest findings of the technical arts, running at approximate capacity the year around, might mean monopoly profits (if unregulated), but would also mean no waste of capital, far less unemployment, no excess plant capacity, no overproduction—even as the Telephone Company now functions. But alas, competition, far from declining, has accelerated. While it is more difficult for the new concern to enter the field, the concerns already in it, by constantly improving their technical methods, introducing new machines, scientific management, research work, have enormously increased their potential output, and achieved the same result. Competition among giants is liable to be more bloodthirsty than among pygmies. Clans of giants, furthermore (under the general style of trade associations), move against other clans in related industries (lumber versus bricks), while super-clans making essentials do battle with super-clans producing luxuries (motor cars versus food or housing).

All down the line competition has intensified. Out of the pressure has grown the Higher Salesmanship, "service," annual models, installment contracts, contact men, red and blue charts — the whole gaudy phenomenon of modern distribution. Generally speaking these efforts, while often effective to begin with, cancel one another in the end (as when all products are endorsed by the same stars), thus placing an enormous additional burden of waste on the mechanics of distribution, which must be added to the retail price, *and thus further limiting purchasing power*. To-day it is estimated that the producer takes but half the consumer's dollar on the average; the rest goes into advertising, selling, and transportation.

While purchasing power received some stimulation through the device of installment selling (to be precise, about six billions of stimulation), the bulk of it went into luxuries and semi-luxuries, creating a top-heavy industrial structure. With the present depression, the boomerang comes back. Laden down with installment contracts, the wayfaring man cannot buy simple food and clothing in the volume that would be good for him, and especially good for industry at this time. As the *New York Times* editorially remarks: "It is hardly unreasonable to suppose that when the glamour of full employment and exceptional business profits met with a sudden check, the mere continuance of payments on such installment contracts, made at the height of speculative enthusiasm, must have added to the public's inability to make new purchases." The mass production plants in the luxury fields, fed by the glass tube of installment sales, are now particularly and dangerously exposed to the paralysis of overproduction. Some philosophers, like Mr. Paul Mazur, held that through high-pressure selling the formula for Utopia had been won. It now appears that the formula has only made confusion worse confounded.

IV

England, the mother of the industrial revolution, working in big units for specialized markets in coal, cotton, and shipbuilding, finds herself to-day on the verge of economic collapse due to shifts in market demand and the idle plant which has resulted. Two hundred thousand coal miners will never enter the pits again, while 2,000,000 workers are unemployed the country over. The total creeps steadily upward, with no relief in sight. Germany has now (July 15, 1930) 2,774,000 unemployed, with the promise of 5,000,000 by Christmas. Italy has nearly half a million out of work; little Austria 300,000; Poland and Sweden abnormally high totals. Indeed the only major exception to serious overproduction (in one or more of its definitions) and unemployment, seems to be France. France has not embraced mass production and big industrial units with any such loving solicitude as has distinguished her sister nations. She has clung to handicrafts, small units, peasant proprietorship. Her people work long hours for a low standard of living (measured in dollars if not in human satisfaction), but the blight of unemployment has largely passed them by. This calls to mind a shattering sentence from the pen of Mr. Virgil Jordan, sometime head of the National Industrial Conference Board, and so one of the leaders of American Big Business:

> It is probable that the system of small agricultural holdings, and of handicraft manufacturing which existed between the breakdown of feudalism and the advent of the industrial revolution, was the most stable of all the forms of economic organization that have been so far developed—although it did not supply as high a standard of living for parts of the population as has been seen since.

The penalty which an uncontrolled Machine Age exacts is overproduction and loss of economic stability. Mr. Jordan may stand convicted of heresy, but hardly of violence to the truth.

The United States has kept its nose above water until the present depression because of its enormous home market (denied to England), its prodigious natural resources (now beginning to fail), its mounting population curve (which is flattening out), the automobile, which created 4,000,000 jobs (and in the first half of 1930 was turning men away), installment selling (as a temporary stimulant), and the policy of the economy of high wages (which never went far enough). Overproduction has repeatedly cramped our style, but never really frightened us. As the white-headed boy of the West, the world was our oyster.

We are beginning to be frightened now. The professional optimists are fading from the front pages. The business temper is increasingly one of an honest facing of facts. Here are a few of them:

The New York State index of factory employment for June reached the lowest level ever recorded. Automobile production for the first six months of 1930 fell by a cool 33 per cent below the same period in 1929 and is now functioning at a small fraction of its capacity.

American oil wells are capable of producing 5,950,000 barrels a day, against a market demand of 4,000,000 barrels, according to the figures of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. This registers an excess capacity of 48 per cent. Better gasoline cracking methods will make it worse. Oil in storage mounts steadily and now stands at over 300,000,000 barrels. In only one year in the last seven has any draft (net) been made on reserve stocks. Meanwhile a California well is merrily shooting into space 75 million cubic feet of gas a day, enough to supply the whole city of San Francisco. Due to overproduction, fuel oil is dumped at low prices, "far below its equivalent value to coal on a thermal basis." This drives out coal, making for overproduction in that unhappy industry, and wastes potential gasoline. According to Sir Henry Deterding, United States oil producers average only 3½ per cent on their investment; in 1927 the return shrank to one per cent. Small wonder that the industry is moving heaven and earth to circumvent the Sherman Law and eliminate free competition, overproduction, and its appalling waste.

In coal there is very little overproduction in the sense of mining before selling. Dropping the price, furthermore, does not stimulate sales—as with radios or frocks. Consumers of coal buy what they need and no more. The real problem is excess capacity. The mines of the country can produce at least 750,000,000 tons a year, while the market can absorb but 500,000,000 tons. Full capacity may be used for a week or so, but by and large, the miners average no more than 200 days a year in the pits. Excess capacity is roughly 50 per cent—and getting worse. Fuel oil, electricity derived from water power, natural gas, better technical methods in coal utilization, and mechanization in the mine itself are all factors tending to intensify the disease of overproduction. Finally there is a nasty little joker in coal not found in manufacturing industries. When a shoe factory is abandoned, the loss is measured by the building and equipment. When a coal mine is abandoned, not only is the equipment lost, but also *all the unmined coal.* It can never be worked again. Here is where overproduction takes a malicious and deadly blow at an irreplaceable natural resource. The intelligent coal men, like the oil men, are trying to eliminate competition. Says one of their leaders, Mr. O. E. Bockus: "It is doubtful whether there is any other industry in which the supposed advantage of unrestricted competition in assuring low prices is offset by so many and so serious social losses."

In textiles the chaos is indescribable. Cotton mills have duplicated an already over-built investment in New England by spreading to the South, largely on the false economy of low wages. They have encumbered their structure, according to Mr. Henry P. Kendall, with mill agents, commission men, brokers, converters, outside bleacheries, and finishing plants. They have been forced constantly to add new equipment for ephemeral style purposes instead of sticking to the economies of standard lines. They have been torpedoed from the depths by the widespread practice of buying up bankrupt mills at ten cents on the dollar, and the consequent flooding of the market with goods bearing no capital costs. They have been enfiladed by the sanguinary competition of rayon and silk. Has this helped the silk industry? Not at all. It boomed for a while after the War, whereupon skilled workmen, bankers, retailers, anybody with money to invest, rushed up little mills by the hundreds. (This industry does not require a large investment.) Style changes made fortunes for a few and reduced the many to nervous prostration. Plum color is the rage. Every mill starts feverishly to work. The rage is comatose before even a dent has been made in the plum-piled shelves. Woven figured silks pass, and thousands of Jacquard looms stand in their stalls, with no purpose in life but to eat their heads off in overhead costs. The shift from plain woven to crepe scraps millions of investment. Last year, according to Mr. Thomas B. Hill, one company alone was equipped to produce all the taffeta the nation called for. The Wool Institute reported for 1927 a mill capacity of $1,750,000,000 against actual production of $656,000,000. Woolen mills, like shoe factories, are thrice too many.

An able management engineer, Mr. Wallace Clark, finds his clients normally operating at 40 to 60 per cent of capacity. The printing trades are 50 per cent overequipped, while paper mills are now suffering acutely from overproduction. The steel industry was rated in 1929 at 62,000,000 tons. Production in that abnormally busy year ran to 56,000,000 tons, yet extension programs for 1930 call for 4,000,000 tons of additional capacity. My guess would be that with 66,000,000 tons capacity in 1930, actual production will be not more than 42,000,000 tons. Overhead costs will continue relentlessly on the whole 100 per cent.

The machine-tool industry has operated at 65 per cent of capacity for the last ten years. Oil refineries do somewhat better at 76 per cent, according to Mr. J. E. Pogue. Plants manufacturing gas function at 66 per cent. Flour mills, says the Federal Trade Commission, utilize only 40 per cent of their capacity on the average (due partly, of course, to peak demands in grinding cereals).

There is plenty of chance to quibble as to the exact meaning of "capacity" in the above recital, but none at all as to the alarming extent of excessive plant and equipment in industry after industry. The normal definition of capacity is eight hours' operation a day, for 300 days in a year. Obsolescence confuses the issue, particularly in textiles, where many New England mills possess batteries of venerable and completely outmoded looms. Perhaps such plants should be excluded from the capacity computations altogether—though one can hardly exclude the financial troubles and unemployment of their owners and operatives. Certain industries, such as lumbering and canning, are profoundly affected by the seasons, and under present methods of storage can hope to operate but a few months in the year.

But with all due allowance for such factors, the acute presence of overproduction throughout industry, even as we noted it in motor cars and agriculture at the beginning, is only too manifest. It is needless to document it with additional figures. Every other business man you meet on the street is lying awake at night trying to work out a plan to come to terms with his competitors; to formulate an agreement, legal or illegal, whereby price cutting may be mitigated, territories divided, marginal mills closed down, and some sort of order and reasonable security established in what is now a roaring chaos. In the last month I have happened to be an innocent bystander in the formation of three such agreements. The whole merger movement, basically, is a flight—often with all the earmarks of panic—from overproduction.

V

The dilemma in its simplest terms is that the credit system has not kept step with the technical arts. We cannot buy back what we make. This is good in that we have been estopped—some of us—from choking ourselves with unnecessary luxuries (say two radios per family), but bad in that we have (at an average wage of $1,500 a year) been forced to forego many needed essentials. It is bad because of the wasteful piling up of half-utilized plant, with the resulting financial spasms—peaks, depressions, unemployment. It all leads back to unlimited freedom of competition, a naïve faith in the automatic benefits of *laissez faire*—eighteenth-century ideas, in the twentieth-century world of a billion horse power.

Is there any way out?

We can always drift with the tide. This may mean years of acute depression, a quite possible lowering of living standards, terrible unemployment, and, one suspects, a retreat to the French formula of self-sufficiency. Or it may mean a temporary boom in the United States (induced let us say by drastic retail price reductions), another little ride with the Prosperity Chorus ringing bells and dropping nosegays, and so to a more resounding crash. Mounting overhead and mounting distribution costs are not things which can be permanently overcome by ringing bells and thinking the right thoughts.

Under a policy of drift, all signs point to a situation increasingly critical. Owing to the growing interdependence of industry—what I have called elsewhere technological tenuousness—overproduction in one field automatically calls it forth in other fields. Too much motor car capacity forces too much steel, rubber, glass, and accessory capacity. Too many oil wells engender too many filling stations and refineries. Too many acres of cotton call forth too many textile mills. Again, much of our capital investment has been erected to meet the demand of a country with a rapidly growing population. Now it appears that the population curve is flattening out toward perhaps a dead level in another generation, thus tending to make the burden of excess capacity even more pronounced. As virgin customers in new commodities (radios, electric refrigerators) give way to replacement customers, demand is bound to slacken, the time interval of turnover to increase, with the inevitable and lamentable effect on overhead costs. I realize that Jeremiahs, however logical, are frequently undone by the final triumph of the policy of muddling through. But just how we are to muddle through this impasse escapes me altogether—even as I failed last summer to see how the stock market was going to muddle through. Our rise to industrial dominance has been compounded of energy and luck. The luck is running thin, and the energy will but build more needless plants. Only brains can save us.

If we prefer not to drift, various constructive suggestions are in order. Can the credit system, like Newcomen's monstrous pumping machine, be modernized by some financial Watt? Messrs. Foster and Catchings have already presented their credentials. Mr. Scoville Hamlin is about to present his in a forthcoming book, *The Menace of Overproduction*. Others are in the offing. The details of the several plans lie beyond the scope of this essay, but there is unquestionably much to be said for a deliberate, nation-wide fostering of a high-wage policy, and a better distribution of income. There is always the danger that a rush of new purchasing power would promptly be taken in charge by the high-pressure fraternity and devoted largely to luxuries and non-essentials, even as was the little pool accumulated through installment selling. Furthermore, high wages, while enormously helpful, would furnish no guarantee against overproduction in its upper registers. Wasteful over-equipment might still continue. As we have seen, the shoe industry is already beyond salvation by increments in purchasing power.

It has been proposed that we sell our surplus abroad. Unfortunately this has also been proposed in all other nations, many with the same kind of exportable surplus. Doubly unfortunately, all follow, or propose shortly to follow, our spirited lead in penalizing imports by a tariff wall as high as the Tower of Babel. If these walls by mutual agreement came tumbling down, the situation would certainly be ameliorated but hardly liquidated. The United States, for example, exports only about 10 per cent of its total output, and even if this were doubled by unlimited free trade, the effect on industries now overequipped by 50 to 300 per cent would not be marked. More powerful medicine is needed.

In my judgment the only final way out lies through planned production. We have got to scrap a large fraction of *laissez faire*, and deliberately orient productive capacity to consumption needs.

In Russia they build no more shoe factories than are necessary to supply Russians with shoes. The Kremlin is attempting scientifically to articulate supply to demand, and the results so far under the Five Year Plan have given the whole world pause. Our ways are not Russian ways, but have we less in the way of brains, human wisdom, and human foresight? I am enough of a patriot to doubt it. But I am cursed with sufficient prophetic sense to be profoundly sure that if we do not embark upon a program of industrial co-ordination after our own fashion, and that shortly, we shall be driven some day, after God knows what suffering and bloodshed, to the Russian formula. The challenge presented by overproduction in the age of a billion horsepower is, to my mind, just as ominous as that.

This essay is an attempt to state a problem. The details of its solution are unknown to me, unknown to any individual. It will require a pooling of the best brains we possess to work out the needed blueprints. My function here is to call for those brains. Some may hold that I have unconsciously darkened the picture to add urgency to the call. Perhaps. But overproduction is a double-edged sword, striking the worker through unemployment, the business man and the farmer through overhead costs, and so cutting its savage way through every social class. It gathered momentum during the whole "prosperity" period. From many points of view it is fortunate that prosperity has come to an end, shocking us into a realization of our true condition; forcing us to terms with the invader.

For America, industrial co-ordination must probably take the form of a drastic revision of the anti-trust laws; an alliance between industry, trade association, and government to control investment (*i.e.*, plant capacity) on the one hand, and to guard against unwarranted monopoly prices on the other; a universal system of minimum wages and guaranteed hours of labor to frighten off fly-by-night entrepreneurs and to stimulate purchasing power; and finally, and perhaps most important of all, the setting up of a National Industrial Planning Board as a fact-gatherer and in turn an adviser to Congress, President, industry, trade union, banker, state government, on every major economic undertaking in accordance with a master blueprint.

Mr. Hoover once made a gesture in that direction. If any President ever does it in earnest he will go echoing down the aisles of history as one who served his country as greatly as did Washington or Lincoln.

A PRISONER OF MEMORY

A STORY

BY WALTER GILKYSON

MR. MENDENHALL KENT didn't like Judge Kenderline. Three years ago the Judge had reproved him for taking up too much time in the trial of a case. And so, when he met the Judge in the hall at Rennyson Hobart's Wistar party, he bowed to him with the courtesy which he kept for people he didn't like and then walked upstairs without paying any more attention to him.

Wistar parties were among the rare occasions which took Mr. Mendenhall Kent from his Spruce Street house at night. The two Assemblies, the Legal Club, the meetings of the American Philosophical Society, and these after-dinner parties of gentlemen made up his social life in Philadelphia. It had grown steadily narrower since the death of his wife until now, at the age of sixty-eight, he found himself keeping up mainly through habit and a desire not to lose all sight of his old friends.

A slender, fragile figure, he walked with short, precise steps into Rennyson Hobart's upstairs library. There were twenty or more gentlemen standing about, and he greeted them and then went over to the sideboard.

"I presume, of course, that the liquor is pre-war," he remarked to Judge Mitchell of the Superior Court.

"Certainly. I always presume that without asking; then I'm safe." The Judge lifted a shrewd eyebrow and surveyed Mr. Kent.

"Quite so," said Mr. Kent absent-mindedly. He had noticed a new Albert Ryder on the opposite wall. When the opportunity came he went over and looked at it.

"Modern," someone said in a disagreeable voice, and he straightened up and confronted Judge Kenderline, who was standing behind him.

"No," he suggested firmly, "it's not at all modern, Judge."

Judge Kenderline flushed. "It looks it."

"I'm sorry, but it doesn't resemble the modern work in the least."

"You talk like a connoisseur." The Judge's dark face was warm and his small, uneven eyes were unpleasant. "I suppose you collect pictures, like Mr. John G. Johnson?"

"Not at all. I'm afraid I don't resemble a leader of the bar in any respect. I have had occasion to look at pictures, that's all." (This scowling young man with his Indian face and lank hair should be taught a lesson.) "I believe the law is an art and as such is germane to the other arts, and I see no reason why a lawyer shouldn't understand pictures, just as he understands literature and history. In fact most of them do." He smiled with gentle reproof, and then folded his hands across the buttons of his white waistcoat.

"You think the law is an art, do you?" His little lecture had evidently hit the mark. "Come up sometime to 657 and see how much art you find!"

"I have been in 657," said Mr. Kent. "I tried cases in 657 at a time when, I daresay, you were going to school."

The Judge stared at him. He was plainly angry, now. "Your kind don't come into the criminal courts—"

"We should. That is, conceding I belong to a different kind, which I don't. I often regret, Judge, that I have no occasion to go there. No one of us is good enough to be exempt from the rough and tumble of the ring. I have sometimes thought, with my knowledge of Italian—"

"You speak Italian?"

"I lived in Italy."

"And you like the wops?"

"I know the Italians and I've been entertained in their homes. I don't call them wops."

"No?" Judge Kenderline's smile was cynical and amused. "If you like the Italians so much I'll give you a chance to prove it. I'll appoint you to defend an Italian who's been indicted for murder."

Mr. Kent closed his lips, and his fingers tightened across the buttons of his waistcoat. He drew a deep breath and then swallowed deliberately. "I shall be happy to accept any appointment you may send me," he said. Then he bowed, and walked over to the sideboard with short precise steps and poured himself a drink.

That remark about knowing Italian had done it, he decided, as he walked home when the party was over. All day, consciously and unconsciously, his mind had been upon Italy. It was spring, and these soft days of late April always brought back memories of his wife and the lake and Balbianello. Virgilia had loved Italy and their home on the lake; because of his father they had been graciously received by the Italian aristocracy, and their life together had been very gay, very much like living in an illustrated history book. Only once had he gone back in all these forty-five years, and then it had been unbearable.

Virgilia would have approved of his replies to the Judge. She had always shared his affection for the Italians. If Judge Kenderline sent the appointment he would see that the prisoner, whoever he was, had a vigorous and painstaking defense. He didn't try many cases now and he hadn't been in a criminal court for fifteen years. But whatever he lacked in skill, he would try to make up for by diligence and sympathy.

In the morning, at precisely ten minutes to nine, he walked down to his office in the Land Title Building. His assistant, Mr. Clarkson, was helping Miss Mildren sort out the mail, and he told them both about the appointment, feeling a little pleased at the look of pride that came over Miss Mildren's face. She and Clarkson were his only office companions; he had always preferred a small organization of his own to an association with other lawyers. His practice was largely in the Orphans Court, and he didn't need anyone but Miss Mildren and Clarkson, who was an excellent accountant, to help him. He sat down at the desk and picked up the opinion of the Court *in banc* in Hodges Estate, which the Court Clerk had just sent over. The Judges had quoted very largely from his brief and had cited three of his earlier cases involving the Estate. It was a sound opinion, quite in line with the precedents that had grown up around Hodges Estate. He put the opinion away in the cardboard file on the top of his desk. It was generally recognized by the bar that he was the authority in Hodges Estate.

When Miss Mildren knocked at the door an hour later he was hard at work. "Here's your appointment," she announced. He glanced at it, feeling a little startled at seeing his name so close to that of the Criminal Court.

The prisoner was one Alessandro Benvolente. In English that would be Alexander the Well-wisher. For a moment Mr. Kent wondered whether Alexander the Well-wisher was guilty. Then he dismissed the thought. It was his duty to believe Alexander innocent until the contrary was proved. He rose, took his hat from the tree, and opened the door of the outer office.

"I'm going to the jail to see our new client," he said.

On the way up he realized that he was not appropriately dressed for an interview with a person in jail. The morning coat and striped trousers and cloth-topped patent-leather boots which he invariably wore might be unsuitable for the occasion—might, in fact, cast some reflection upon the condition of his client. He believed in dignity and the preservation of form; there had grown up an informality at the bar which he greatly disliked. Men who ought to know better had taken to wearing loose tweeds, colored collars, unseemly ties, and soft, shapeless hats, and to calling one another by their first names in a very familiar manner. He had always stood out against such customs, but now—he gazed in the mirror of the jolting taxi at his bat-wing collar and impeccable tie with the small polka dots—now he wished there were something younger and more athletic-looking about his clothes.

The man at the door was very polite, however, and after a moment's examination of his appointment turned him over to another officer, who took him upstairs to the part of the jail where Alessandro Benvolente was confined.

"He's a quiet one," he said, as he unlocked the door of the cell. "I'm leaving you alone with him, Counsellor, for half an hour." He swung open the door and then shut it behind Mr. Kent with a vicious clang.

Alessandro Benvolente was quiet, Mr. Kent thought. He didn't move or speak but remained sitting in the straight chair by the bed, his eyes turned toward the door, a shaft of light from the high window at his back falling over his shoulder. His gentle, recessive face and long mustaches looked luminous behind the light; with his drooping pose and calm, vacant gaze he had the air of a Chinese saint engaged in meditation. Mr. Kent was moved. The innocence, the unstudied artlessness of the man filled him with compassion.

"I am your lawyer, Alessandro," he said in Italian.

Alessandro rose politely without speaking and offered him the chair.

"I have come to defend you." Mr. Kent waited for Alessandro, who had seated himself on the bed, to speak. He remained silent, and Mr. Kent began to feel embarrassed. The man is afraid, he thought. I must reassure him. "The court is interested in your defense and has appointed me to serve as your lawyer." He smiled, hoping Alessandro would reply, but his face didn't change; he only continued his mild, impassive scrutiny.

Mr. Kent, resolved to be patient, looked away, then undid his briefcase and took out a pad of manila paper. "You can talk to me freely," he said. "I shall ask you questions, if you prefer, and you can answer them."

Alessandro either didn't hear him or didn't understand. The man is an innocent; he is a simple Sicilian shepherd caught in the toils of our civilization, Mr. Kent thought.

"Where were you born, Alessandro?" he asked.

"You talk to Giorgio Monti," said Alessandro. His voice had a surprising quality, as if some rich instrument had remained long unused. "You call up Giorgio Monti at the Restaurant Calabrese." He nodded, as if to reassure Mr. Kent, and then relapsed into vacancy.

"But I don't know Giorgio Monti!"

"You call him. He knows everything—everything that I shall say in court. Please!' He leaned forward, pressing the palms of his hands together. "Giorgio Monti at the Restaurant Calabrese. He will tell you all, *Signore*, that you want to know."

"But I must talk to you—"

"I cannot talk." Alessandro sighed; then his face grew impassive and he stared into space. He had withdrawn from the scene, leaving Mr. Kent baffled and alone.

In the twenty minutes that followed all Mr. Kent could learn from him was the address of the Restaurant Calabrese. When the turnkey came Alessandro rose with simple dignity and held out his hand.

"Thank you, *Signore*," he said.

He bowed to the turnkey who gave Mr. Kent an enormous wink.

As soon as Mr. Kent returned to the office he told Miss Mildren to telephone the Restaurant Calabrese and ask Mr. Giorgio Monti to call upon him without delay. And at half past two, just when he was feeling a little drowsy from lunch, she knocked at the door and said that the Italian had come.

"Send him in," he said, swinging round in his chair so his back would be to the light. He mustn't appear sleepy, but the shad roe at the club had been very large. It might be better to take down the questions and answers himself. Miss Mildren was naturally delicate-minded, and without any experience in the more degrading aspects of life. This case was likely to prove unpleasant . . . Then the door opened and a short, stout man with blackberry eyes and a big sagging mouth came rolling into the room.

"Signor Giorgio Monti?" Mr. Kent asked, and the man stopped, his eyebrows arched with amazement and delight. "You speak our language!" he exclaimed, plunging toward the chair with outstretched arms, as if he were about to embrace Mr. Kent.

"Yes," said Mr. Kent. "Sit down, please." He felt he would be more comfortable if the man sat down. "Naturally I speak Italian. In my youth I lived in Italy."

"How beautiful! Imagine! Think of it!" Signor Monti eased himself into the armchair in front of Mr. Kent. "For pleasure—to absorb the beauty of our scenery, and our glorious history, and to spread the limbs in our sunny warmth?"

"Well, yes, among other reasons." In order to show his interest in the case it might be necessary, at the expense of good taste, to impress Signor Monti. "My father was the American Minister to Italy at one time."

"How beautiful! Think of it! What a distinction!" Signor Monti's fat hands flew back and forth. "I am from Naples myself. It is an honor to sit in the presence of one who has represented the great country of my adoption at the court of Mussolini. Rome the Eternal!" He raised his right arm in a Fascist salute. "And America, the land of my adoption. America is better." His small, shrewd mouth closed with a faint smack.

"In some ways, yes." Mr. Kent wondered whether he hadn't better correct Signor Monti's impression that he had been Minister to Italy, and then decided to do it later. "My purpose in sending for you is this," he said, handing him the appointment. "Alessandro Benvolente refused to talk and referred me to you."

Signor Monti glanced at the appointment. "Your stenographer told me you had been requested by the court to defend my poor unfortunate friend. I had already employed Milliken Benn but I shall discharge him immediately. With your knowledge, your distinction, and above all your love for our country, my poor unfortunate friend could not be in better hands."

Mr. Kent felt uncomfortable. "My experience in criminal cases has not been large," he began.

"That is unimportant." Signor Monti's eyebrows flew up, and he lifted his arms in protestation. "There is not a jury in the world that would find my poor unfortunate friend guilty. He is the victim of a conspiracy. A humble proprietor of a cigar store, he was unfortunate enough to incur the jealousy of a young Italian woman. It is an affair of love." Signor Monti's blackberry eyes became soft. "The young woman, enraged by love, is the only witness against Alessandro. Out of the pain and disappointment in her heart she says she saw Alessandro shoot Francesco Gillardoni at eleven o'clock at night from the pavement at the corner of Ninth and Christian Streets. Cold-blooded murder! You know, Your Excellency—you have seen Alessandro Benvolente—you know that that is impossible!"

"He looked like a very quiet man," said Mr. Kent. "But I'm not Your Excellency; it was my father who was Minister to Italy."

"No matter." Signor Monti shrugged his shoulders as if dismissing a needless interruption. "I have thirteen witnesses for the defense," he announced. "Alessandro's aunt and four cousins, who will prove the insane jealousy of the sole witness for the State, a young woman who disgraces the land of her birth and of her adoption under the name of Dina Malezzi." He scowled, then patted his large stomach consolingly. "I have eight witnesses who will prove that at the precise moment of the killing Alessandro was in his cigar store, fulfilling his humble duties to the citizens of Philadelphia. The young men are all of good reputation and known to me who am the proprietor of the Restaurant Calabrese." He reached in his pocket, took out a card, and handed it to Mr. Kent. "Whenever you wish to see the witnesses I shall bring them to you. You are an instrument of justice, and my poor unfortunate friend has at last found good fortune. The man who was killed was an evil character, a bootlegger of the worst reputation, and it would be a calamity if my innocent friend should suffer for his death. I am the protector of the weak and ignorant in my community, and I shall undertake for you the complete preparation of your case. Until we meet again, Your Excellency." He lifted his broad black hat with a flourish, placed it on his head, and then rolled out of the room.

Mr. Kent felt slightly dazed. He looked down at the manila pad. The man had talked so much that he hadn't made many notes. It seemed like a good case. An alibi established by eight witnesses, and an aunt and four cousins of the defendant to prove the jealousy of the sole witness for the State. The man who was killed was a bootlegger and, therefore, a criminal. Alessandro certainly wasn't a criminal. Mr. Kent sighed, thinking of the old days in Sicily and of how Virgilia had always loved to talk with the Sicilian shepherds. She would have understood Alessandro. He would not have remained so fearful and shy in her presence.

The witnesses who appeared with Giorgio Monti the next day turned out to be just as good as he said, and at the close of the examination Mr. Kent felt very confident of his case. So a month later, when he crossed over to City Hall on Tuesday at eight o'clock, surrounded by Giorgio and nearly twenty Italians, his step was elastic and his heart, although beating too fast, was light. He was on the right side and he could use all his powers of persuasion and indulge all his natural sympathies in the coming trial.

When they reached the sixth floor of City Hall Mr. Kent decided it would be better to leave Giorgio and the witnesses in one of the anterooms of 657, so that the District Attorney shouldn't see them before they took the stand. He had no doubt of the truth of their testimony; but it was always better, if possible, to surprise one's adversary. He explained this to Giorgio, who without demur shepherded the flock into one of the side rooms. Then Mr. Kent, alone, pushed open the swinging doors of 657 and walked down the aisle to the chairs reserved for members of the bar.

It had been such a long while since he had attended criminal court that he couldn't help feeling a little nervous. The room was nearly full, and the court officers, with their accustomed brusqueness, were pushing the spectators into seats. A tipstaff was arranging papers in front of the Judge's empty chair, and in the space below, between the rail and the bench, the District Attorney and the Court Stenographer were talking together. The District Attorney was a young man with spectacles and a thin face. Mr. Kent didn't know him. He didn't know any of the lawyers in the court. They seemed to be of a different class from the criminal lawyers of fifteen years ago.

The Court Crier rose, and his voice went over the room in a long, wailing cry. Mr. Kent stood up. Judge Kenderline was coming through the door behind the bench. He was going to preside; that might be fortunate or unfortunate, Mr. Kent couldn't tell. The Judge had a reputation for fairness. He had probably forgotten the incident of last month. The District Attorney was talking to him now, so Mr. Kent sat down. At the far door to the left a man from the Sheriff's office came in with Alessandro Benvolente. It looked as if the case were going to be called right away.

The Judge glanced over the lawyers until his eyes rested upon Mr. Kent.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Any motions?"

"No, sir."

The Judge began sorting over the papers on the bench. "Call a jury in Commonwealth *versus* Benvolente," he said to the tipstaff.

Mr. Kent took his seat at the defendant's table and beckoned to the officer in charge of Alessandro. "Let him sit here," he suggested. Alessandro sat down. He was neat and clean and quite undisturbed by what was going on. Mr. Kent felt a glow of pride as he patted him on the arm. Alessandro, he felt sure, would impress the jury.

With the jury list on the table before him, Mr. Kent very carefully put down the proper number after the name of each man as he was called. Then he rose politely and interrogated the juror, being careful to elicit any prejudice he might have against Italians, Latins, or even foreigners. The untraveled citizens of Philadelphia, from among whose number the jury was necessarily drawn, might through ignorance be possessed of some racial antagonism, some unworthy suspicion, concerning persons of another land and speech. Such contamination he must be zealous to discover and avoid. Alessandro, a helpless stranger, must be tried by citizens of an impartial mind. That was the glory of the law and the privilege of his client. As an officer of the court, he had a sacred duty to perform.

Every now and then he challenged a juror peremptorily, because of some gesture, expression, or trick of speech that seemed dangerous.

It was afternoon when the trial

actually began, and not until the next morning did the material witnesses for the commonwealth take the stand.

Alessandro, it appeared, had been found in New York by the police the day after the murder. When discovered he was hiding in a tenement house on Second Avenue.

Upon cross-examination Mr. Kent showed there was no evidence of when Alessandro had arrived. He had visited the tenement house before; as far as the witnesses knew, he might have come any time that day.

Francesco Gillardoni had been seen at Alessandro's cigar store half an hour before the murder.

Warily Mr. Kent cut around the testimony. There had been no altercation between the two men. They had not been seen leaving the cigar store together.

At about eleven o'clock that night Alessandro had passed the corner of Eighth and Christian Streets with Francesco Gillardoni.

There was no evidence of a quarrel. The witness, an elderly Italian, was by no means a good judge of time. In the tests which Mr. Kent put to him, watch in hand, he thought five minutes was half an hour.

The silver top of a flask, marked "A. B.," was found by the police near the gutter on the southeast side of Ninth and Christian Streets. In the preceding months Alessandro had purchased a silver flask from a pawnbroker, who testified that the initials engraved on the top were "A. B."

With this testimony the court adjourned, leaving the cross-examination of the witness until the following morning.

Mr. Kent gathered up his papers and put them in his bag. That last piece of evidence had raised an unpleasant doubt in his mind. It would be hard to explain away such a simple and damaging fact. But it was equally hard to imagine Alessandro buying a silver flask. Alessandro was not given to ornament; he wasn't even adorned with a collar and necktie. There must be some explanation for the presence of the flask.

"I shall come to the jail and talk with you later, Alessandro," he said.

Then he joined the witnesses and Giorgio in their place of concealment, and together they returned to the office.

Giorgio, when Mr. Kent told him about the flask, was surprisingly calm.

"Your Excellency, I am familiar with that transaction," he said. "As Alessandro will tell you, he purchased that flask for the benefit of one Aristideo Bertini, who in turn gave it to a young man who has since returned to his native country. If you will permit me, I shall bring to your office now the said Aristideo Bertini, who will unfold to Your Excellency the complete history of the flask."

Mr. Kent was relieved. There was something reassuring about the very name Aristideo. "Giorgio, you are a great help," he said.

It was precisely as Giorgio had stated. Aristideo, a most reliable looking young man, had bought the flask from Alessandro and then given it to an Italian who had just returned to Italy. When Mr. Kent questioned Alessandro later, he corroborated in every detail the story of Aristideo. Notwithstanding his apparent ignorance, Alessandro had a remarkable memory. Mr. Kent felt strengthened for the coming ordeal.

The next morning, after fixing in the jury's mind the date of the sale of the flask, Mr. Kent turned the witness over for re-direct examination.

"That's all," said the District Attorney absently. He was hunting through the papers on his desk.

"Dina Malezzi," he called.

Mr. Kent sat up. He knew that his real battle had begun.

Dina was young and pretty, and she made a good impression on the jury. She had seen Alessandro, at eleven o'clock on the night of the murder, running away from the corner of Ninth and Christian Streets, where, a few minutes later, the dead man had been found. She also testified that there was a pistol in Alessandro's hand.

As the District Attorney turned her over to him for cross-examination Mr. Kent made a quick decision.

"You wouldn't have recognized the defendant that night, in the dark, if you hadn't seen him before, would you?"

"No, sir."

"So you knew him well—you had been to his house?"

"Yes, sir."

"Many times?"

"Yes, sir."

"And for quite a long while you had known him?"

She paused.

"A few years, maybe?"

"Yes, sir."

"But you hadn't seen him—" Mr. Kent hesitated, then decided to take the risk, "You hadn't seen him for a month, say, before the night of the killing?"

She paused again, as if thinking.

"I don't think so, no, sir," she answered.

"That's all," said Mr. Kent, sitting down.

The District Attorney looked at him with surprise. Judge Kenderline swung up to the bench, his eyes sardonic and inquiring. "Call the next witness," he said, his eyes fixed upon Mr. Kent.

"That's our case," the District Attorney answered, and the Judge glanced across the room at the clock.

"We have time for your opening speech, Mr. Kent. After that we'll adjourn, and you can put on your witnesses to-morrow morning."

When the speech was over the crier adjourned the court.

"May I see you a moment?" the District Attorney called, and Mr. Kent walked over to the bench.

"How long will you be to-morrow?"

"We ought to finish sometime during the day."

Judge Kenderline nodded. "You ought to finish by noon, at the rate you're going. That was a good piece of cross-examination, if you'll permit me to say so. Between your skill and your client's looks he could get away with murder before the jury."

The Judge must think Alessandro was guilty, Mr. Kent decided, as he walked down the aisle and across to the anteroom where Giorgio and the witnesses were concealed. That was unfortunate; the Judge's belief was the result of a natural bias which came from trying so many criminals. But at any rate he was fair. Not once during the trial had he been anything but fair. And to-morrow—Mr. Kent thought of the fourteen witnesses, and his confidence returned. To-morrow would certainly be a field-day for Alessandro.

The next morning at ten o'clock he opened his case. To remove any doubt in the jury's mind about the flask, he put Aristideo Bertini on the stand and asked him to tell what had happened. The evidence which Aristideo gave was unstudied and surprisingly complete. The District Attorney couldn't lead him into the slightest contradiction. His modest demeanor and quiet certainty bore the earmarks of truth.

Alessandro's aunt took the stand next and was followed by each of her daughters. Their testimony was perfect; the witness Dina Malezzi had sought to marry Alessandro and had been repulsed. Each woman had seen at least one frantic incident in Alessandro's long and determined retreat from love. They testified earnestly, with graphic gestures, their deep, appealing voices resonant with truth. They were unshakable, and at the end of the cross-examination the District Attorney grew peevish. Mr. Kent saw one of the jurors nodding to the other. It was a good sign. The tide of battle was flowing toward Alessandro.

After the eight men had testified and been cross-examined, Mr. Kent felt certain of the result. Alessandro's alibi had been proved; the District Attorney had been unable to shake one single witness. There remained only Alessandro himself, and in a few minutes his testimony was over. Mr. Kent listened anxiously as the District Attorney began his cross-examination. Then he sat back with a little sigh of relief. Alessandro, in spite of his innocence, could take care of himself.

When the cross-examination was over the District Attorney beckoned to Mr. Kent, and together they went round the railing to the bench.

"I'd like to adjourn, if your Honor please, until to-morrow morning," the District Attorney said. "This defense has come as a surprise and I want a chance to investigate the defendant's witnesses."

"That's an extraordinary request," said Mr. Kent. He looked sternly at the District Attorney and then at the Judge. "The cost of this court to the Commonwealth, if your Honor please, has been estimated at three dollars a minute. I can see no reason for delaying the trial and keeping the jury locked up over night to allow the Commonwealth to prepare its case."

The Judge frowned. "The case ought to go on, Harry," he said. "Have you any evidence that these witnesses aren't telling the truth?"

"Not exactly, no, although I suspect—"

"That's unworthy!" A flush came into Mr. Kent's cheeks. "Unless you have evidence you have no right to suspect my witnesses. You are exceeding your duties as an officer of the court when you entertain such suspicions without evidence."

The District Attorney looked down. He wasn't a very aggressive young man.

"If your Honor please," said Mr. Kent; "once, three years ago, you criticized me for taking up too much time in the trial of a case, and I have been careful not to repeat that error to-day. I object strongly to the adjournment suggested by my learned young friend; I am ready to go to the jury now, and I see no reason why, when the life of a man is at stake, his agony should be prolonged while my learned young friend satisfies some vague suspicion that he himself admits is without foundation and should not be maintained."

The Judge smiled. "I did criticize you once but I thought you'd forgotten it. Harry, there isn't any real reason why this case should be held up, and you'd better go on. I doubt if you'd find anything, anyway. The Italian's a good actor; he always puts on a good show." The Judge leaned back in his chair and pulled the robe up over the lapels of his coat. "We've got a big list and you ought to be able to try these cases as they come."

Mr. Kent returned to his seat. That was the end of that! "We shall finish to-day," he said to Alessandro. The District Attorney was standing before the jury, beginning his summing-up speech. Giorgio Monti leaned over Alessandro's shoulder and touched Mr. Kent on the arm.

"When this is over we shall have a great celebration in your honor," he whispered.

As Mr. Kent stepped forward to make his closing speech to the jury he felt inspired. Behind the logic of his argument a white flame of memory burned. The silence in the court room, the sympathy on the faces of the jurors, the thought of Alessandro, whose life was dependent upon these few faltering words, unloosed his imagination and set free all the deepest emotion of his heart. The past was rising up in him, forming his sentences, adding its burden of sorrow to his voice; Alessandro, Giorgio Monti, all the witnesses were mere shapes through which breathed the lost enchantment, the incessant, changing delight, of his years in Italy. It was youth crying out in him, proclaiming each memory and each experience that he had cherished for forty-five years. By some strange magic all that he valued had been put upon trial, and he was defending it vehemently.

When he sat down the courtroom was silent, and the jurors avoided one another's glances, as if afraid of showing how they felt. Alessandro rustled in his chair, then nodded shyly, looking more than ever like a Chinese saint. Behind him Giorgio Monti was ejaculating under his breath; he was greatly moved by the address. Then the District Attorney began his last speech, and Mr. Kent settled down to listen.

As soon as the speech was over the Judge charged the jury, so fairly that Mr. Kent only took one exception to the charge. Then the jury filed out, and the crier adjourned the court, and Mr. Kent, after saying good-by to Alessandro, left the witnesses in the anteroom, and went back to his office.

An hour later Miss Mildren told him the jury had returned and he hurried over to City Hall. A verdict in such a short time must mean an acquittal. He could hardly conceal his elation as he entered the room.

The Judge was on the bench, and Alessandro, in charge of an officer, was standing at the bar of the court.

"How say you, gentlemen of the jury, guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," the foreman answered.

Giorgio Monti was upon Mr. Kent, wringing his hand. Alessandro had taken the other hand and was kissing it, while the Judge looked down at him, frankly amused.

"Congratulations," he said.

Then two newspapermen came up with a camera, and Mr. Kent posed for them between Alessandro and Giorgio.

"At eight o'clock, in the Restaurant Calabrese, we shall have a great celebration in your honor," Giorgio cried. "It is now six; I shall call for Your Excellency at precisely quarter of eight."

When Giorgio arrived at Mr. Kent's house two hours later it was evident that the celebration had begun. His gestures were even wider than before, and he filled the hall with an odor compounded, as far as Mr. Kent could tell, of excitement and Scotch. For an instant Mr. Kent quailed. He was very tired; there was a heavy numbness at the base of his spine. The prospect of several hours of Italian felicitation in a noisy café was distressing.

"I shall not stay long," he said, buttoning up his dinner jacket and wrapping his white scarf around his neck. Hinkle, the butler, was looking at Giorgio with disapproval. Hinkle mustn't be rude. "I shall be back soon," he said to him severely. Then he opened the door and descended the steps to the taxi.

According to Giorgio, it was only a few blocks to the Restaurant Calabrese. Mr. Kent had never seen the place before nor did he ever remember having been in the Italian quarter. Like everything else in Philadelphia, it must have grown rapidly during the last few years. The street down which they had turned was filled with blinking signs and open doorways and gesticulating crowds of men. There was an air of noisy leisure about the street, as if everyone were waiting for something to happen. Mr. Kent sighed. Giorgio Monti was noisy. He had talked steadily all the way without once stopping for an answer.

The bright sign of the Restaurant Calabrese spelled itself in and out across the corner. There were a lot of men standing around and they took off their hats as Giorgio and Mr. Kent got out of the taxi. Giorgio positively swaggered; his wide black hat was tipped over to one side. Through the window in front of him Mr. Kent saw a blaze of mirrors and a multitude of small round tables filled with people.

"My restaurant!" Giorgio cried. "Every night it is thus, Your Excellency."

"Indeed!" There were so many people, and they looked so thick-haired and perspiring. One of the waiters, standing near the window, was opening a round red bottle, wrapped half way up to the neck in straw.

"The entrance to the banquet hall is here, Your Excellency." Giorgio rolled out of the light, and Mr. Kent followed him through the doorway on the left and up the stairs. They were steep, and the walls on either side were dirty. From the floor above came the sound of lusty singing.

Giorgio flung open the door, and the singing stopped. There were at least thirty men in the room, standing round a long table. The table glittered; the bunting tacked to the walls threw a purple shadow over the ceiling; the coils of tobacco smoke drifting under the light turned the tablecloth blue and veiled the faces of the men in swarthy repose. For an instant Mr. Kent felt trapped. The vitality in the room drained him of strength. Then he carefully removed his hat and bowed to the men.

"Behold our savior!" Giorgio cried. There was a ring of triumph in his voice. The men filed up to shake hands with Mr. Kent. They spoke Italian and smelled very strong; with a ghost of amusement Mr. Kent found himself wondering why they hadn't earrings in their ears.

"Sit down, Your Excellency." Giorgio pushed his way to the head of the table. Alessandro was there; he had on a stiff shirt and a long gold collar button instead of a collar and tie. Mr. Kent shook hands with him. Alessandro had survived the metamorphosis of the banquet. In the midst of his formidable friends he was still the gentle Sicilian shepherd.

Mr. Kent sat down between Alessandro and Giorgio. Then the rest of the men sat down, and in a moment the singing began again. Mr. Kent remembered how the peasants had sung in the *trattoria* on the lake, and he tried to feel happy. Possibly it would be better if he drank something. There was Chianti in the red straw-covered bottles and a liquor that tasted like Scotch. Giorgio poured him out both. The wine was familiar; it was surprisingly good; turning round the bottle, he found that it came from Siena.

"Plenty of that!" Giorgio exclaimed, with a vast wink. "Plenty of that, Your Excellency!"

"I suppose so." The young woman putting down the *antipasto* in front of him smiled. Mr. Kent half turned and looked at her. He had seen her before. Good Lord! His fork dropped against his plate. She was one of Alessandro's cousins, one of the witnesses at the trial!

In silence he surveyed the room. Through the drift of smoke he saw the large, pleasant face of Alessandro's aunt, standing near the door. She was supervising the waitresses, and the rest of Alessandro's cousins were moving about the table. One of the men flung his head back familiarly as a cousin bent over him. Mr. Kent tried to put his fork through a piece of tomato. Then he turned to Giorgio.

"I see the witnesses are waiting on the table."

"In Your Excellency's honor," Giorgio answered, his mouth full of food. "They insisted on serving Your Excellency as a token of their appreciation."

Mr. Kent nodded. That might be true, but he didn't feel convinced. "They work here?"

"Yes, Your Excellency." Giorgio took a big drink of Scotch. "All Italians work here, sooner or later."

One of Alessandro's cousins removed Mr. Kent's *antipasto* and gave him a big plate of *minestrone*. Down the table the singing was noisier now, without concert, and interrupted by shouting. Two men were quarrelling, and Giorgio half rose and glared at them with fierce, red-rimmed eyes.

"Carlo! Giuseppe!" he shouted. The men scowled, then turned away from each other.

"Beasts," Giorgio muttered. "Give an Italian an inch, Your Excellency, and he takes an ell."

"You command like a Tzar," said Mr. Kent with an attempt at gayety. He was trying to eat his soup but he couldn't. This suspicion that he strove to put down, to drive away, paralyzed the nerves of his stomach.

The men were shouting for music, and Giorgio beckoned to Alessandro's aunt and whispered something to her. Mr. Kent began talking to Alessandro, who answered his questions briefly, with an air of reticence and shy pride. Every now and then some man at the table toasted Alessandro. It was evident that he was very much of a hero. They also toasted Mr. Kent, and he invariably lifted his glass and responded with a dignified nod.

The orchestra was coming in.

"From my restaurant downstairs," Giorgio explained.

With a quick start, Mr. Kent gasped, then his fingers tightened on the edge of the table. He forced himself to look at the orchestra again. He felt ill. The noise and smoke closed round him in a gigantic bubble. In the center his heart was fluttering painfully.

There were eight men, and each man was bowing to him politely. They were sitting down now, moving their instruments about and putting their music on the racks. It was grotesque. He must be losing his mind. It was that Scotch. These men were only distorted shapes of reality. They were the creatures of fever.

Every man in the orchestra had been examined by him in court.

It was the orchestra that had established Alessandro's alibi.

"In your honor," said Giorgio, with a lurch that splashed the wine out on the cloth. "I have taken them from my restaurant to play in Your Excellency's honor. When necessary they can go to court in Your Excellency's honor, or in Alessandro's honor, or in my honor. Ha!" He plunged back in his chair and clapped his hands on his knees. "Your Excellency! What do you think of that?"

"Admirable," said Mr. Kent in a weak voice. His head was whirling round and round. These changes came so fast that he didn't seem able to recover himself.

"*Signori!*" Giorgio was struggling to his feet. "Silence! I command silence! I am about to make a speech!"

The room was quiet and the orchestra faced about in polite attention.

"*Viva* the Ambassador!" someone cried out but was instantly silenced.

"My friends," said Giorgio. His square body swayed toward Mr. Kent and then righted itself. Mr. Kent gazed up at him, hypnotized. The man's face was demoniac, colossal.

His eyes were black sparks. He was inspired. "My friends!" Giorgio threw out his arms in a magnificent gesture. "This man loves us. He has lived amidst the grandeur of our mountains and has drunk in the sublime patriotism of our people. For a lifetime he has been the Ambassador from the great country of our adoption to the holy land of our nativity. He loves us and he hates and despises our enemies. If that renegade Francesco Gillardoni were here our beloved friend would tear him in pieces!"

The room crashed and rocked about Mr. Kent in waves of frantic applause. He felt strangely exhilarated, as if he had become a bodiless atom whirling without thought in the midst of a great light and noise. Giorgio was looking down at him. A damp hand was upon his shoulder. There were tears of affection in Giorgio's eyes.

"I propose the last tribute!" he cried exultantly; "The evidence of our undying regard, of our love for our great protector! The supreme gift!"

He thrust his hand into his pocket and pulled out a small black pistol.

"Take it," he said in a broken voice. "Keep it, Your Excellency, as a memorial of our unworthy affection. It is the instrument by which Alessandro revenged the treachery of Francesco Gillardoni. Take it, Your Excellency, and may it always preserve you from harm."

He sat down and buried his face in his hands.

The emotion that swept over the room was too great for any sound.

Alessandro shyly touched Mr. Kent's arm. "For you," he said, "it is good luck."

Mr. Kent rose, the pistol in his hand. It was slippery and heavy, and he didn't know how to hold it. He ought to point the barrel up, toward the ceiling. They were waiting for him to make a speech. The room was quiet and heavy. Through the smoke the men's faces tipped up, then dropped away. He was dizzy. He couldn't think in Italian. The words stopped in his mind, disappeared, swarmed back into meaningless English.

Giorgio lifted his head, then shot out his arm at the orchestra.

"'*Giovanezza!*'" he shouted. "Play '*Giovanezza*' and we will march!"

The men rose in a thunderous rush about the table. Giorgio swung Mr. Kent around, shouting violently at the men in front of him. They pushed forward, leaving a vacant space in front of Mr. Kent. Giorgio's hands were upon his shoulders. Dimly Mr. Kent knew that he was going to march. Possibly they might make him shoot off the pistol.

The music began and Mr. Kent started forward. He held the pistol in front of him as if he were carrying a flag. The music was exhilarating; the full, strenuous rhythms cleared the dizziness from his brain. The men were singing; the great volume of sound rolled melodiously above the tramping of their feet. It was a beautiful and inspiring song that they sang.

"*Giovanezza, giovanezza,*
Primavera di bellezza."

The great chorus lifted and crashed like surf through the room. Mr. Kent was singing now at the top of his voice.

It was a beautiful song. "Youth, fair youth, the springtime of beauty." The words warmed his heart.

Quite transported, he marched boldly, a slender, fragile figure at the head of his company, with a small black pistol held barrel upward in his right hand. He had forgotten everything, now, but the singing. They were singing melodies that he knew. He was on the lake, and the old tidal songs of the fishermen were weaving contrapuntal harmonies in his brain.

"King Barbarossa, and his red, red
beard—"

The azaleas were red; they were flowing in scarlet waves down the slopes of Balbianello.

"You are a rose, and the wind will scatter
your petals—"

He was young again. He could march this way forever.

As he approached the doorway once more, he became aware of a change. The next instant he caught sight of a large figure leaning against the wall. He faltered, and the song died in his throat. He broke step, stumbled forward, holding the pistol to his side. The singing continued behind him. They hadn't seen—

He dropped into the nearest chair. It was impossible to look back at that door. His heart was beating furiously and he was drenched with sweat.

"You are not well?" Giorgio asked, bending over him anxiously.

"Tired," breathed Mr. Kent. He closed his lips firmly and glanced toward the door.

The policeman was still there. His large boots and blue trousers were visible between the legs of the men.

"Do you wish to go home now?" Giorgio asked tenderly. "Stand back!" he shouted at the men who were crowding around.

"Home?" echoed Mr. Kent in a faint voice. He could scarcely get his breath. A vision of Judge Kenderline, sitting on the bench, came before his eyes. What could he possibly say to the Judge when he was brought into court?

"Mike!" Giorgio called out sharply over his shoulder. "Run down and get a taxi for the gentleman." The heavy boots and blue trousers shifted around and disappeared.

"If His Excellency will arise I will attend him to his house," Giorgio said.

Mr. Kent got up. Dimly he wondered whether he was going insane. There had been a policeman there. The policeman had gone to get him a taxi. It was fantastic!

Alessandro gently lifted his hand and kissed it. Then he took the pistol from Mr. Kent's fingers and dropped it into the breast pocket of his dinner coat.

"Safer there," he whispered.

"Yes," said Mr. Kent.

Alessandro held his overcoat for him, carefully tucking in the white muffler under the lapels. Supported by Giorgio and Alessandro and followed by the silent group of men, Mr. Kent got downstairs and out on the pavement.

The policeman was holding open the door of the taxi. Our public servants have acquired courtesy, Mr. Kent thought vaguely. He must keep Giorgio from coming home with him. He really couldn't bear any more excitement.

"I should like to rest in the taxicab, so you needn't come, Giorgio."

"I understand." Giorgio's bow was delicacy and comprehension itself.

"Good-by, gentlemen," said Mr. Kent, with a fluttering wave of his hand toward the group on the pavement.

They took off their hats and murmured in a low, musical chorus.

Giorgio stepped back, then embraced Mr. Kent and kissed him on both cheeks.

"Our protector," he proclaimed solemnly. Then he took Mr. Kent by one arm while the policeman took the other, and Mr. Kent climbed into the taxi.

"Good-by again," he said, leaning out of the window as the car started.

The light from the sign above the Restaurant Calabrese flickered over his face.

With one accord each man on the pavement raised his right arm in a mute gesture of farewell.

THE DESPOTISM OF POLLY ROSS

CHILDREN, THE NEW SCHOOLS, AND THE OLD ADAM

BY ALICE BEAL PARSONS

IT WAS one of those languid, gently breathing summer days when one plans for the future the more readily because both future and any sort of activity seem far away. Separated from the deeply shaded lawn by a sunny pasture, half a dozen fair-haired babies were bathing in a little natural pool bordered by overhanging trees and made to look more lifelike by an old rowboat tied up to an equally old moss-grown pier. Small, prematurely yellow leaves floated through the quiet air to shine like small gold coins on the deep plush of the lawn. Summer was full and abundant, taking its ease, and not yet casting regretful backward glances.

The mothers of the six children stirred the amber liquid in tall glasses, clinking ice thinly against cool thin glass.

"Miss Morgan wants to experiment with some children, and I want mine to be experimented with," one of them observed liberally, her glance on the little bodies flecked with forest shade.

She is an intelligent person, a poet of some distinction and a practical worker in a delightful craft. In the intervals between these two vocations she does her housework very competently with one hand, while she gardens both æsthetically and practically with the other. Her name is not legion, so many gifts are not usually united in one person. But as I looked at her I remembered with some dismay that the names of parents eager to have their children experimented with is legion and that, like this lady, many of them represent the best we have of brains and energy and intellectual achievement. Their children are among the best fruits of a generation, and they are being liberally offered up to the god of educational experiment.

New gods come when old ones fall from their former estate into the category of devils. It takes years to topple the old ones off their pedestals, and much good work with pick and crowbar. It takes so many years, and so much bitterness grows out of the sweat and fury, that finally just to be unlike them is considered godlike. If the old god demanded mental discipline, the new one pronounces that the only good comes from undisciplined, that is to say, uncorrupted, nature. If the old god demanded craftsmanship, the new one turns primitive and demands guts.

For many years magazines have been filled with the fine things the new schools are doing. School-teachers' conventions are told of the fine things the new schools are doing, parents are told of them, the public is told of them, including the mother who was stirring her tea.

We believe the more readily because the old system is so patently bad, and because the new teacher is usually an engaging creature. She is often better educated than the old, she is frequently better paid, she treads buoyantly because she has a mission, or because she knows she is in the advance guard of a movement. She is much more likely than her predecessor to be young and pretty and jaunty and chic. Hers is a great field, and she has rushed into it with enthusiasm.

"Are you sure you want them experimented with?" I said to the mother, who was reflectively tinkling the ice in her glass, thankful, I knew, that her children had been born in an enlightened age.

"Wouldn't you?" she asked me blandly, but with a hardening in her manner, as if to say, "So you are against Us."

"At any rate I did," I said. "Now, after ten years, I'm sending her to a conventional school."

"And why?" she asked, maintaining her blandness with an effort. "I should be interested to know."

Straightway I was the victim of the sort of confusion that occurs when one is asked to put one's philosophy into a nutshell, or to describe a wreck at sea in a few well-chosen words. This was a tea party, not the lecture platform. My mind scurried breathlessly through the great forest of modern educational theory.

"There is the tyranny of the herd," I said. "Of course it's one of the beliefs of the new educators that the individual should be allowed to develop freely, and so in many schools the authority of the teacher is largely removed or concealed. My daughter's school abhorred piddling, half-way measures and it removed the teacher's authority as completely as possible. She remained in attendance ready to suggest or perhaps even to stimulate, but seldom to interfere."

"And how did it work?" the experimental mother asked, a trifle absentmindedly.

"Someone always runs a gang," I said. "In this case it was Polly Ross, a very decent, tomboyish sort of youngster with tremendous verve. She could run faster than any boy in the class. She excelled in all their games. And she was a good sport. A very decent sort, all things considered, to be a boss. It might have been just some youngster with a flair for politics and intrigue, as in another class I know."

"I see you don't like the devious processes of democracy," the experimental mother observed blandly.

"It wasn't democracy," I said. "It was the benevolent despotism of Polly Ross operating instead of the benevolent despotism of the teacher . . ."

But at this moment a fearful wail arose from the pool. Someone had ducked someone else, and someone had thrown mud at someone else. Miss Beers, the English governess, was overwhelmed by the violence of the American fray, and four mothers, newly hobbled by long skirts and corsets, made such speed across the rough pasture as they could. Since no child of mine was implicated, I stayed discreetly behind and pondered on the despotism of Polly Ross.

II

At ten years old she was an extraordinarily good scout, but limited. Among her limitations was a keen lack of interest, in fact a spirited contempt, for any sort of self-expression other than that to be found in games. One of the leading doctrines of the left wing of educational theory to which this particular school belongs is the validity of natural creative impulse. Keep from restraining them, keep from destroying their confidence by criticism or advice, and children will express themselves vigorously and delightfully in the arts, they said. And in proof they regularly exhibited the certainly vigorous and often delightful paintings and modellings of their free children.

The class to which my daughter belonged was no exception. At five their drawings were indubitably extraordinary. At six various fond parents were beginning to look forward hopefully to brilliant artistic careers. But at nine the impulse began to weaken, and at ten the class was producing almost nothing. Such rash infants as did persist in daubing colors on canvas were apt to see their works torn from their easels and kicked derisively about the schoolroom floor. Possibly owing to their devoted adherence to the tenets of their new gospel, it took the educational experts of the school several years to connect this phenomenon with the predilections of Polly Ross. In fact, so completely convinced were they of the freedom of their children that it took them an equal number of years to discover that Polly was a despot. Anyone who ever visited the class could easily forgive them this apparent dullness of perception. Only under conditions of complete freedom, one would have thought, could so much noise have been made, and so many rings within rings of conflict have been staged.

The despotic rule of children maintains itself by as varying means as the despotic rule of adults. There are bullying children and intriguing children. There are children with a talent for organization and children with a talent for leadership. Almost the only sort of child in whose existence I'm inclined to disbelieve is that sainted one trailing clouds of glory, who, if left to himself, would develop all his own best qualities and sternly repress all his own undesirable ones. But all varieties of rule are more individual than typical. Polly Ross, although she could bully, if necessary, and organize quite brilliantly, and although she had an undoubted talent for leadership, displayed all these excellent qualities in her own way.

She was a blonde, thin, lively child, always in motion, with violent congenital likes and dislikes whose soundness she never questioned herself nor permitted others to question. She came especially to dislike painting, modelling, and sketching, possibly because she had no talent for them, but more likely because they all involved sitting still; and sitting still bored her intensely. If Emily Truman had disliked painting as much as Polly did, she would have started a whispering campaign against it. And if Roger Whitefield had disliked it equally, he would have suggested that there were other more important things to do. Either method might in the course of time have considerably weakened the devotion of the class to the arts. Polly was more direct. When boredom overcame her she leaped out of her chair and began walking about the room. As she went she gazed disapprovingly at one after another of the paintings adorning easels. "Such funny legs," she said. "Who ever saw legs like those? Look at this head. It's put on crooked. Look here, kids, this head is put on crooked."

One day, a fateful day for the future of the plastic arts with the Ten Year Olds, though nobody knew it then, she stopped thoughtfully for a moment in front of the picture most commended by the visiting painter who looked at the class productions once a week. Doubtless she had often had to watch her own paintings passed by, and other, silly looking ones commended—she who could throw any boy in the school and who was always chosen first when sides were counted out. But I suspect that as she stood there that fateful day looking at a blue horse, she was thinking more of the dreary boredom involved in sitting still while others painted than of her own deficiencies.

With a sudden movement quite unsuspected by the artist, she tore the painting from the easel, tossed it into the air, and kicked it neatly across the room.

"But, Polly," the non-interfering teacher remonstrated in spite of herself.

"It's cuckoo," Polly said. "Come on, kids, let's play soccer."

The boy to whom she kicked the painting had kicked it to a friend, who kicked it to another friend. They lingered over this sport the more gloatingly because the Ten Year Old whose work they were thus desecrating was watching them with somber eyes. If she got mad enough she could put on a wonderful show. "Anne, Anne, garbage can," they called at her to aid the process.

"Come on, let's play soccer," Polly yelled back from the doorway. She never bothered to bait anyone when she could think of other things to do.

A room had a way of turning dull when she left it. The three boys clung stubbornly to their sport, even after the others ran whooping after Polly; but for some reason the game had lost its interest for them, and soon they were trailing after the others. They found a lively altercation.

"It's the day to play basket ball," Ruth Burson said. "We've played soccer all week, and yesterday you promised to play basket ball to-day."

Ruth Burson came as near to being a rival to Polly as anyone. She played games almost as well. Like Polly, she was a match at wrestling for any boy in the school. But she was a little debauched by intelligence and, therefore, not so completely sure that she was always right. Besides, as her qualities came out, Polly had promptly disarmed her by making her her closest friend. To do this, to be sure, she had had to dethrone a previous closest friend; but Polly was impersonal about people and quite unweakened by sentiment.

"All right then," she agreed now amiably. "You kids play. The doctor said I couldn't raise my arms to-day. Go on, I'll be umpire."

But Polly was the Captain of the Greys! Without her they wouldn't have a chance.

"Oh, make it soccer," they cried. "Don't be mean, Ruth, make it soccer."

Ruth looked at them and looked at Polly and gave in. That amiable despot was standing in the middle of the field, already energetically kicking the ball about in practice, a slender, fair-haired youngster who would probably be very pretty in a few years. She limped a little from a strain she had suffered when she had fallen from the roof of one of the school buildings a few weeks ago. The school had an outside staircase, low balconies and projecting first story, all offering places for the sort of climbing in Follow the Leader that its principal remembered from the lost paradise of small-town days. When Polly fell not a whimper was heard from her, although she fainted before they succeeded in carrying her into the nurse's room. She had won her leadership by honorable means. As I looked at her, standing there in the yard, I admired her too and liked her, and her subsequent fate stirred not a little partisanship in me.

For when it was discovered that Polly was a despot, and when it was further discovered that the falling off in the class's artistic production was due to the fact that she comprehensively called all paintings "cuckoo," she was consigned to outer darkness with a speed and ruthlessness more autocratic pedagogues might have envied.

"She is not the sort of child who is adapted to our type of education," they told her mother sympathetically. This lady was somewhat bewildered. Up to that time she had been periodically congratulated on the delightful qualities of her child.

I think they would have done better if they had said, "Polly is not the type of person we want to run this class. And since our system of education requires the teacher to abdicate her leadership to the class, and since Polly is strong enough to make the class abdicate its individual freedom to her, we can't have her around." But they didn't say this, and her mother spent many a sleepless night over the notion that Polly wasn't fitted for a free type of education. They couldn't mean that the child was lacking in initiative, because they had often congratulated her on Polly's initiative. They couldn't mean that she wasn't a good sport. They had often narrated with pride all the details of Polly's gameness under adverse fortune. They couldn't mean that she was mentally deficient, because Polly ranked in the middle of the class. Could it be that there was something worse than these possibilities, something the teachers were too polite to mention? I think they would have done better to say that Polly was being dismissed for qualities that until then had been eagerly praised.

The modern spirit is begotten by toleration out of curiosity. It is the exact reverse of the cut-and-dried formalism of barbarism. It is artificial and civilized, and it may possibly be opening the way to another great blossoming of the human spirit.

It is because they want the human spirit to blossom that the new schools have come into being. They see that the old method, wrongly applied, has too often squeezed the juice of life out of its pupils; that the apelike learning of numerous facts too often stultifies natural intelligence. They see that the human being is infinitely more various and interesting than any system that can be framed to enclose him. And so they say that their children shall be free; and as a first step to freedom they remove the authority of the teacher.

This first step plunges the class at once several centuries backward into barbarism, and effectually banishes freedom from the classroom; because the society that the little child is able to achieve is one comparable to barbarism, and it tolerates no divergence in the individual from the tribal concept of normality. In fact, the tyranny of a childish gang is an infinitely more stultifying tyranny than that of the most autocratic and narrowminded of teachers. Even a narrowminded adult has, by definition, a broader mind than a little child. And children are less vitally affected by an alien tyranny than by one set up by their fellows.

The human mind sees clearly only occasionally. The originators of the new schools saw clearly that the old system of magisterial control turned out, in so far as it was successful, stultified intelligences, and that in so far as it was unsuccessful, it didn't count very much for or against enlightenment. They saw that a free intellectual environment was desirable, even for the young; but they did not see that the substitution of the tyranny of Polly Ross for the tyranny of the teacher was far from being a step toward freedom.

III

We must be forever grateful to them that among the things they saw clearly was the extremely important one that the excessive cramming of facts into youthful heads impoverishes intelligence, if only because it leaves it little time and energy to operate. They looked with horror on periodic examinations, and presently many of them threw overboard what had come to seem to them the whole silly baggage of systematic instruction. Let the child wander delightedly hand in hand with his own awakening perceptions through the smooth public parks of knowledge, they said.

When definite instruction was patently necessary, as in mathematics the learning of certain formulæ, the instruction was disguised as play. Each of the classes of Do-as-they-please Hall found its introduction to mathematics in the keeping of the school store. Possibly because we are a mercantile people, store-keeping has always been an absorbing play to our children. The Eight Year Olds enjoyed their store, more at first of course than afterwards, and with serious reservations as to the bookkeeping. They were proud of the small profits they made in the course of the year and they certainly learned a little about figuring. How much they learned is a matter on which opinions differ. In numerous papers written about the methods of the new schools by their proponents, the claim is made that their unconventionally instructed children get better marks on such examinations as they occasionally take than the poor little machine-made products of the conventional schools. But when free children pass on to other schools the teachers to whom they are intrusted often have occasion to doubt these claims. When my daughter reached the sixth grade I transferred her to another modern school. It examined her work and stated that as far as mathematics was concerned she was just ready for the second grade.

Another accomplishment which obviously requires some practice is handwriting. Instead of resorting to anything so stupid as writing drill, the school evolved a delightful play for the class. At eight years old they had kept store. At nine, it was explained, their project would be to print all the school notices. Some of these were done on a real little printing press, which greatly delighted the class; many others were hand-lettered. The children were taught to rule off spaces an inch or a half inch high on cardboard, and by the end of the year they were turning out almost professional notices.

These two projects, the keeping of the school store and the printing of school notices, consumed the major efforts of the class for two years. It would doubtless be a carping critic who should observe that at the end of that time they could have qualified neither as competent store clerks nor as professional printers or sign-makers; but it seems to me very much to the point to know that neither their arithmetic nor their handwriting—the two accomplishments supposedly being acquired under these pleasant disguises—had profited as much as they might have from a small proportion of the time required by this elaborate method of instruction.

In short, a chasm occurs in the thinking of many of the new educators between the clear-sighted theoretical discovery that the cramming of facts is intellectually stultifying and their practice. The practice begins excellently by taking essential information or drill out of the province of dissociated learning and putting it where it belongs in the practical world. It then proceeds very badly, I think, by trying to sugar-coat the fact that the given information can be secured only by drill. Drill can be an absorbing game in itself.

This particular part of many of the modern programs, the sugar-coating of the act of learning, proceeds on what seems to me the quite erroneous assumption that children don't like to learn. On the contrary I think they have a quite enormous zest for acquiring information, and that when they shy away from instruction it is because the instruction is lifeless and unrelated to the things they know.

That they found the mental pabulum offered to them in my daughter's first school very thin, seemed to me proved by their growing insubordination, if it is permissible to speak of insubordination in a school where the conviction reigns that everyone is his own master and the teacher only a camp follower.

At five they were delightedly engrossed with the ingenious toys provided for them; at six they built block-houses amiably; at seven some three or four of them who liked to hammer and saw were entranced with the idea of building a real little house in the school backyard. Most of them didn't like to hammer and saw for more than a minute or two. Especially Polly. She pounded her thumb more often than the nail, and didn't like it. "What's it for?" she asked rhetorically, pointing her battered hand contemptuously at the house. "No one can live in it. Building houses is all right for babies like the Sixes." And off she rushed about the halls and playing yards, followed by all of the others except the three or four who really liked to hammer and saw. These became odd, to Polly's mind. At eight many of them were interested in the store, but internal politics and certain weighty sex information surreptitiously acquired by one of the girls occupied more of their time. At nine, when they were spending their hours making large letters on cardboard, they became definitely a handful; and at ten the educational experts of the school devoted many perplexed hours to them. The rather obvious explanation that they were insufficiently nourished mentally seemed never to occur to these experts. Weren't the new schools in open revolt against the Cramming System? So the Ten Year Olds, with all the world of knowledge waiting for them to explore, went on straining at their bits.

Meantime they amused themselves by baiting the two or three among them who were most unlike Polly Ross.

IV

It has taken the modern world a long time to kill the devil, and there are those who rashly assert that when man finally accomplished this he killed God as well. It has taken educators a long time to kill the Bad Child. The fact that so many bad boys turned out to be able, energetic men, and that so many good boys were never anything but dry-as-dust automata failed for a century or two to make a dent on educational practice. As a result initiative, energy, originality were too often penalized in school rooms, and lazy or timid conformity was too often rewarded. The modern educator performed a great and useful feat when he killed the Bad Boy. It is to be regretted that many of the new educators show a disposition to set up in the place of that horrific creature a new and much more blackly damned offender, whom they call the Odd Child. Foremost among the goals of attainment which the new schools have substituted for the classical three R's is the ability of the individual to function happily and constructively in his social environment. The Odd Child is one who for one reason or another doesn't seem to be able to do this.

At this point of the discussion it may occur to the reader that some of the qualities which prevent the Odd Child's adapting himself to his environment may be excellent, and some of them distinctly anti-social, and that if an adult were running the class instead of Polly Ross, a distinction might profitably be drawn between the excellent qualities and the anti-social ones. The mere drawing of this distinction, one might think, and the making it patent to the children might be of great educational value to them. But in the highly endowed, expensively staffed, and fervently operated school I am describing such an interference on the part of the teacher in the natural promptings of the children's hearts would have been severely frowned upon.

There were twenty members of the class, and during each of the six years my daughter belonged to it there were several odd children in it. She was classified among them because she was tall, and another child because she was short. I was not without advance warnings in the matter, and as I looked at the unsuspecting mother then engaged in restoring order by the pool, I remembered how lightly I had taken them.

When my daughter entered Do-as-they-please Hall the principal told me sadly and inexorably that she would probably have difficulty with her social contacts because she was too tall. Nancy was five years old at that time and had never had difficulty with her social contacts before. Yet the principal proved a true prophet. The school was an exceedingly earnest one. Frequent staff meetings were held in which all the mental and physical characteristics of the children were thoroughly ransacked. In these meetings Nancy's height was discussed with sad shakings of the head and sad prognostications of woe. No teacher ever looked at her without thinking, "She will have difficulty with her social contacts because she is too tall." This attitude eventually communicated itself to Nancy. For the first time in her life she became self-conscious. She wondered if people liked her. She decided they didn't. She planned campaigns to make them. Entrenched in their theory, the school was sadly determined to have her odd, and if she had remained there much longer she might actually have become so.

There was never very much onus attached to being a Bad Child. The other children usually sympathized with the one who was stood in a corner or subjected to corporal punishment. Often they looked on him as their dauntless standard-bearer. But it is quite a different thing to be odd. The odd child or man is outside the human pale. He is an outcast from human sympathy, from the ordinary human joys and woes. If five fingers were considered odd, most children would cheerfully chop off one in order to resemble their four-fingered companions. One and all promptly abandoned all characteristics and preferences not acceptable to Polly Ross.

She was a charmingly matter-of-fact young person, and her followers grew up hard-boiled. No flights of fancy ever disturbed her. When in the midst of a story Nancy stopped to say that wet tree trunks after rain shone like shiny new rubbers, Polly fixed her with an amused and indulgent air. "You always were a funny kid," she said. "Isn't Nancy a funny kid? She's just a baby." The non-interfering teacher would never have dreamed of seizing the opportunity to point out that Nancy's observation was delightfully exact, and Nancy's natural inclination to observe trivial things of the sort shrank back within her for a time, just as Anne's desire to paint shrank back, and Ruth's desire to read, and Rachel's desire to sit alone and think.

V

The modern schools are much interested in various new psychological theories. One of the best known in New York resorts for its guidance to psychoanalysis. Another, which considers itself more realistic, sits at the fect of behaviorism. Most properly, they consider the child as a complete organism, not as a receptacle for receiving arithmetical facts or biological facts or geographical facts. They make elaborate physical and mental examinations and tabulate results. They can tell you to a dot whether the child's achievement equals or excels his capacity. My own child's achievement was for four years reported to be exactly equal to her capacity. Since I knew that she never studied, even after reaching an age when preparation was required for her lessons, this slightly surprised me, and I tried a little experiment of my own. I kept her out of school for four months. During two of these I had her tutored exactly one hour a day in two of her four subjects, with the result that when she returned she was ahead of her class in both, and that she received higher marks in both than ever before. If she had done as well as she could before, and if now she was doing immensely better, although she worked only an hour a day—but the problem didn't come out right, and I gave it up.

Possibly because being able to tell me to a dot that Nancy's achievements were exactly equal to her capacities took elaborate investigations and comparisons and faculty discussions, the school was not able to follow the actual achievements in much detail. This was her second school, famous for its use of a method to save those large quantities of the children's time wasted in ordinary schools by their indiscriminate lumping together into classes, where the clever must sit wearily listening to the stupid drone through their lessons, and the stupid must sit biting their nails while the teacher and the clever travel over their heads. Although any teacher in the school could tell me the results of Nancy's intelligence test, no one seemed to know that she had been able to see her mathematics teacher only two or three times a month, and that she usually turned in a full month's assignment of problems before she could secure even those coveted audiences, sought for by the children as eagerly and gained as arduously as ever were audiences with king or minister. Nor did anyone discover that the same difficulty dogged her in the realms of French and science. A really well-equipped modern school is such an elaborate structure; it has so many cogs within cogs, that both child and studies can fall through some unregarded hole without their absence being soon discovered.

The schools' psychological devices are in quite a different category of importance and in no danger of being lost. Those as to achievement and capacity, whose value if intelligently used I should be the last to question, are the mere *a b c* of their psychological work. Often each teacher is an amateur psychologist and leaps with joy upon an opportunity to practice her new information acquired from the latest books by the disciples of Jung and Freud and John Watson. A case in point is that of the fifteen-year-old daughter of a friend of mine who was sent to a particularly expensive and well-equipped summer camp. It especially prized the services of an itinerant psychologist who journeyed from camp to camp. One day my friend received a telegram, advising her to come at once to her daughter, who had been sent to a Boston hospital for mental diseases for examination by a noted psychiatrist. When she arrived at the hospital in such trepidation as one can easily imagine, she was reassured by the psychiatrist, who informed her that he found nothing wrong with her daughter. She took the next train to the camp to learn why such a course had been pursued. The girls were lodged in small separate cabins. The anxious scientists of the camp staff had soon learned that every night Anne's light was to be seen issuing from her cabin and disappearing into the woods. The fact that it promptly returned did not mitigate their fears, nor did they waste time on other interpretations, or in questioning Anne. They had hit at once upon the fearsome fact of sleep-walking. Continued sleep-walking, they knew from their books, was caused by continued mental disturbance. Promptly and efficiently the child was shipped off to a hospital for mental diseases. That such an experience might be seriously unsettling to her mentally, no one seemed to have considered. And they listened with surprise to the rather simple and naturalistic explanation of this major anxiety. The child's light had in fact issued from the cabin every night, but it had not been carried by a sleep-walker or an incipient mental case.

It would be ridiculous to condemn the various attempts now being made to apply new psychological discoveries to children in school because of one such painful absurdity. Over against it can be set stories of extraordinary benefits conferred on children in their care by properly trained and astute psychologists. One of the most delightful concerns a boy about to be dismissed from a Brooklyn public school for mental defect who entered college with honors a few years later. The entrance of the properly trained psychologist and the properly trained physician onto the school scene is of inestimable importance to the welfare of the child; but only a little reflection shows the danger of too exuberant or hastily considered psychological experiment with any human beings. We would never offer our children to be operated on by unskilled medical students; yet even the most sophisticated parents have been cheerfully offering them up to the subtle and far-reaching dangers of psychological experimentation. All the jolly girls and boys just out of college who man the staffs of the new schools can't possibly be experts on all the extra-curricular subjects with which they deal so confidently. It is just possible that their inexperienced scalpels will inflict lifelong scars.

It would be equally absurd to condemn the new schools root and branch because some of their tenets have led them into dangerous bogs. I think them still, as I thought them ten years ago, most hopeful and fruitful experiments; but I realize now, as I completely failed to then, the dangers run by the objects of their experiments. These, I believe, are greater than those run by the child under the old system because they strike at more vital aspects of his being.

On the whole, much more intelligence goes into the new schools than into the old, but in their ardent desire to rectify at once all the major defects of the admittedly bad old system, they have undertaken so many innovations simultaneously that they are unable to form an adequate opinion as to how these innovations work. Moreover, their reforms have not been launched without much acrimony and smoke of battle. This being the case, their best energies go to proving that their innovations are good, and very few are left over for the impartial weighing and assaying that experiments of the sort so urgently need. No manufacturer puts a machine or even a part of a machine onto the market until he has subjected it to every test that his ingenuity can devise. These educators launch a whole new system for training the infinitely various and suggestible young mind. Having done this, too many of them form themselves into a professional claque of approval, and regard with unconcealed hostility any critical eye turned on their work.

Further, being in the forefront, as

they believe, of educational theory, they are naturally disposed to absorb other new theories afloat. Almost all knowledge directly or indirectly concerns the developing child. Many of the schools gleefully incorporate theories into their system as rapidly as they are hatched. In the vulgar phrase, they have bitten off more theory than they can chew, much less digest. It is no wonder that in their efforts to apply all these theories at once they almost lose sight of the child himself; that is, of the child as an actual being, instead of the child as a theoretical storm center. Almost any competent teacher of the older schools would have discovered Polly Ross's despotism several years before our new school experts sleuthed it out.

The new schools are here to stay, I hope. Unless I thought so I should hesitate long before I took the risk of weakening their position by drawing attention to what seem to me to be their weak spots. For too long a time education has been in the main a cut and dried affair; for too long it has been assumed that the acquisition of any kind of knowledge by any kind of means is desirable. Knowledge maketh a full man, the theory runs, and students have been turned out full. I know one thriving institution which, during a three year course, pumps into its students almost nothing but long discarded exegesis on the Old Testament. They come forth full, and scatter their pitiful sawdust on the heathen of China and Africa.

Into the house of this old complacent theory have come bursting the disciples of Dewey and Kirkpatrick, far outstripping their masters in their zeal, huffing and puffing with all their might to blow the house down. Not all facts are worth remembering, they say, and some that are are more important than others that are. Facts are less important than intelligence, they say; and intelligence in young children is a tender plant that can be dwarfed or killed by an injudicious administration of facts. Natural impulses are more important than facts, they say. They come bursting into the house, huffing and puffing, and the walls begin to fall down. Having begun, they fall faster than the walls of Jericho. The danger now is no longer that the brave outposts of the new schools will be routed; it is rather that their theories will sweep the whole field before they have been sufficiently tested.

VI

Peace had returned to the group by the pool. No one was ducking anyone else and no one was throwing mud at anyone. The English governess had resumed her seat on the grass, and a distant appearance of serenity. The four mothers were hobbling back across the rough pasture. The liberal one, eager to offer up her children for experimentation, resumed her seat by my side.

"You were saying you didn't like the new schools," she said. "Perhaps it's true that liberty is only for a chosen—for certain types of children," she corrected herself graciously.

I counted ten. "Liberty is good for everyone," I said, "except possibly lunatics and imbeciles. The question is, do the new schools give it?"

But the experimental mother was following her own line of thought. "Have you seen the really wonderful painting and modelling they do?" she asked. "The work of five-year-olds is really amazing."

"Isn't it, though?" another mother agreed heartily.

So her child, too, will go to school to Polly Ross, I thought.

THE VANISHING SINNER

BY RALPH W. SOCKMAN

OUT from the Connecticut Valley, where Jonathan Edwards once held congregations terrified with his famous sermons on "A Sinner in the Hands of an Angry God," emerges in our time a college professor to tell us that the word sin should be dropped from our vocabulary. It is losing its scarlet color. Church congregations no longer see red when the pulpits denounce it. There is a change going on within the sanctuary somewhat comparable to that outside, which may be symbolized by the contrast between Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* and Ellen Glasgow's *They Stooped to Folly*. If one were to listen intently at the door of the modern meeting-house he would not hear the old-fashioned agonizing of conscience which caused Walt Whitman to pay his tribute to the dumb beasts in contrast:

> They do not sweat and whine about their
> condition;
> They do not lie awake and weep for their
> sins.

The three hundredth anniversary of John Bunyan failed to catch the ear of the Church, as was planned, because motor-minded churchgoers of to-day seem unable to comprehend the road troubles of Christian in his journey to the Celestial City. The Reverend William A. Sunday is touring the lesser towns. Camp-meeting revivals are not the success they once were. In short, it is about as hard to get a conviction of sin these days in the courts of God as it is to get a conviction of Volstead violation in the courts of New York.

The traditional terminology of the Church in this matter of sin has been a courtroom vocabulary. We speak of "the Judgment Seat of God," "the bar of conscience," "the guilt of sin." The Westminster Shorter Catechism defines sin as "any want of conformity unto, or transgression of, the law of God." We speak of sinners as "under conviction"; and to bring them to this state has been the task of the evangelist. Our historical concept of sin is court-colored. And to-day we are finding it harder and harder to secure verdicts. The reasons for this become apparent when we look below the surface of the modern mind. The courtroom scene no longer has a part in the world view of the man in the street.

In the first place, the idea of God as a Judge sitting to sentence individual miscreants is difficult for man to grasp in this universe of immeasurable spaces and innumerable suns. Anthropomorphic deity is obliterated by this vastness. Even to those who can retain a vivid sense of divine personality the business of keeping track of individual wrongdoings seems too petty to ascribe to a God who has the Milky Way on his hands. Moreover, when the definitions of divinity are devitalized into "the *élan vital* within the evolutionary process," or "the sum total of the laws of nature," the average man can hardly understand the personal focus of the Psalmist's soul-wracking confession:

Against thee, thee only, have I sinned,
And done that which is evil in thy sight.

If a hand be held in front of a single light, it casts a very definite and clear-cut shadow upon the wall. But if the light be a hundred feet away the shadow would be dimmer and less definite in outline. And if the light is diffused from a hundred sockets or radiated by indirection, the shadow tends to disappear altogether. This is a parable of the vanishing sense of sin due to the changing conception of God. The Divine is no longer thought of as the close-up being before whom man's misdeeds cast the old sharply-defined shadows of guilt. The Creator Spirit, "whose dwelling is the light of setting suns," is more pervasive but less personal. It is difficult to vision him on a judge's seat, holding court.

A second obstacle in securing modern convictions of sin is the seeming uncertainty of the divine laws which the sinner is accused of violating. It is on this ground that Professor Barnes would have us dismiss the whole case of sin, for he argues that sin is defined as a violation of the laws of God, and no longer can we be sure that we know what those laws are. This sounds very plausible to the legalistic mind. As man looks back over the three thousand years of the Hebrew-Christian tradition he sees how moral codes once hailed as divine edicts have been changed, and he begins to wonder where finality is to be found. Then, too, his enlarging outlook reminds him that other parts of the earth have also cherished sacred books containing commandments interpreted by them as divinely sanctioned. Moreover, his imagination reaches out to ponder the planets and disturbs him with the thought that they too may support races with religions of their own. Where amid all these known and unknown codifications is he to be certain that he has found the laws of God?

To vindicate one's honor with sword or pistol in a duel was once the mark of a gentleman; to-day it is outside the pale of moral and criminal law. To have more than one wife is called a sin in Christian countries, but Solomon with his seven hundred wives was condemned by the writer of Chronicles on the ground of his polytheism not his polygamy, and there are lands to-day where a man's hope of eternal bliss is enhanced by the number of his consorts. Is monogamy then a matter of chronology and geography? Almost every vice in our present American moral code has been held a virtue somewhere at some time. It is not surprising that many jump to the conclusion that morals are merely customs which have been sprayed with the odor of sanctity.

Thereupon the man who thinks in legal terms agrees with Walter Lippmann that, "A human morality has no such sanction as a divine. The sanction of a divine morality is the certainty of the believer that it originated with God. But if he has once come to think that the rule of conduct has a purely human, local, and temporal origin, its sanction is gone." When he regards moral codes as man-made, the legalist can be convicted of unconventionality, but not of sin.

The modern mind is lacking also in its labelled exhibits of sin. In a courtroom the effectiveness of exhibits is of that imponderable nature which creates atmosphere and speaks more loudly than words. Likewise, the consciences of our grandfathers were stirred to repentance by the visible reminders of sin which surrounded them on every side. Insanity, epilepsy, blindness, and various forms of disease; earthquakes, floods, tornadoes, and other violent physical upheavals—these were interpreted as the divine punishment of perversity. Now we look for the causes of disease in germs not in sins; and while we still have some preachers —"hard churchmen" they have been called—who see the wrath of God in Florida hurricanes and Japanese earthquakes, they forfeit public respect, and even their own followers begin to doubt the directness and authenticity of their divine communication when they see Wall Street skyscrapers standing unscathed. Once the Black Death sent people to their priests praying for forgiveness; now a scourge of typhoid causes us to call in chemists to test our water supply. When, therefore, the moralists talk about the punishments of sin the attesting evidences are not so concrete and close at hand as once they were.

George Jean Nathan, in words which reveal his emancipation from the fears of his fathers but not from the traditional courtroom psychology of sin, tells us that while there are still some benighted souls in "the boll-weevil belt" who tremble at the predicted consequences of sin, these are outnumbered a hundred to one by those in other geographical centers whose attitude is one of "irreverent snickers." He says, "These men, looking back over their deplorable lives, have noticed that, for all their disobeying of grandpa's injunctions, the devil somehow hasn't got them yet, that sin, far from being its own punishment, has been rather jolly. . . . The result of their unholy meditations is not so much an open scoffing as a private conclusion to break the rules until they are caught. . . . If an apparent levity seems to insert itself into these observations, it is simply because the whole business has itself become enveloped in a measure of levity."

To those who thus think of sin in terms of law violations and concrete consequences the subject resolves itself into a matter of "getting by," and thereupon human prudence becomes the scientific age's substitute for Divine Providence. Whereas the pulpit moralist once stood in the midst of hurrying men with all the seemingly visible authority of a traffic officer, now he stands on the more or less vacant corner lots calling out his advice. To say the least, he seems less arresting.

II

Another fact observable in the situation is that the denunciation of sin has lessened in passion and volume. As long as men retain the legalistic psychology this fourth fact follows naturally the other three. When pulpit and pew lose the vivid sense of a personal God, with his definite laws and visible punishments, there is an abatement in the tone and temperature of their discussion of sin. The modern man, of course, feels that he must show some interest in social evil and crime waves. He expects and endorses sermons filled with general indictments of these. But in the court of God, as in a court of law, men are not convicted on general charges. It is safe to assume that Sunday-morning discourses on America's lawlessness or the gambling spirit or the jazz age do not send many sinners home in agony of conscience. It is an equally safe assumption that few if any souls are stirred to searching repentance by the congregational repetitions of the line in the Lord's prayer, "Forgive us our trespasses." Yet this is about the nearest to a confession of sins that the average Protestant churchman comes to-day.

It would almost seem that the modern humanitarian attitude serves as a sort of protective coloration against any disturbing sense of personal sin. "Bull sessions" in college fraternity houses and their counterparts in Pullman smokers may prolong the discussion of religion and morals far into the night; but too optimistic, indeed, are those ecclesiastical spokesmen who maintain that these give indisputable evidence of a heart-hunger for righteousness. The contributions to these discussions are not made in the mood of the confessional. The sophomore voicing his views on sex or the sophisticated traveling salesman raising questions of business ethics are remote from the spirit of the Hebrew worshipper who cried, "When I kept silence my bones wasted away." Often the motive is more that of airing their vices than of cooling their consciences. As an illustration of Mr. Lippmann's supreme virtue of "disinterestedness," I know nothing to surpass the attitude toward personal sin exhibited by some who are most voluble in religious discussions.

The frankness of informal discussion and the new insights of biology, psychology, and sociology have lifted the subject of sin out of the atmosphere of personal guilt into the objectivity of social and statistical science. The individual shifts his focus from self to situations. Since conduct is so largely determined by hereditary and environmental factors, high-minded and socially-minded persons feel a sort of complicity in the general moral situation. They carry a heaviness of heart in the presence of the world's wickedness, as did Gilbert Murray when he walked about the quadrangles of Oxford during the War, weighed down with the thought that noble lives were being sacrificed in his behalf and on account of a negligence in which he shared. Yet even such sensitivity is far less poignant and personal than was that of Alexander Whyte, saintly Scottish preacher, who was wont to say as he beheld the most abject sinner, "There but for the grace of God goes Alexander Whyte." The sons of the psychological era recognize the interrelatedness of evil but they do not call it original sin. And while the finest natures take it to heart with real concern, the ordinary attitude is to dismiss any feeling of personal guilt with the thought of society's responsibility. This is manifestly the prevailing tendency at present. The shortcomings of society serve, for the individual, as an excuse rather than a challenge. "What is everybody's business is nobody's business."

Thus tending to lift the burden of guilt from his own shoulders, the individual feels inclined to repudiate the old rigid moral judgments in regard to others. The old classification of sinners on the basis of single sins is questioned. If a person is caught in an act of stealing, the word thief springs to one's lips; if detected in a lie, the word liar. But when we recognize such statements as forms of the ancient oriental inference that he who has sinned is a sinner, we hesitate to make the general assumption. Our recognition of mixed motives within and conditioning factors without brings with it a new charitableness of judgment. "Judge not" has become a most popular commandment in the clubable atmosphere of mutual exoneration. "To err is human" and "Everybody does it" form a defense which can stave off almost any conviction of sin. As Hocking of Harvard puts it, "The sense of sin, which is at home in the solitude of individual conscience, can hardly survive in the universalizing atmosphere."

The delineation of sin has thus undergone a transition somewhat similar to that which has taken place in painting. The old clear-cut lines have given way to an impressionistic indefiniteness, the black-and-white contrasts to low-toned grays. In this the Church officially has played a part, not only for the reasons mentioned above, but for another which Professor Coe has recently brought forth most cogently. He says that the Church has lightened the old darkness of natural depravity because it cannot by contrast demonstrate an actuality of regeneration. The so-called products of conversion do not reveal a sufficiently distinctive righteousness in our industrial order for observers to identify them as redeemed. Therefore, the churches have adopted a hush policy regarding the doctrine of depravity and are becoming "a fellowship of natural amiability." A rotarian gospel takes the place of repentance.

Having thus sketched the way in which the concept of sin as a violation of the law of God has lost its convicting power, are we now to say that the task of the moralist is to continue in the role of the Lord's sheriff, attempting to arrest the vanishing sinner and to bring him back into the divine courtroom and into a state of obedience to the divine authority? According to Mr. Lippmann, that is the function of those who believe in the Church's God. He puts it plainly, after showing at great length how the ancestral order has been dissolved: "The choice is fundamental and exclusive, and it determines all the conclusions which follow. For obviously to one who believes that the world is a theocracy, the problem is how to bring the strayed and rebellious masses of mankind back to their obedience, how to restore the lost provinces of God the invisible King. But to one who takes the humanistic view the problem is how mankind, deprived of the great fictions, is to come to terms with the needs which created those fictions." Then he adds frankly that, since he cannot believe in the old authoritative God, he takes the humanistic view.

I shall be equally frank in saying that I take the theistic view of this universe. But I refuse to admit the validity of the distinction that the theist's problem is to recall rebellious men to obedience while the humanist's task is to come to terms with the needs and nature of man. I deny that obedience has to be made the slogan for all theism and that the authoritarian label has to be pinned on all theists. I agree with the humanists that authority and obedience are not words by which we can work our way out of the moral and religious chaos of modernity.

In fact, I will go farther and say that even if we could restore the old-fashioned beliefs in divine authorities we could not guarantee obedience in our democratic age. This is a point which many humanists seem to overlook. They appear to assume that men would obey if they could be made to believe in the old sources and evidences of a morality handed down from above, but since this is impossible, they must find human sanctions. And the theists so often reply by assuming that divine authority restored means obedience secured and, therefore, they begin their answer to humanism by arguing about authority. But does history demonstrate that the societies and nations which have held the most unquestioned belief in divinely revealed authority have attained the highest moral status? And do we not realize that the democratic temper of our time would not call a code moral, even if the ink of God were still wet upon it, unless that code proved itself to be for the welfare of man? Minds trained in a democracy demand service even of sovereignty. The present difficulty of law enforcement in America amply illustrates the truth that laws do not command obedience merely because they carry the label of authority. Therefore, though we be theists and wish to bring men to an understanding of our God, we must, like the humanists, start with human nature and its needs.

And beginning there, it is not feasible

to feature the ideal of obedience, however strong may be our belief in the beneficence of the law which the sinner has violated. Calling men to obedience is not at best a very stirring challenge. Freedom, self-expression, initiative, originality are the notes which modernity loves to stress, and they appear at the opposite end of the scale from obedience, which sounds too close to conventionality, standardization, tameness, and timidity. Our generation has been indoctrinated with the dangers of obedience. To try now to exalt obedience simply as obedience into a virtue of the first order, or to turn men from sin on the mere ground of disobedience, is to run counter to the currents of contemporary thought.

Much of the moral confusion of to-day, apparent even in the writings of distinguished diagnosticians, is that their emotions are not fully emancipated from the legalistic psychology. Emotionally they still feel themselves culprits mindful of the law, but seeing no policeman. Intelligence bids us alter this attitude rather than try to restore the policeman.

Moral discriminations must be made on the basis of something more magnetic than external codes. Instead of starting with the object of holding men to our traditional standards, we should begin by looking for the objects which hold men. It was said of the Nazarene that "he knew what was in man"; and the first insistence of his ethical approach was always upon human responsiveness.

III

When we leave the courtroom categories and go out to find the sanctions which the modern mind recognizes, we find several which hold much promise for moral progress. One is the intense and increasingly intelligent interest in health. Men are discovering with a new passion the possibilities of enjoyment resident in healthy bodies. The attention given to sports, to medical research, to public health is eloquent of the underlying concern. Certain movements have made health the very core of their religion, and the recent episode of the Malden Cemetery is a pathetic reminder of the popular hunger to be made physically whole.

Not only is the modern man coming to crave the thrill of good health but he is coming also to recognize the duty of it. The eugenic emphasis is reminding him that he owes it to his children to provide them with a healthy paternity. The euthenic interest is convincing him that he owes it to his group and generation to radiate a healthy man's glow and spirit. He no longer tries in futile fashion to trace back certain diseases to their causes in sin against God, but he is beginning to look ahead to see that any illness due to carelessness, indifference, indulgence, or ignorance is an affront to society. This concern for health might of course end in mere prudence, which has long been used under the old authoritarian morality to restrain men from bodily excesses—a restraint which to some seems pretty largely negatived by modern medical devices, but to others seems more forcibly portrayed by the new biological considerations than by the old theological warnings.

This interest, however, can be, and is being, spiritualized. As we are coming to understand better the coordination of mind and body, we appreciate the importance of healthy-mindedness. Lowes Dickinson makes one of his characters in *A Modern Symposium* say, "Thanks to Europe, America has never been powerless in the face of Nature; therefore has never felt Fear; therefore never known Reverence; and therefore never experienced Religion. . . . Religion in America is a parasite without roots. . . . Their healthy and robust intelligence confines itself to the things of this world. Their religion, if they have one, is what I believe they call 'healthy-mindedness.'" We on this side of the Atlantic may challenge the conclusion and the premise by which it was reached, for "healthy-mindedness" is not an adequate definition of America's religion either past or present. But certainly the modern mind is applying it as a test both of morality and of religion; and if moralists and churchmen are wise enough to apply this test to contemporary conduct they will reach the modern mind at points now untouched by the traditional legalisms.

In the eyes of modernity there is no appellation more damning than that of "unhealthy" or "unwholesome." Attach either of those labels to a personality, and we cause an instinctive avoidance, almost a loathing. We can quarantine attitudes and influences with them which we cannot arrest on the ground of violating statutory morality. Recently a friend, describing a certain conspicuous scientific figure whom I had admired by reputation and whom he had known in intimacy, said of him that he had an "unhealthy personality." The expression conveyed a more sinister connotation than any time-honored category of sinfulness of which I can readily think. It is a test, moreover, which penetrates those sins of the mind which our Puritan morality so largely overlooked, for the Puritans centered their attack upon the bodily passions and in conquering their physical temptations often lost their dispositions. It is a test which sifts conduct not by the outworn negations of asceticism but by the incoming affirmations of athleticism.

Another modern opening for moral discrimination is the widespread insistence on intelligence. The youth of to-day have reversed Charles Kingsley's pious counsel, "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever." They would far rather be called bad than stupid. This attitude is the natural one in a generation which is the product of an educational process almost completely secularized. Talk as we may about the morons of campus and crowd, the fact remains that, however small the degree of intelligence, people are mighty proud of what they have.

A few months ago the Wisconsin University *Daily Cardinal* published an editorial article under the caption, "Don't Be Silly." The writer related that in a Paris café an American had made a comment which a Frenchman interpreted as an insult. At once the Parisian jumped to his feet and challenged "his enemy" to a duel. Whereupon the American grinned at him across the table and said, "Don't be silly." The article went on to say that presently one nation feeling insulted or intensely defensive would be met in effect by the rejoinder "Don't be silly." And, as Professor Millikan suggests, it does look as if science has made war so suicidal and history has shown force so ineffectual that the counsel "Don't be silly" will do what the old commandment "Thou shalt not kill" has failed to accomplish in all the centuries of moralizing.

And war is by no means the only situation wherein the ridicule of stupidity is tremendously efficacious. Take this matter of "the new freedom." The freshman comes to college. He becomes intoxicated with the electiveness of everything around the modern campus. Unsupported by earlier disciplines of study, he wobbles uncertainly toward the semester examinations. Irregular hours and loose living cut down his general efficiency. The dean discovers him and issues his warning. The college chaplain may preach a sermon to freshmen. But most salutary of all is the upper-classman's admonition: "Don't be silly." The rapier of ridicule can often get under the helmet when the bludgeon of the moralist has little effect on the breastplate.

Left on the low plane of mental pride, the appeal to intelligence is not a satisfactory substitute for the old moral convictions. But it can be lifted from mere pride of intelligence to a passion for truth. Falsity or sham strikes the sensitive scientific mind with a sharpness akin to a sense of sin. The lover of truth will fight a wrong belief as valiantly as the lover of righteousness will fight a wrong deed. And are we not making moral progress as we tend to break down the old distinction between wrongness as a deviation from truth and wrongness as a deviation from rectitude? We are coming to recognize the moral obligation to be intelligent. It is one thing to be moral enough to tell the truth as one sees it; it is a better thing to be moral enough to try to find out the truth before one tells it.

This insistence on truth gives a new edge to ethical tests, which enables them to cut into intellectual circles not now disturbed by traditional moral injunctions. Moreover, it may be made to stir a sense of uneasiness in those sheltered precincts of conventional church morality where the Founder's attempted union of alert intelligence with good intentions has been broken. Because religious devotees have too often been content with veracity rather than truth, with a study of rules rather than of results, the observation may yet be made that "the sons of this world are for their own generation wiser than the sons of the light." If the moral duty of intelligence and accuracy will be taken as seriously in the sanctuary as in the laboratory, we shall see morality show a speed of advance similar to that now being made by science.

IV

A third point of approach to the "hard-boiled" conscience of our generation is the sense of honor. Mr. John W. Harvey of the University of Birmingham, speaking for Britain, writes: "'Gentlemanliness' and 'Sportsmanship' are perhaps the most prevalent moral categories in our country to-day; moral because used to convey judgments upon conduct, however unsystematic and casual these may be."

When we of America behold the "mucker pose" so much in vogue with us, we may question the popularity of the "gentlemanly" ideal here, but we can hardly doubt that of the "sportsman." In most circles of our acquaintance the label of "good sportsman" seems more desired than the label of "Christian." And even the old guard have a saying, "He is a Christian and a gentleman," which carries the implication that the latter appellation adds something to the former.

The element common to these two ideals, which accounts most largely for their appeal, is what we call honor. A recent English writer has essayed to show that honor is a Gothic contribution to character coming in through feudal chivalry. Such interpretation, however, would seem to give too much credit to the Gothic, for honor is an element which preceded knighthood and outruns the Christian tradition. On "the field of honor" there would seem to be no region which can be called "no man's land." Under all cultural crudities and all external immoralities there remains some kind of a code of honor. It is the embodiment in character of man's æsthetic instincts.

The individual items of this code may vary but almost always are to be found such ideals as the following: "Standing by a comrade," "Doing the decent thing," "Playing the game." To be sure, these are often vaguely and narrowly and statically conceived by those who hold them, but the most promising line of moral advance to-day lies in bringing these concepts of honor out of their indefiniteness into definiteness, out of their narrow class boundaries into larger circles of brotherhood, out of their static defensiveness into dynamic usefulness. To expand the ideal of "standing by a comrade" with the new elasticity of racial and social sympathy; to show that progress demands not only playing the game according to the rules but also a willingness to change the rules in the interest of improving the game; to apply the new insistence on truth so that a "gentleman" will not be content merely to stand by his word but will make his word worthy to stand by—these are some of the directions in which the sense of honor can be capitalized to reach modern minds now deaf to the legalistic denunciation of sin.

And here again the new emphasis may react to revise the Church's traditional codes of morality, which have not made enough of this matter of honor. They have too frequently thrown away Plutarch's *Lives* in taking up the New Testament. They have failed to follow the Founder of Christianity in recognizing that the robust qualities which made strong men before He came were to be retained in the canons of conduct established in His name. In many cases what makes conventional Christian morality suffer in comparison with good sportsmanship is that its adherents have tried to approximate the distinctively Christian virtues without first appropriating the pagan virtues which Jesus took for granted.

V

When a person has lost his appetite it does little good to show him a picture of emaciated Chinese famine sufferers and remind him of the fate which awaits his continued abstinence from food. Such a picture may convince him of the logic of eating but it does not create in him the sense of hunger. More effective is it to set before him a succulent vegetable and a juicy steak. When we find the modern mind unwilling to accept the old moral admonitions, are we to continue trying to "bring the strayed and rebellious masses of mankind back to their obedience" by legalistically showing the divine punishments for their refusal, or are we to "come to terms with the needs" of men by presenting moral appeals which stimulate the appetites for soundness, truth, and beauty? To those ecclesiastics who will be inclined to criticize this as an emasculated moral appeal, it may be said by way of reminder that the Founder of Christianity interpreted his function as that of inviting men to a feast.

For the intelligent no courtroom terminology is needed to supplement the distaste for emptiness and unhealthiness, for untruth and insincerity, for the ugly and the dishonorable. Morality does not need to be driven back into outworn categories. Nor does it have to surrender to humanism as being without divine sanction if it seeks that sanction by going more deeply into the hearts of men rather than over their heads. If historic Christianity had been willing to trust the inwardness of authority as stated by Him who said, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you," it would not have called in the traditional hierarchy of externalities to convict men of sin. Delving down into the nature of man, we find how much of morality is man-made, but we go on to find some hungers and satisfactions which are not made *by* man but are created *in* man. Even the "acids of modernity" will serve to reveal the etchings of eternity.

PITY THE POOR ATHLETE

BY FRANK SCHOONMAKER

A YEAR has now passed since the publication of the Carnegie Foundation's justly celebrated Bulletin 23, and almost a year since fourteen athletes at the University of Iowa were permanently barred from participation in intercollegiate athletics for having borrowed, from a university trust fund, sums ranging from fifteen to eighty dollars.

And now autumn has come round again. Once more the sporting pages are filled with football ballyhoo, and once more the college athletic associations are proceeding with the distribution of some twelve or fifteen million tickets at approximately three dollars each.

Has this year, one wonders, this year so remarkably rich in sensational disclosures, in investigations, in charges and counter-charges, brought us any nearer to an adequate solution of the problem of amateurism? Or rather, has the athletic babel become more pronounced, its myriad inconsistencies become more numerous and more obvious, the situation as a whole become even more intolerable? Certainly the layman, seeking in this confusion some basis for an intelligent attitude toward sport, can find in such a maze of laws and by-laws, of rules and various interpretations of rules no very firm footing.

Bulletin 23, issued by the Carnegie Foundation after three years of study and investigation, was perhaps the most sensational document dealing with American athletics that has ever appeared in this country. It stated, and brought forward incontrovertible evidence to prove its point, that professionalism was rife in American college sport, that one intercollegiate athlete out of every seven was subsidized, that recruiting among promising secondary school athletes was generally practiced by an astonishingly large number of our institutions of higher learning. The report as a whole received the publicity it deserved; practically every newspaper in the country published an extensive summary of its findings; the president of Lafayette College stated that, in his opinion, it would "end all backstairs gossip." One cannot help feeling, in view of what has happened since, that the president of Lafayette College was perhaps a little sanguine.

To the layman, who cannot pretend to the special knowledge of a salaried investigator, let alone that of a salaried officer of an amateur athletic association, it would appear, first of all, that there was lacking an unequivocal and satisfactory definition of the word "amateur." Miss Maureen Orcutt, for example, is an amateur in excellent standing with the golf authorities. During the last summer she has been writing, for the *New York World*, reports of golf matches in this country and abroad, including those in which she herself participated. Mr. William T. Tilden is also an amateur. For doing exactly what Miss Orcutt does with impunity he was accused of professionalism and suspended, a little over a year ago, by the United States Lawn Tennis Association. At the same time Mr. Tilden's expenses (approximately twenty dollars a day, if we can believe newspaper reports) are paid, openly and, as far as the rules are concerned, legitimately, by the various clubs in whose tournaments he plays. Albie Booth, the spectacular Yale quarterback, is an amateur. If the University were to pay for his special training-table food, he would be, according to the Carnegie Foundation, an amateur no longer. Mike Farroh, captain-elect of the University of Iowa football team, borrowed some fifty dollars from a trust fund to help defray his college expenses. He is, therefore, a professional. All this is a little bewildering to a simple-minded person, accustomed to go to a dictionary rather than to an athletic rule book for his definitions.

Since we are concerned at the moment with football, it seems rather too bad that, up to the present, there should have been made no comprehensive and at the same time sympathetic survey of the situation. The Carnegie report was obviously comprehensive, but this writer has never had the opportunity of examining any document less sane and less sympathetic. The investigators had questioned everything—the good faith, even, of certain university presidents; apparently it had never occurred to them to question, or even study objectively, the A. A. U.'s definition of an amateur athlete.

The decided bias of the Bulletin as a whole can be, I think, quite easily demonstrated. By far, from the layman's point of view, the most significant statement in its 311 pages, was hidden away in the middle of a chapter and given no publicity whatsoever. "In no institution," it says, and it is well to remember that one hundred and thirty schools and colleges had been studied, "are subsidies granted [to athletes] in excess of the cost of tuition, food, lodging, books, supplies, and incidental fees." The Bulletin then goes on to stigmatize the granters of such subsidies as "the Fagins of American sport." The inference is obvious. But no one, not even Dr. Howard J. Savage, will ever succeed in making us believe that a boy who plays football, clean football in return simply for an education, should be classed with the juvenile criminals of Fagin's school—pickpockets and sneak thieves This is so patently unfair as to make us distrust the other conclusions of the report, many of which, I will say most of which, even, are quite justified.

A layman who wished to give to this situation, and to the problem which the professional amateur presents, the serious study which these unquestionably deserve, would do well to ignore, at first, the lesser contradictions and inconsistencies, and climb instead to the top of some convenient hill from which he could look out over the whole vast panorama of intercollegiate athletics. But since football is the most characteristic, the most popular, the most profitable and, therefore, the most commercialized of intercollegiate sports, we may well confine our modest investigations to this single field. Let us then ask ourselves four questions: Is football still a sport, or has it degenerated into an autumnal circus? Is its commercialization real or imaginary? Are the athletically inclined young men at our larger universities being exploited, or are they not? Where, in this matter, do the college authorities stand?

II

Whatever our personal feelings on the subject may be, we cannot deny that the men behind intercollegiate football have shown in recent years a business acumen that would have carried them far in the industrial world. Since 1905 the trustees of American unversities have constructed or allowed to be constructed twenty football stadiums with an average capacity of 50,000. The Yale Athletic Association showed, during October and November, 1929, a profit of very nearly one million dollars; at least a score of other colleges did half as well. New York University scheduled a game last fall against the University of Georgia, to be played in a New York ball-park: the Southern team asked and received a guarantee of $50,000 for its trip North. Notre Dame, the greatest box-office attraction in the world, receives, for games away from home, an average of sixty per cent of the gate receipts—and last year, pending the completion at South Bend of a colossal stadium, Notre Dame played every one of its nine games away from home. All this may sound more like the day-dream of a professional impresario than like amateur sport; nevertheless we can scarcely expect a business as large and as profitable as intercollegiate football to be carried on by nit-wits or philanthropists.

These points and these statements have, of course, been brought forward many times before. The answer which they inevitably call forth from the defenders of present conditions has at least the virtue of extreme simplicity. The vast profits from intercollegiate football do not, we are assured, flow directly or indirectly into the college treasuries. Instead they are dispensed, *in toto*, by the college athletic boards, thus making athletic equipment—tennis courts, swimming-pools, gymnasiums, etc.—available to every undergraduate.

It would require a far finer legal mind than that of this writer to grasp the subtlety of this distinction. One is rather at a loss to understand why, if it is quite ethical for a college to spend the earnings of its undergraduates on athletic equipment, it would be considered disgraceful for an institution of higher learning to spend these same earnings in equipping, for example, a new chemical laboratory. Certainly when Mr. Edgar Palmer gave Princeton the money to pay for the stadium that bears his name, his donation was regarded by the public at large (and, I venture to say, by the Princeton trustees also) as a gift to the University, rather than to the already solvent Princeton Athletic Association. And are we expected to believe that if this Athletic Association found itself unable, in any given year, to pay for the upkeep of the college tennis courts the university treasurer would stand quietly by and let them grow up in weeds?

That college athletics, and the participation of the largest possible number of undergraduates in some form of intra-mural sport, are good, I think no intelligent person will deny. Whether it is necessary to spend to this end some four hundred dollars per undergraduate per year, as does the Yale Athletic Association, is another matter, one that is scarcely relevant at this point. Suffice it to say that, if college athletics do not form an essential part of the college curriculum, Yale is obviously misspending approximately one and a quarter million dollars a year; but if they *are* essential to the well-being of the college (and this seems to be the opinion of most American educational authorities), the University clearly owes to the undergraduates who earn for it by their efforts these necessary hundred thousands, some special consideration. This, it seems to me, can scarcely be disputed by anyone who looks at the matter with an open mind.

However, before we write this down as one of the first articles of our athletic credo, let us examine the benefits, real or imaginary, which a young man receives by engaging in intercollegiate, as opposed to intra-mural, sports. We have already put ourselves on record as believing intra-mural sport to be a good thing; can we say as much for as dangerous and time-consuming a game as intercollegiate football?

III

No one, I think, who has ever studied at first hand the training and conditioning of a varsity eleven, who is familiar with the hours which the players are expected to keep, who has watched young men report early in the afternoon six days a week for gruelling work which continues, in some cases, until long after dusk on a field illuminated by arc-lights, who has heard a coach advise his charges to "think football" as much as possible in their "spare time" can regard intercollegiate athletics as anything but an added barrier to a young man who wishes to secure, in four short years, the groundwork of a liberal education. A football-playing undergraduate may very well be able to keep up in his classes, to graduate at the end of his course with a satisfactory mark; but his outside reading, his non-required work in the college library, his general interest in things of lasting importance, are bound, by every law known to the human mind, to suffer. And doubly so, of course, if the boy happens to be poor and is forced, in addition to playing football, to devote a certain number of hours each day to earning his way through college.

Second, and this is even more serious, the varsity football player gambles with injury at odds that few of us would consider fair. The Carnegie investigators studied, in twenty-two American colleges, the percentage of players injured in the course of a single year. Out of nearly three thousand young men engaged in intercollegiate football, exactly 525, or over seventeen per cent, sustained "serious" injury. In other words, let an undergraduate play football throughout his last three years at college—he has less than an even chance of getting away unscathed. Of the 525 seriously injured, 11 suffered internal injuries; 132, concussions. How many of these boys were forced to leave college, how many were partly, or even wholly, incapacitated for life, unfortunately no report can tell us. We know, however, that in such cases the various college athletic associations, despite their huge football profits, neither make nor are expected to make any restitution whatsoever. There is no compulsory state insurance for the varsity football player.

When it comes to the other side of the ledger—the benefits to the undergraduate from participation in intercollegiate sport—one is rather at a loss to find a single possible entry that cannot be legitimately challenged. As far as physical condition is concerned, tennis and swimming will surely do as much for a young man as football. The lessons of sportsmanship may be learned as well in inter-class games as before eighty thousand people. The college man cannot, except in isolated instances, profit financially, after his graduation, from the athletic training which he has received.

Nor is it possible to look with altogether favorable eyes on the wide publicity which a prominent varsity athlete enjoys during his college career. There is no glory more fugitive than that of the athlete; and a boy who has been for a time something of a national celebrity is likely to find the obscurity of his post-college years not altogether easy to endure. Where are the snows of yesteryear, and who remembers the All-Americas of 1910?

It has been amply demonstrated, I believe, that American colleges, or college athletic associations—and the two, after all, are for all practical purposes but one—gain materially and gain hugely through intercollegiate football. That as much can be said for the football players themselves seems, on the basis of the facts we have, decidedly improbable. Aside from the purely arbitrary rules of amateur athletics, it would appear, therefore, that no reasonable grounds exist for doubting the correctness of our earlier conclusions: the colleges, receiving funds (necessary funds, if you will) from the arduous and often dangerous efforts of certain of their undergraduates, owe in return to these undergraduates special consideration of some sort.

IV

This brings us quite logically to the question of athletic subsidies. Are such subsidies ever justified? Do they invariably involve, as the Carnegie Foundation experts would have us believe, the betrayal of an athlete's honor? Would it not be possible to work out some equitable and aboveboard system whereby an impecunious young man, with a talent for football rather than for newspaper work, could earn, as do the members of university press boards, enough money to help defray, at least, his college expenses?

Let us remember that, even according to the dark picture which the Carnegie Bulletin paints, athletic subsidies in no case exceed the sum total of such expenses. Let us remember, too, that even under the present system of rule-evasion, the granting of an athletic subsidy rarely if ever involves a cash transaction. A few examples may help to clarify these points.

Harvard, like Princeton, Columbia, Pennsylvania, Colgate, Georgia Tech, the University of Chicago, etc., was numbered among those colleges at which the Carnegie investigators found unfortunate traces of professionalism. Of what, in this case, did the "professionalism" consist? Of nothing, certainly, over which the layman is able to feel any extraordinary indignation. It had been, until recently, the practice at Harvard to parcel out to the more indigent members of the varsity teams the various concessions at Soldiers' Field—thus enabling certain athletes to earn, through the sale of peanuts, hot-dogs, and programs to the crowds that their fellow-athletes drew, a small fraction of what they paid the college for tuition. So far as I know, it was never charged that these boys received for their work any higher wage than the vendors at a professional baseball game receive for similar work. That they, in preference to other inpecunious undergraduates, were given these positions, constituted, in the opinion of the Carnegie investigators, a form of professionalism. At any rate, the practice has been discontinued. May we point out, before citing a second example, that Harvard's football receipts for 1929 totaled in excess of four hundred thousand dollars?

At Northwestern University, which, incidentally, possesses one of the largest stadiums in the Middle West, a different but somewhat similar system was in vogue. Certain students were able, by taking care of the University's vast athletic equipment, to earn a few dollars a week; for this work they were paid at varying rates which averaged in the neighborhood of fifty cents an hour. The Carnegie experts, however, pointed out that these positions, instead of being filled by lot, were turned over by the various coaches to the needier members of the varsity teams. Professionalism (for any subsidy, in the eyes of the A. A. U., constitutes professionalism) would seem to the layman a rather strong term to apply to this sort of thing.

Princeton, too, was barred from the strictly amateur paradise of intercollegiate athletics by a single detail.

Eight out of the 332 scholarships annually awarded by the University were, at the time of the Carnegie investigation, given to men who, in addition to being good scholars, were good athletes as well. (The terms of award were precisely those under which, each year, ninety-six young Americans receive Rhodes Scholarships at Oxford.) President Hibben has since pointed, with pardonable pride, to the fact that these eight "athletic scholarships" exist no longer. Princeton, free at last of professionalism, has joined what certain sporting writers have called the "lily-whites." It seems somehow too bad that President Hibben, while on the subject, failed to add that athletics, during the past college year, brought into the treasury of the Princeton Athletic Association some $375,000—or more than three times the total value of the 332 scholarships.

It is rather remarkable, in this welter of professionalism, to find listed among the "lily-whites," those colleges at which even the keen eyes of the Carnegie experts could see no evil, so famous and so athletically distinguished a university as Yale. It is the boast of the college authorities at New Haven that no athlete, not even the star varsity halfback who rates front-page headlines in the New York dailies, receives, either in the matter of scholarships or from the University Employment Bureau, any preferential treatment whatsoever.

Before we go any farther, let us determine, as accurately as we may, the amount that one of these ingenuous young men actually earns for his Alma Mater during three years on the Yale football team—or, if you prefer, on the football team of the Yale Athletic Association. The Yale team, with its substitutes, comprises a total of perhaps thirty boys: these thirty boys, upholding the tradition of fair play, of clean, hard football, which preceding teams at Yale have scrupulously built up, earn for the college in three years very nearly three million dollars—or approximately one hundred thousand dollars apiece.

That the star player has an additional money value cannot be doubted. The Dartmouth-Yale game, for example, had never until last year drawn to the Bowl a crowd of over 55,000. On November 2, 1929, solely because of the presence of Albie Booth on the Yale eleven and Alton Marsters on the Dartmouth team, an additional twenty thousand turned out at four dollars a head. Booth's financial contribution to the college treasury amounted, for that afternoon alone, to at least fifty thousand dollars. Should the diminutive Yale star (who, by the way, is earning his way through college) play in the future as he has played in the past, should he remain uninjured (as Alton Marsters did not) during three years of varsity football, he will, before graduation, have earned for Yale some three hundred thousand dollars.

Is it surprising that college presidents can say, as did President Hopkins of Dartmouth not long ago, that ". . . as a result of the selective process [*sic*], it might easily be true that we should have an increased number of men of athletic ability; I confess to a hope that this may come to be so"?

What, one wonders, must be the thoughts of a broad-shouldered and impecunious young man at Yale when, after having devoted three hours a day for nearly three months to football, after having competed for the university scholarships on even terms with other young men able to give these three hours to study, after having waited his turn at the University Employment Bureau and having very possibly refused one or two positions because they conflicted with his special training hours—when, after all this, he puts on a blue jersey and trots into the

Bowl, and realizes that there is something better than three hundred thousand dollars "in the house"? Does he, at such moments, doubt the existence of an all-seeing and beneficent prexy? Or does he merely hope that, if he is injured, he will not lose the job that enables him to make fifty cents an hour in the evenings after football practice is over?

Faced with this situation, it is easy to feel, as did the Carnegie investigators, a certain righteous indignation. It is difficult to see, however, by what mental acrobatics these investigators were able to select as the object of their vituperation a system which enables impecunious boys to receive (and rarely in cash) an insignificant percentage of their own earnings—to ignore, at the same time, one of the most obvious exploitations of youth in the history of this country.

It is easy to conceive of a society in which a talent for football would open no doors. But here is a nation that is spending millions each year on football tickets and printing millions of words concerning football stars. Why, under these circumstances, it should be considered dishonorable, let alone dishonest, for a young man to profit by his natural talents to the extent of the books, the food, the tuition necessary for an education is an eternal mystery. And why, if it is dishonorable for the young man to do this, it is honorable for his university to profit far more greatly by these talents, is a mystery deeper and more unfathomable.

NETTLE DANGER

BY RUTH FITCH BOYD

"Out of this nettle Danger
We pluck this flower, Safety"
—Henry IV.

SNATCHING this nettle danger with both hands,
I made a reckless, wanton, crazy choice;
And little, stinging, purple reprimands
Prickled my fingers, and every cautious voice
Of foe and friend alike combining cried
That I would hold the dry weed of regret
And feel the itch of sorrow till I died—
But, oh, sad friends, exultant foes—not yet.
This flower of safety that I plucked has lost
Not one fringed petal in a lengthening year;
But you wise gardeners who compute each cost,
Tell me what seeds you buy with coins of fear;
Your joys are dwarf nasturtiums, crippled things,
That never climb life's bright and perilous strings.

AN UNWRITTEN STORY

A STORY

BY J. C. SQUIRE

IT WAS the first time that Wilfrid Evans had ever been a member of a rather large house party in a rather large house, although he had described many such parties in his novels. Competently too: he was intelligent, well enough bred and well enough educated; and he had sufficient sense and imagination (he flattered himself) not to deduce a whole upper class from the occasional specimens whom he had met when some more enterprising, if not raffish, brother of his craft had taken him to a cocktail party in a mews, a semi-smart night club, or a late supper on the more elegant of the coasts of Bohemia. Some of these were eccentric, some of them had to scratch where they could for a living, some were disreputable. Some were déclassés, making the best of things, some were parvenus, painstakingly languid, arrogant, and æsthetic, and some were merely amusing themselves by an occasional dive into the London of the snob-columns from a quite different plane. No: Wilfrid Evans was not deceived, and he was aware of his own percipience. He saw life steadily, he thought, and saw it whole; he missed very little indeed, and thoroughly agreed with kindly critics who commended his "eye for fine shades." Why enter into further details? He had at all events (as he frequently with some legitimate complacency told his friends) come to the conclusion that human nature and the distribution of good and bad were much the same in all classes, that nobody could be quite so vile as the aristocrats in Mr. Nokes's books, and nobody quite so epigrammatic as those in Mr. Stokes's. And, in the best quarters, his reputation was immeasurably superior to Nokes's or Stokes's. He continued, without having lived among the established rich, to describe their habits, conversations, loves, hates, and surroundings in a manner which satisfied that intelligent minority among them, almost all women, who ever read novels at all. What did it matter that enemies sometimes accused him of a too deferential, not to say sentimental, attitude towards the prosperous? The wisest and subtlest of the dowagers, who had seen much and remembered Mr. James, Mr. Meredith, and even Mr. Jowett, were pleased with him. "A relief after all that rubbish!" they said, then looked him up in Burke, thinking that he was probably somebody's second cousin, and found that he was not. It was through the latest of his dowagers that he was now at Milstead.

She had written to him, with charming apologies ("perhaps you will forgive an old woman . . .") for the intrusion, a month after the publication of his last book, *The Poynings;* and his reply had led to an invitation to tea in John Street, Mayfair. He naturally went. The house was small, and the door was opened by a middle-aged maidservant, with long service clinging like an aura around her. He was shown upstairs into a tiny empty drawing-room and waited. There was a bookshelf full of good old literature, a few philosophic and religious books included, and a table on which were all the recent books of which anybody thought anything. He strayed awkwardly about, touching the dark Chippendale and the Dresden shepherdesses, and finally took to gazing at himself in a round, convex Empire mirror, surmounted by gilt eagle and ball, studying with interest the shrewd, wrinkling eyes behind the horn-rimmed spectacles and the firm, rather ironic mouth under the little dark mustache. The door softly opened; he turned with a slight start, and there was a little old lady in black, thin and hook-nosed, but with cheeks that still had color, eyes that still sparkled, and a voice which was girlishly silvery as it greeted him. Soon he almost forgot that she was not really a young woman, so quick was she, so sensitive, so keenly interested in everything contemporary, so gaily humorous, so pleasantly complimentary to himself. Afterwards a candid friend told him that it was the art born of long experience that enabled her, over the tea-cups, to draw him into so candid and even eager an account of himself and his hopes; but at the time it was as though two minds and two hearts were fully opening, quickened by each other, for the first time. Then, at last, there came a knock at the door, momentarily annoying. He cursed silently, and felt himself closing up. "Lady Hunter," said the maid. "Elizabeth!" said the dowager: "Mr. Evans, my niece Elizabeth."

It did not take long for Evans's annoyance to pass. Lady Hunter had not her aunt's wide cultivation and would never move with such certainty. But her instincts were fine, though she was diffident and flushed easily, at first because of the occasional exposure of her lack of information and slowness to take allusions, and then, as the triangular talk warmed up, and Evans was tempted to an eager fluency, from pleasure at his whimsicality or at the reflection of thoughts she had known but never formulated.

"What a charming woman!" he thought to himself as he walked away from the house, "and how well we got on"—recovering the picture of her tall, graceful figure, her neat, light-brown hair, and straight features, direct gray eyes, and swift smile, her modesty, responsiveness, and fundamental gravity which at moments seemed even tinged with sadness. "I am sentimentalizing her," he said to himself. "She is a healthy countrywoman of forty who looks less because an easy pheasant-shooting husband gives her everything she wants. Novelists ought to be more detached and keep their eyes fixed on things as they are!"

Three months afterwards, when the old lady had twice taken him to lunch with Elizabeth Hunter and the very ornithological and very kindly Sir Francis in Bryanston Square, he was asked down to Milstead for a week-end. "My aunt," wrote Lady Hunter, "says that you won't mind our asking you, and we feel that we really know you quite well through your books. I'm afraid that you won't find any material for further stories in our humdrum household; perhaps you'll enliven us by telling us one after dinner." He was to meet (for the list was given save that several young women were not individually specified) a number of delightful people, whose dignities ranged from the Marquisate of the Glasspools to the captaincy of a certain Geoffrey Poole.

So there he was at Milstead, a house full of rugs, skins, and heads, the first down for dinner, standing in front of a great stone Tudor fireplace, endeavoring to sort out in his mind the names and faces of sixteen strangers, whose cars had intermittently swept up through the autumn twilight, half of whom he had never heard of before, though they all, old and young, evidently knew one another extremely well. Echoes of many scraps of greeting and conversation rang softly in his head: "Diana!" "Mary!" "We both liked your last novel so much." "Geoffrey, you're a perfect scandal." "Such a good speech, I thought." "It'll be another month before the leaf's off properly." "No, there's a new Master; Bill couldn't afford it any longer."

He could quite well invent such a mixture of flimsy remarks—he had, in fact, often done so—they were natural, indeed, inevitable. But it was one thing to describe a milieu and invent personages who resembled those who existed, and another to invade the milieu and guess at the relations of a number of actual individuals. The world of his novels was like this world; but which of his characters did these particular people resemble? In the world of his novels painful things were hushed up and deplorable things were known within a certain small society and remained a complete secret to the population at large. He had heard to-day a girl in low tones saying something to another about "Booby and Edith." Who was Booby? Who was Edith? For that matter, who were Pinky, Foxy, the Badger, and Pumps, to whom he had also heard reference made? This actual small nation of people was as removed from him as Sweden or the Argentine so far as knowledge of personal characters and ties were concerned. It was not his society, and he had, he told himself with a little pride, no ambition to step into it, preferring his homelier club and the conversation of one or two people at a time, people with his own tastes and familiar with his own surroundings. But here he was and he should certainly keep his end up. He was not very shy and not immoderately humble. He would, he knew well, come through without clumsiness. With Sir Francis he had felt thoroughly familiar from the first, the friendly old country baronet with a hobby might have walked straight out of one of his own books. And, after all, there were one or two rather striking and attractive faces among the others, which should make the visit worth while. There was, for instance, the lean, deep-socketed, sunburnt, intelligent face of Captain Poole. He was curious about that man; if he saw him a few times they would probably become friends. There were marks of suffering, he thought, in that face; then, as his habit was, he pulled himself together and reminded himself that effects could also be produced by late nights or malaria.

Food and wine had come and gone; they had been served with fruit, and the port was going round. Evans, seated three from his hostess on the right, had kept going not so badly with his two ladies. His neighbor on the left, Mrs. Fitzgerald, plump, blonde, and fifty, was easy: musical up to a point, an inveterate and not stupid theatergoer who knew everybody, including all the senior litterateurs, and drew him, especially after three several wines, into an almost flirtatious exchange of mildly malicious gossip and criticism—nothing is so unifying as a joint, half-suppressed titter. The girl on his left was not so easy; she was twenty, looked with a dutiful profundity into his eyes as he tried her with subject after subject, was really roused when he mentioned hunting, but became a shade more tepid when it became evident that he knew no more about foxhunting than a Zulu. However, she was obviously consoled by the knowledge that he was a celebrity of *some* sort, and had easy relief with a young, rounded, curly-haired, fair-mustached, jocular man on her left who was patently an intimate.

Evans felt mellow and at his ease, as a conversation *à trois* between these two and a cleverish, hard-looking girl, Diana Spurway, beyond, developed and left him for a moment free to listen, watch, or lapse into brief reverie. The general babble grew dim, as he gazed at the light shining through his wine, at the long, polished table, the napery, the painted china, the shining silver, the shadowed shirts, and faint-gleaming buttons of the men-servants, the curtains which shut out dark lawns, dark trees, an infinite, mysterious countryside under the cold sparkle of the stars. The chatter returned and, unobserved by any, he discreetly allowed his eyes to roam from end to end of the table. Lord Glasspool's serious, horselike face with the small side-whiskers was half visible beyond Mrs. Fitzgerald, whom he was instructing in the economics of the sugar-beet. Lady Hunter, cool to the gaze in a soft blue gown and a single pearl pendant, was talking with interest to Sir Michael Strode, one of the youngest and ablest diplomatists in the Service. Mrs. Bulfinch, a pleasant blonde American widow of forty, in red, was vivaciously engaged with Captain Poole, Evans's immediate vis-à-vis. As Evans's eyes lingered on this pair, particularly on the mobile, expressive, dark face of Poole, there was a light laugh from Lady Hunter at the end of the table. Poole shot a swift, responsive glance towards her, and the thought flashed across the novelist's mind: "That soldier admires our hostess as much as I do!"

Then he rapidly tried to fix the characters of the others: somebody's daughter, round, flaxen-haired, giggling but shrewd; somebody's husband, fat, bald, clean-shaven, monocled, fifty-eight, also giggling, also shrewd; an elderly indeterminate spinster on his right; Colonel Fox, dark, hard, cynical, rather repellent. Beyond him, Lady Glasspool, an evident sock-knitter, was getting on very unaffectedly with dear old straightforward Sir Francis, with his untidy hair, twinkling eyes, ruddy complexion, dawning second chin, and protuberant shirt-front. Sir Francis was doing all the talking: the subject, therefore, would certainly be the habits of birds. Between Sir Francis and Diana Spurway, hardly visible unless he craned his neck, were Strode's colorless wife and the far from colorless Lord Queenstown, a jovial Irish peer of seventy who had lost all his estates, had no money, and doubtless divided his time between his club and visits to the houses of old ladies whom he had known in the hunting-field in youth and with whom he could now chuckle over ancient scandals. And then Diana Spurway. Brains, yes: but he had never seen so resolute a face in a young woman, and there was a tinge of bitterness in her expression which had struck him when they were first introduced, and which had even seemed to give a hidden, vague irony to her first "How d'you do?"

They were varied, he thought; they oughtn't to make a bad audience for his story, if they really remembered to ask him for it; though it would probably be too subtle for most of them. . . .

"A penny for your thoughts," whispered Mrs. Fitzgerald roguishly in his ear. He felt himself flush because of his unintentional rudeness and said he wasn't thinking of anything—then, remembering that truth sometimes makes the most amusing conversation, corrected himself, "No, that wasn't quite true: I was thinking of the characters of everybody round this table."

"Not mine I hope," laughed Mrs. Fitzgerald, "but I wonder how far you got them right. Character is destiny you know, and you might be able to tell us something." His powers of repartee might have been unduly taxed, but at that moment Elizabeth Hunter rose, and the ladies filed out of the room.

Sir Francis changed ends; the men closed up towards him; the decanters passed. Except that Lord Queenstown occasionally murmured a jocular aside to the fair young man, the conversation was monopolized by the three at the table's end: for Sir Francis, after an attempt on the birds of the Balkans had fallen rather flat, insisted in his bluff Englishman's manner, on pumping Strode about the situation in the Near East. There was comedy in it for the listener: Sir Francis honestly trying to measure a hideously intricate situation with his few honest notions about fair play and foreigners, Sir Michael endeavoring to indicate the complications of the position without indicating the ignorance of his host, and Glasspool reducing everything to wool with a second-rate politician's cautious but sonorous platitudes. Evans caught gleams, now of quick interest, now of amusement, in the eyes of Geoffrey Poole who, he gathered from a casual remark, had spent in the Near East his leaves from India; but the other seemed bored, and Colonel Fox flicked the ash from his cigar in a manner which suggested not only boredom but disdain—some of which Evans felt to be unreasonably directed towards himself. How he hated these conceited men! . . . A last refusal of port, and they moved to join the ladies.

In size and character it was more like an Elizabethan Hall, long and warmed by two huge fireplaces in one wall. By the door was a billiard-table, and yards had to be walked before they reached the comfortable end where the nine ladies, two of them already knitting, the others conversing in small groups, were scattered about on chairs and sofas. In the far left corner Evans noticed a great high-backed chair, dominating the assembly. "Well," he thought, "if I am to tell them a story that is where I should obviously sit."

There was dispersed conversation; Evans exchanged badinage with several of the ladies, condoled earnestly with Lord Queenstown about the state of Ireland, and asked Sir Michael for news of a personal friend of his own who was Vice-Consul at a Roumanian port. He felt a little chagrin when, during a lull, he heard Sir Francis suggest bridge. But the ladies had not forgotten. Amid a chorus of feminine assent, Mrs. Bulfinch took the floor. "No, Sir Francis," she said, "we're all agreed we'd like another form of entertainment to-night."

"As you like," he replied gallantly. "What is it? Forfeits?"

"No, Frank," came quietly from his wife, "we've a famous novelist here, and I've told Mr. Evans that if he only would, we'd all like him to tell us a story."

"Good idea," said Lord Queenstown, Geoffrey Poole, and Mr. Fitzgerald. "Admirable," followed from Sir Michael. "Rather," said the fair young man. Evans was aware of what he felt to be the sneering silence of Colonel Fox and the yawning silence of Lord Glasspool, but after all, he was not going to be cowed by men like those. "Oh, please," he stammered with becoming modesty, "don't think I want to be professional at the week-end. Do play bridge. I'm sure everybody'd rather!" This did not work, nor did a tentative effort to allege that he could not open his mouth in public—for Mrs. Bulfinch had heard him lecture "divinely" at a Woman's Club in Boston. With head diffidently bent he was led to the high-backed chair, while the elder ladies smiled complacently and the younger tittered with flattering excitement. "Come and sit by me, Geoffrey," he heard Diana Spurway say to Poole in that puzzlingly malevolent voice. "I believe that girl's in love with that man," he thought; then, endeavoring to concentrate on his task, he surveyed the circle (Lord Glasspool was obviously preparing for immediate discreet slumber behind a brow-supporting hand), hemmed, and broke the oppressive new-born silence.

"I am not," he said smoothly, "a story teller out of Arabia. I haven't a repertory. I can't, in talk, even tell one whole story with all its detail of circumstance. If I *must* bore you, it can only be by giving you the vaguest sketch of a story I'm thinking of now, which I suppose will be the next that I shall write."

The elderly indeterminate spinster spoke for once. "Is it a sad story?"

"Not exactly," said Evans, smiling at her. Peggy Strode joined in, "Is it about real people?"

"I should think not," he replied indignantly. "This modern trick of pillorying real people, whether one's friends or acquaintances or strangers, in works of fiction seems to me thoroughly disgusting and caddish. I'd rather stop writing than do it. For what this is worth I've certainly made it all up out of my own head."

"How lovely," gushed Miss Strode, "and we shall hear it before anybody." "S—sh, Peggy," came from her knitting mother across the room. Anyhow, that was attention; the studied indifference of Fox and the somnolence of Glasspool didn't matter with all the rest so eager: Lady Hunter all sweet encouragement, her husband all sturdy attention and admiration for a world beyond him, Geoffrey Poole so intelligent and so obviously friendly.

"You see," he went on, "I don't know how other people work; but for myself a situation comes into my head, and then a few main characters involved in it, and then the background and minor developments of the plot, most of which I know nothing about until I start writing. The result is that all I can do virtually is to tell you what the story is about."

There was a rustle, a match was struck, and silence returned. "It's an odd thing," he resumed, "just at this moment, but it happens to be about a house-party and about a novelist reading a story to them after dinner."

"You rogue, you've made it all up!" said Mrs. Fitzgerald.

"That isn't fair; it really isn't," he went on, with a touch of warmth, "I don't get ideas as quickly as all that. This thing I first thought of ages ago, long before I ever dreamed of coming here. Well, it's like this, and though I don't want to boast"—he laughed—"I must say I think it's rather ingenious.

"There's a country-house—any kind of a house, Tudor or Georgian, or modern, it doesn't matter—and a week-end party. This novelist—who might be me, but I hope I'm not quite so simple as I mean *him* to be—is asked down not knowing a soul except his host and hostess, and not knowing the relations between any two or more members of the set into which he is accidentally drawn. Well, what I'm going to do is to make him tell a story which will apply to some of the people in the room. Everybody there will become gradually embarrassed as they realize this, only he will never realize it himself, having no clue to the secret."

There was a pause as the party turned the notion over in their heads. Then, with determined curiosity Miss Spurway's voice was heard, "Haven't you thought out any details of the embarrassing story that he's going to tell?"

"Well," said the narrator, stroking his chin with his knuckle, "I have roughly, but only roughly. It's like this: you know how one frequently hears things one's never guessed at about people one's known for ages, and then finds that all sorts of others have known all about them all the time?"

"Yes," was the general murmur.

"It's obvious of course; there will be one thing my novelist unfortunately won't have heard about. There's going to be what they call a triangle."

"How thrilling," came the hard voice of Diana Spurway, while something like, "What, one more?" seemed to come from Lord Queenstown.

Evans took no notice and continued. "Three people are involved, and a special point is that they're all nice." Colonel Fox's eyebrows, he thought, suggested that there was a departure from life here.

"There are a husband and wife (let us say the host and hostess, for drama's sake, though it doesn't matter) and another man." A log fell on the hearth with a thud. Lady Glasspool's needles clicked. "The husband is kindly but older than his wife; she has an immense affection for him, but when she married him she was too young and mistook her admiration for him and liking for his decent company for the real thing. The other man she will have known in youth, perhaps; then he will have gone out of her life for years; then he will have returned, and they will have fallen hopelessly in love with each other, but will for the husband's sake run no risk of his finding this out. There may (though I haven't made up my mind) be a further complication with another woman who is in love with the man. The novelist will innocently tell this story; but the whole party, except the husband, will know that it applies to these three people in the room, and they'll all know that all the others know, for it will have been whispered about for years."

Mrs. Bulfinch lighted a cigarette, and then, with what seemed to Evans a rather ill-mannered endeavor (after being particularly pressing originally) to rob him of the chance of filling in his outlines, remarked heartily, "So that's that; quite a good plot."

"Yes," drawled Colonel Fox, "thanks very much." It was rather insulting, thought Evans, for these fools to suppose that he was capable of telling anything which might be awkward in mixed company. Happily, help came.

"No, but do let him go on," said Diana Spurway, sweetly. "He must, mustn't he, Geoffrey?"

Poole's smile was set and cryptic. "Yes," he replied, "there are lots of things one wants to hear about." "Yes, Geoffrey," came the even, bell-like voice of Lady Hunter, "but do get my embroidery from the morning room first, and then Mr. Evans can go on." Poole left the room; there was some talk in constrained undertones; Mrs. Bulfinch half began to speak to Evans and then checked herself. When the work had been brought, and Elizabeth Hunter's head was bent over it, Evans took up his tale again.

"Now," he said, "as I've summarized it, I daresay it sounds a pretty crude and simple tale. But I don't mean it to be that; there is to be some subtlety and grace about it. Neither the actual pair nor the imaginary pair in my novelist's story are to be engaged in a mere vulgar and deceitful intrigue."

"How are you going to manage that?" asked Sir Francis, with a genial laugh.

"Let me explain. What I mean is that for the husband's sake (or, if you like, for honor's sake) they refrain from what is called technically guilt."

"Doesn't sound like flesh and blood to me," said Sir Francis, "but go on, sir, go on."

There was a tense silence which was interrupted by the level and deliberate tone of Strode, staring straight at Evans, "I think I understand."

"I know it may be difficult to make the notion plausible," Evans answered, "but I am convinced that there are, however rare they may be, some people whose natures are so fine that they are able to split the difference as it were between renunciation and surrender. My couple may not even kiss each other; or perhaps they may have just once when their first certainty of each other's love forced them to utterance. It will be frightfully hard for them, of course. It will be all the harder for her because she has no children and now no hope of any; for him because his youth is just passing and he knows that he is dedicated to old and lonely bachelordom, and is perpetually agonized by the thought that if time could only be turned back he could so easily put things right. I do so hope you will realize the sort of characters I mean them to be: both of them so very sensitive and scrupulous, and the husband such an absolutely perfect old dear that, after they have first compelled themselves to face the situation they simply never even toy with the idea of letting him down—apart from everything else, they know they'd be haunted ever afterwards if they did, but they don't really think of that. No, it's not easy. But they do get something out of it. Rather than part completely or do what they have decided to be degradingly furtive or unforgivably cruel, they will control themselves and make the best of such consolations as they can snatch."

"Do tell us what those might be," said Diana Spurway.

Evans closed his eyes. "I can't tell exactly what my imaginary novelist would say. I haven't thought it out. But there'll be things like these. They'll be happy when in company to know that they're thinking the same thoughts about everything around them, and they'll occasionally catch each other's eye and smile with understanding. They'll both know that if they're ever in difficulty or trouble there will be one absolutely safe comforter and confessor for them. They'll meet openly everywhere as friends, not caring what people say so long as they have no good grounds for saying it. And sometimes they'll have meetings alone, natural or stolen.

"I see them sometimes," he continued, aware that now he held his audience to an utter hush, "leaning over the parapet of a terrace, looking at the blue distance together, or walking in a wood together, saying nothing, needing to say nothing. And now and then they'll have quiet meals together in London, talking commonplaces with the utmost intimacy. He'll be left happy, perhaps, with a bunch of violets or even—for strength goes often with the most girlish sentiment—a handkerchief."

Evans heard Poole's voice, very gentle, as though it were expressing the common feeling of the audience, "And they never have more than that?"

"Yes," he replied, "I think they must have just a little more than that. I think that just once, when the man is staying with the others in the country, they must be stirred to an unusual pitch of emotion. Anything may do it: an event, such as his being ordered away somewhere, or some brutality of fate to one of them, or a mere accident such as the presence of a happy young pair of lovers, or even the influence of a serene moon." He paused, and spoke slowly and impressively, the artist sure of his spell, "They will both be restless perhaps. Long after everybody has gone to bed, she will think she hears somebody outside, look from her window, and see his dark form against a balustrade, staring over the moon-mottled park with its motionless elms and lawns and sleeping cattle; and, with her heart fluttering but her lips set, she will throw on wraps and steal down the great staircase, and open the door softly, and he will hear her feet brushing the stones, and see her pale face with a finger at her lip and wait for her; and they'll stay there for an hour, cheek against cheek, clasping each other's hands."

Diana Spurway spoke, "I thought you said they were only to kiss once."

"What does it matter," said Mrs. Fitzgerald impatiently, "this only makes twice."

"I call it rather a fatuous story anyhow," commented Diana.

"Well," remarked the American lady, emphatically, "I call it rather a *noble* story."

"Excellent, excellent," droned Lord Glasspool, pretending to be awake.

"What do you think, Geoffrey?" Miss Spurway went on.

Poole appeared unconcerned. "It seems to me quite ordinary and possible, and I think Mr. Evans told it very well."

"Daresay, daresay," was Sir Francis's remark as he rose, "though it sounds a bit complicated to me. But I never professed to understand the present generation."

Whisky, soda, and glasses were remembered. Everybody stood up, preparatory to retiring. The ladies gathered their work and their books and good-nights began to be exchanged. Lady Hunter, who had not spoken for a long time, stepped up to Evans and looked at him so closely that he was rather bewildered. "I must thank you," she said, "for your charming story. It's pleasant to find an author," she added, with a little laugh, "who realizes that there is a certain amount of delicacy and honor left in the world."

Evans blushed: he felt very highly complimented. She moved to the door. "Good-night everybody," she said. "I hope you'll sleep well, Mr. Evans; good-night, Geoffrey, don't read too long."

"Good-night, Elizabeth, rather not." Poole joined Lord Queenstown and the fair young man in their session with the whisky.

Colonel Fox came up to Evans and scrutinized him keenly. "D'you mind my asking," he inquired, "did you say your novelist man will never discover the howler he made after he has inflicted this dreadful evening on all these people and even risked giving the show away?"

"Good Lord, no, sir," replied Evans, surprised to find that this supercilious-looking man had been listening at all; "it would spoil the whole yarn if he discovered his bloomer."

"I see," said Fox, "and is the old husband to have the scales removed from his eyes?"

"Certainly not, and I don't see why he should. After all he's a simple old thing who has never had the least suspicion of his wife, whom he adores and who is sweetness itself to him. Why it would be quite tragic if I made my story end by breaking his heart."

"Quite right," said Fox, "it would be. Good-night to you."

Wilfrid Evans thoroughly enjoyed his week-end. His hostess and Geoffrey Poole were particularly kind to him, and Lord Queenstown seemed to relish his company immensely; while Sir Francis, who thought him "a very clever fella, though a bit odd," obviously liked him.

When Monday came Evans went away without suspecting anything.

Nor, happily, did Sir Francis suspect anything.

As for Sir Michael Strode, he went off to the Near East, sighing because involved problems did not always work out so easily.

THE JEWISH WORLD CRISIS

BY LUDWIG LEWISOHN

AMONG those humane and liberal people who concern themselves with such things at all, Zionism has been thought of as a movement, half philanthropic, half idealistic, which was set in motion by Theodor Herzl in answer to the Russian pogrom waves, and which received an official international stamp through the Balfour Declaration in that half mournful moment of belated idealism which touched a few minds at the close of the World War. This common conception of Zionism is neither unkindly nor unintelligent. It is held by Jews as well as by Gentiles. It did not reveal its tragic danger until, on the occasion of the Arab massacres of August and September, 1929, the so-called liberal press, especially in America, while mourning with us over the innocent dead of Hebron and Safed, turned definitely against the Palestinian experiment in Jewish colonization and was concerned chiefly over the Palestinian Arabs' right to self-determination.

In Zionist circles there was and is grief and dismay over this situation which has undergone no marked change. Yet the turning against us of our supposed friends should have caused little surprise. As everywhere and always these two thousand years and more, the dice were loaded against us. Everybody knew of the doctrine of "self-determination"; everybody felt that it was a handsome and generous doctrine, especially when applied to small and weak nationalities. And everybody was and is quite right. Our cause, alas, could not be summed up under this or any other formula; it could be likened to no class of phenomena; it could, therefore, count in its hour of trial on no ready-made sentiment or process of thought. It had, like ourselves, like all that concerns us, the initial misfortune of being *sui generis*, of being unique. It was quite natural that people had conceived of Zionism in such conventional terms as they could and judged its supposed successes and its supposed failures in the light of this conception. If any substantial justice is to be done, if anyone desires, be it only on purely human grounds, to understand why an ancient and gifted people faces once more a tragic disaster, it is necessary that some faint comprehension of Zionism, the latest attempt of the Jewish people to save and emancipate itself, be spread abroad.

Zionism, then, is a body of more or less fluid doctrine that has arisen during the past three-quarters of a century out of the living experience of the best, the wisest, the most sensitive Jews of all lands. The content of that experience which has not varied through the years is the failure of the emancipation to heal the ills of the Jewish people or to solve the Jewish problem for the world. Let us remember that the emancipation of Jewry, the admission of Jews to equal rights and normal citizenship, is even on paper but a little over a century old. Yet almost at once, in spite of the jubilation of the liberated communities, in spite of the hectic and brilliant plunge into Western civilization of the majority, there were those who foresaw or—if one may use the word—forefelt, the new difficulties, the more intricate problems that the emancipation would create. And the march of events has justified those prophetic souls. Antisemitism has survived the emancipation; it has survived Jewish co-operation in Western civilization; it has survived self-immolation, patriotism, the sacrifice of battle, the unheard of sacrifice of the Jewishness of millions of Jews. It is as powerful as ever, though under other names and upon other principles. But this is not all. Nor is this the phenomenon which the Zionist regards as most vital. To him the decisive fact, experience, observation is the spiritual devitalization of emancipated Jewry; its failure at balance and dignity of life; its repudiation of its essential goods; its hopelessness despite some wealth and much self-deception; its irremediably false position with the attendant subterfuges, falsenesses, neuroses; its glitter of talent and failure in creative force—the whole detestable and tragic coil of people who are vain oblations upon alien altars, unwanted guests, unwilling suppliants. When a Jew denies the truth of this picture the Zionist knows that denial to be but a symptom—the gravest of all—of the diseased condition. Nor is he to be put off with the common saying: look at New York! Great mass settlements, if undispersed over a long enough period, may indeed heal some of the ills, moral and spiritual, of the people. But that is precisely what no one needs to tell the Zionist—except that he can never regard a mass-settlement by accident and on sufferance as tending toward a true normalization of Jewish life. It has happened before; it has led to little. Zionism at its core is a negation of the *Galuth*, the Diaspora, the exile of Israel. It knows, alas, that the Diaspora will and must remain, that the overwhelming majority of Jews must continue scattered among the nations; it holds that the first step toward moral sanitation is in the philosophical act of negating the *Galuth*. Thereafter constructive attempts at auto-emancipation and the creation of Jewish values even on alien earth may come. It believes, secondarily, that auto-emancipation and the creation of Jewish cultural values are the only hope of normalizing the relations between Israel and its fellow-peoples.

Zionism is a philosophy and a way of life. It existed before the Balfour Declaration and can survive England's breach of her word and pledge. That breach, if it is, as we dare not yet believe, a reality, is in truth the ultimate proof of Zionist doctrine and Zionist experience. If England, supported by the faith and word of all the enlightened nations of the West can, while protesting her good faith, whittle down her solemn obligations and undertakings toward us until nothing is left but a blunder and a shame—if that is conceivable, what hope is there for us anywhere or at any time in any outside force or power or influence? That there is no such hope, that salvation for us and the solving of our problem for the world must come from within—that is precisely the center of Zionist doctrine and Zionist experience. This fundamental thought was present in 1862 when Moses Hess wrote *Rome and Jerusalem;* it was clearly defined by Leon Pinsker in his famous pamphlet "Auto-emancipation" in 1882; it has been raised to a system of philosophical and ethical character looking toward the re-creation of the individual Jewish soul and so of the soul of the people by Martin

Buber. In brief: the building of a national home in Palestine is both a postulate and a necessary consequence of Zionism. It is not coextensive with Zionism either as a doctrine or a way of life. Zionism is primarily the recognition of the ultimate unassimilableness of Jewry, the philosophical negation of the *Galuth* or exile in *its present form*, the conviction that the Jewish people is in need of redemption and that its redeemer must be itself.

II

The men who came to the conclusions here outlined in the third quarter of the nineteenth century did not turn to Jerusalem and hit upon Palestinian colonization by accident or by a constructive effort of thought. They simply returned to their fathers' houses, to their memories of childhood, to the very instincts of their blood and being. The emancipation was a thing of yesterday, barely of yesterday. They returned in spirit to the nearly twenty previous centuries of exile; they returned to and revaluated those long ages during all of which the Jews had formed sociological organisms of their own and had by that unpremeditated and constant act shown themselves to be a people. This people had never relinquished Palestine. At every Passover it had rejoiced over the liberation from Egypt and the conquest of Cana'an; on every ninth day of the month of Ab it had fasted and wept over the destruction of the Temple of God. Wherever, during all those centuries, two Jews had parted from each other in either grief or hope, they had said: "Next year in Jerusalem!" Nor had these things been, in the Christian sense, religious gestures or religious symbols. The thing that is so hard for our Gentile friends to understand is that the Jewish religion is an historical religion. Metaphysics plays but a small part in it; righteousness alone suffices for salvation. The pilgrim of old who went to Jerusalem is not to be likened to one who fares to the shrine of a saint, but rather to one who, born of pioneers or colonials in a far land, returns to the mother-country of himself and all his people to hear the speech, to see the graves, to behold the earth and the sky of his fathers.

√I.

The people had never relinquished Palestine—*Eretz Yisra'el*, the land of Israel—either in thought or in practice. In the year 63 B.C. Pompey conquered Palestine and sold thousands of Jewish prisoners of war into slavery at Rome. Four years later Cicero was called upon to defend the Proconsul L. Valerius Flaccus, who was accused of having embezzled "the gold of the Jews"—the voluntary gifts, in brief, which the manumitted Jews of Rome and those exiled in Asia Minor sent annually to the Temple in Jerusalem as the cultural center of their scattered but homogeneous folk. And Cicero, who had imbibed a good dose of special antisemitism from his Professor at the university of Rhodes, Appolonios Molo, author of the first of all anti-Jewish pamphlets, used arguments as old as history and as fresh as this morning's paper. "Every state has its religion," he said, "ours has its own. But even when Jerusalem was still standing and the Jews lived in peace, the rites they practiced were abhorrent to the splendor of our empire, the gravity of the Roman name, and the institutions of our ancestors." And almost in the same breath Cicero complained bitterly of the Jewish "mob" at Rome. "Thou knowest," he said to the judge, "how numerous that mob is, how it sticks together, how much influence it can exert."

Here, then, we have in the year fifty-nine before the Christian era the classical situation: the Jews were driven by force from their own country. They were hated for their qualities, real or supposed, in the country to which they were driven. But they were not permitted to return to their own country, and the money which they sent to that country was embezzled by an imperial official. If the reader will ponder this statement and this situation he will see that it represents fairly the entire history of the Jews from the day on which Cicero pronounced his oration to the latest meeting of the Mandates Commission in Geneva and that it constitutes virtually an invitation to the Jewish people to commit national suicide. Now it may be a pity for all parties that this solution of the Jewish woe and the Jewish problem is not possible. But evidently we have not the power of disappearing. And so history repeats itself with extraordinary patness. We are not liked nor truly wanted where we are; we make an attempt to go back to our own land, and every true obstacle is exaggerated and every fancied obstacle emphasized and the scarce-concealed sympathy of liberals goes, after lip regret, to the Arabs who murdered few but old men and women and defenseless schoolboys.

It is no wonder, then, that the people all through the ages never relinquished their claim to the land of Israel. Devastation of the land followed devastation and conquest followed conquest, and still we felt, having no other, being given no other, that the land was ours. Nor did ever a half-century pass but what some Jewish attempt at re-settlement in Palestine was made, nor did any false Messiah or true leader of the Jewish people from David Reübeni in the sixteenth century to Theodor Herzl in the nineteenth ever dream of appealing to that people on any other plea than on that of redemption from exile and return to the land of the fathers. A detailed examination of Jewish history during the last twenty centuries will bear out these statements with an amazing wealth of detail both from the personal lives of Jewish men and women and from the instinctive and more or less corporate life of the nation as a whole. We have here, in other words, the oldest and most venerable historical claim existent in the world; and it was, of course, a realization, however brief, of the validity and venerableness of this claim that inspired the Balfour Declaration and the agreement and resolutions of the consenting governments.

The early Zionists, then, the proponents of auto-emancipation and self-redemption did not *choose* the re-settlement of Jews in Palestine as the first practical result of their philosophy and view of life. The task was given; it had never been wholly interrupted except by overwhelming force; an historic continuity was merely emphasized in a more modern spirit; an historic process was revitalized; what had never for one moment left the consciousness of the people was re-interpreted in the light of the present. Practical Zionism, which is two thousand years old, was drenched with the post-emancipatory Zionist philosophy and way of life. From that drenching, quickening blending has arisen the contemporary renascence of the Jewish people and their culture. A people is ready to redeem itself. The outer act and necessary symbol of that redemption can be no other than the settlement of a portion of that people in *Eretz Yisra'el* and the establishment of a cultural and pacifist nationalistic center of power there from which currents go forth to the farthest ends of the Diaspora to upraise the oppressed, to purify the corrupted, to be a light to all those that walk in darkness. And the currents have gone forth; the light has shone. The difference in human quality among common and humble people, between the Zionist and the non-

Zionist is so great, so vital, so decisive as to give us hope for the possibilities of our common human nature when deeply stirred and genuinely quickened by a rational ideal. Our work of recent years in Palestine, from which our bitterest foes have not been able to withhold their unwilling wonder and admiration, has been made possible not by the grudging gifts of the few rich men who are among us, but by the contributions of hundreds of thousands of poor men and women everywhere in the world. A people is redeeming itself. Shall that redemption be brought to naught?

III

It is at this point that the instructed reader, however benevolent, will say, "All this is admirable and may be true. But did your Zionists know or did they not know that Palestine was conquered by the Arabs in the seventh century and that the country is inhabited to-day by more than six hundred thousand Arabs who regard it justly enough as their homeland and also, despite Jewish and Christian memories, regard Jerusalem as one of the holy cities of their faith?" The answer is this: the Zionists were thoroughly aware of the facts and the problem involved. For the solving of the problem presented by the facts they counted on two things—the character of their philosophy and its embodiment in action and, secondly, the condition of the land of Palestine and the economic and social structure of Arab society. And one must add at once that they have lost faith in their solution no whit, that they are profoundly convinced of its ultimate success, provided they be not unduly bedevilled, harassed, undermined in all they do by factors from without, including the vulgar antisemitism of the local officials of the Mandatory power.

The modern Zionists went to Palestine as convinced pacifists and humanitarians. The lessons of history had truly gone home to them. They did not prate about brotherhood; they practiced it; they practice it to-day. They have not only knowingly committed no injustice; they are convinced as practical men in a world of men that injustice would invalidate their ideology and ruin their cause. They knew and know that, theory apart, their final success demands that they suffer injustice rather than inflict it. Neither political resistance nor crude fanaticism nor the cowardly slaughter of the young students of Hebron have changed the minds or activities of the Zionists. Their clinics are open to the Arab population; their hands are stretched out in help; when the Mandatory power at last condemned three of the scores of Arab murderers to death, a concerted Jewish movement both in the Diaspora and in Palestine addressed itself to London with a view toward commutation of the capital sentences. We do not say that the Arab of to-day can even comprehend our ethical principles; we believe that by our continuous presence in Palestine Arab generations will arise which can comprehend these principles and perhaps even share them.

It was in this spirit that we returned to the land of our fathers. And we knew, as all the world should know, that it was a half empty land. Not only is the Arab civilization a stagnant one, but the feudal lords who own the land and wring their wealth from a starving and enslaved peasantry had no interest in reclaiming swamps or dunes or introducing modern farm implements. The average holding of a fellah, or peasant, in West Palestine is 50 *dunam*, the *dunam* being roughly one-fifth of an acre; the average holding of an effendi is 22,000 *dunam;* one hundred and twenty families of the aristocratic and priestly class own 3 millions of *dunam*. The temper of the great Arab landlords is well illustrated by the fact that the Arab Council protested vehemently against the law of 1920 according to which the sale of land can be forbidden if the owner or cultivator has not left or be not given enough land for his subsistence. In brief: before Zionists acquired land in any quantity a law was promulgated to protect both owners and cultivators. It was the Arab landlords who protested against that law. To-day the crucial land situation is as follows: only 20% of the total area of Palestine is under cultivation. By a generous estimate the present population could cultivate an additional 15%. That leaves, when all deductions for irreclaimable waste and desert have been made, a total of 6½ millions of *dunam* of cultivable land which will lie idle as it has for centuries unless the Zionists acquire it. For "cultivable" in Palestine is a term with a special meaning. It means malarial swamps that can be drained, sand dunes that can be made to yield, wastes that can be reforested, and naked rock to which the soil can be coaxed back. By whom? The Arab effendis? They have let more and more land lapse back into the waste through the centuries. Only by the self-sacrifice of our pioneers, who are willing to die, and have often died in the effort to reclaim this stubborn and bitter soil because it is their own.

Now how has the Zionist Organization acquired its land? By paying exorbitant prices for it in the open market. Thus a number of effendis have grown richer than ever by taking our money and others have sat back and watched the value of their lands go up in equity. The cry recently raised of Arabs evicted by Jews is of an indescribable absurdity. Anyone who knows Palestine is aware of the fact that the effendi's attitude to the peasant is about that of a seventeenth-century Russian noble to serfs on an estate he had never seen. The Zionists, however, took their precautions. On all the lands acquired by them in the course of the years only 750 Arab tenants have been displaced. These have all been re-established by us on better lands and given a compensation additional to their new land of $250 each. The annual budget of these fellaheen before displacement was $150. Thus have the Zionists acquired the lands they have bought. No wonder that Mr. Henry Snell, one of the members of the Shaw Commission on the Palestine Disturbances, declared: "I can say definitely that no suspicion can attach to the business arrangements made by the Jews in their purchases of lands from the Arabs."

In addition to acquiring land by purchase, the Zionists have acquired a few stretches by reclamation. Of these the most famous is the *Emek* or Valley of Yesre'el. This valley was for many centuries a poisonous swamp. The Arabs regarded it with terror and superstition. They called the western spring *Ain Samune*, Poison Well. Pestilence steamed from the earth here, and the Arabs were quite right in their belief that whoever drank of the water would die of malaria. Our pioneers entered this valley nine years ago. It is to-day the most modern, the most fertile, and the most salubrious of farming communities in the Near East. Mr. Snell may be quoted again: "The Jews applied the latest methods of science and progress, and the very improved use they make of the land is a source of anger to the effendi class who had left the land derelict for centuries."

But not their deepest source of anger. The immigration of the Jews into Palestine, the forty-five million pounds sterling they have spent there, the personal self-sacrifice and technical skill they have exercised have raised the standard of living of the Arab peasantry and raised their wage-scale by one hundred per cent. The Arab feudal lords and priestly aristocracy—a group of interlocking families—cannot forgive us for our gradual liberation of their peasantry and its introduction to a human way of life. The power of the aristocracy is threatened unless it imitates our methods and pays our scale of wages. The astuter of these feudal lords see, doubtless, that under the peaceful onslaught of modern technic and Zionist humanitarianism they and their methods are anachronistic. The Middle Age is fighting for life on one of its last frontiers of the world in Palestine.

The tragic circumstance is, of course, that the peasantry is even more deeply sunken in medieval superstition than its masters. Hence, in 1929 the masters raised the cry not, be it remarked, of expropriation, for there had been none, nor of the Jews having brought harm to any Arab; for the contrary was too obviously true. They raised the cry that the Jews wanted to destroy the holy places of the Mohammedan faith, that they were about to lay hands upon the Dome of the Rock, that their ancient right of praying at the Wailing Wall was an impiety against the horse of the Prophet! They invented an apocryphal legend, found in no ancient Arab document, to substantiate these matters for their wholly illiterate peasantry. And so they inflamed both the fellaheen and the Bedouins with fanatical fury; and tall Arab warriors with naked swords broke into the Talmudic university of Hebron and slaughtered the young students who were defenseless in fact and on principle, their ethics commanding non-resistance and peace. And then our liberal friends babbled of self-determination for the Arabs.

But where were the British officials in Palestine? The Jews besought these to issue an order against the dissemination of false rumors which would inflame the fanatical passions of the Arabs. The government issued such a proclamation three weeks after the massacres—three weeks too late. Many months later the Shaw Commission was sent to Palestine to investigate the causes of the disturbances. We were exonerated from any blame. But the tone of the *Blue Book* is cool toward us; it is concerned over the fears of the Arabs in regard to their land. Not a single evicted tenant could be scared up by the effendis to testify before the commission. The facts stated in this article and confirmed by Mr. Snell, the Labor member of the commission, were patent to all the world. But such is British tenderness toward the feudal lords of Palestine that yet another expert is being sent to the country to investigate the land problem, pending whose findings the immigration of Jewish pioneers has been suspended. And meanwhile, though before the Mandates Commission the British emissary has nothing but praise for both the work and temper of the Jews of Palestine, the local British authorities in Jerusalem and elsewhere have treated our *Yishuv*, our settlement there and its people, with every circumstance of coldness, obloquy, and petty injustice.

IV

Hence, the Jewish world crisis is a spiritual crisis. For the renascence of our people, for its self-redemption from the hurts and dangers and degradations and futile self-immolations of the Diaspora the Palestinian resettlement is the fundamental necessity. We have declared that that resettlement would be made in the spirit of the Prophets. We have kept our word. Let it be remembered, if it be not already clear, that the Jewish people has made no money on the Palestinian re-settlement. The *Yishuv* is not economically self-sustaining; it will not be for many years. It is this circumstance that renders so profoundly absurd the cry that we are bringing in more people than the country's economic capacity can absorb. That cry is a trick. The country's economic capacity is a thing created by us. It has no other. What was the economic capacity of the Valley of Yesre'el for the last ten centuries? It was nil. We created an economic capacity where there was none and gave money to the landlords and higher wages and hospital treatment and a brotherly attitude to the poor and downtrodden of the land to boot. We have poured millions of dollars into the land and are prepared to pour millions upon millions more and to reclaim and restore the land not only for ourselves but for all mankind. We have kept faith in the spirit of the Prophets with ourselves, with the powers that guaranteed us the establishment of a national home in Palestine and with the Arab population. Yes, with the Arab population. The considerable pre-war Arab emigration from Palestine has become negligible; among the many Arabs who testified before the Shaw commission there was not to be found a single evicted tenant (and what would the Arab Council not have given for one!) nor a single Arab demonstrably injured in his vital interests. There were vague and malicious accusations and innuendoes; there was always, symbolically speaking, the Prophet's horse.

These things being so, and no man really denying them, why can we not obtain a minimum of fair play, a minimum of respect, a minimum of honorable intention? In this tragic "why" is summed up the world crisis. No wonder that with a rather feverish eagerness Lord Passfield, Minister for the Colonies, asked the other day: "Is there a single reason to believe that the Labor Government has betrayed Zionism? Why this panic that has made the Jews lose all sense of proportion?" There is, alas, every reason to believe it, and the Jewish panic or crisis is only too justified. The single crucial example of the land problem will suffice. We cannot, as Lord Passfield begs us to do, remain unmoved and await the report of Sir John Simpson. For there is, in his sense, no land problem in Palestine at all. The waste land and the purchasable land is there; the economic capacity of the country to absorb people is what we make it, if the terms of the mandate be loyally observed. The whole "investigation" is useless, is downright folly, is an intolerable playing to the Arab galleries. There was never the slightest just motive for suspending labor immigration. In view of the physical Arab menace, which is a mob menace at this time, almost a hoodlum menace, there was every reason for bringing in as a moral support to the *Yishuv* as many healthy young men as possible. For the Arab mob last August and September was much warier of attacking the pioneer colonies and settlements than the unarmed residential quarters of cities and the purely religious and non-resistant communities of Hebron and Safed. The particular "problems" raised by the Mandatory power are in themselves the symptoms of the betrayal which we fear and hardly dare believe.

Let it finally not be thought that we are unaware of subtle and ultimate problems. Doubtless the Palestinian Arabs would have preferred to remain in the land alone; doubtless they are disturbed by the jolt of contact with Western civilization. Side by side on the Mediterranean shore lie the Arab city of Jaffa and the Jewish city of Tel Aviv. Jaffa is filthy with the inconceivable filth of the East and rotten with poverty and disease and picturesque and ancient and holy. Tel Aviv is one of the most modern communities in the world—social-minded, hygienically impeccable, remarkably well governed, without any rich men, with very few poor, without a jail; Tel Aviv is not very beautiful nor very religious. It has a well-equipped book shop for every two thousand inhabitants. Jaffa sees Tel Aviv and is not psychically happy. But is not the whole march of the world, the inevitable march precisely the march from Jaffa to Tel Aviv? Will it harm Britain or mankind if, with all possible care and respect for the bread and peace of our Arab neighbors, we help that march to be accomplished in Palestine?

From this profoundly exact symbol it will be clear, too, why the Palestinian Christians are not our friends and why the Latin, Greek, and Assyrian patriarchs are so concerned over the Arabs. The monks who give one another bloody heads in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre over an inch of pavement—are they not also living in a spiritual Jaffa? Must they not also feel that same subtle discomfort? We are willing to do all we can to soothe these susceptibilities, to respect as best we can the horse of the Prophet and the pavement of the Church. We want, heaven knows, to interfere with neither the Prophet's horse nor the pavement. We want model farming communities, cities without jails, schools, libraries; we want to nurse the new Hebrew literature, drama, philosophy, way of life that are already arising among our people in Palestine. These Jews of Palestine have no criminal record; the Palestinian Arabs have a higher criminal record than any Western people. We want to help them on the road from Jaffa to Tel Aviv, the road that they must ultimately tread in any case. We hope in the far distant future for a neutral pluralistic state in Palestine. But we are an old people and can wait. What we ask to-day of the Mandatory power and of the enlightened opinion of the world is little and is less than justice, but it will suffice: the active recognition that we are in Palestine, as the nations have solemnly admitted and declared, as "of right"; that we have done everything in the world of both moral and economic values to confirm, to sustain, to re-win that right; that we be not dragged into the mire of medieval controversy because the Arab landlords find that a convenient weapon; that, so long as we treat the Arabs, as we have done and shall go on doing, with justice and with generosity, we be recognized as the bearers of peace and true civilization, of the values in human society that must and do prevail.

We want it recognized, in brief, that our self-redemption is an essential part of that larger movement by which, from age to age, all mankind seeks to redeem itself.

A PATIENT LOOKS AT DOCTORS

ANONYMOUS

WHEN I was a small child living in a town of thirty thousand inhabitants "Oledoctorames" was as much a part of the family tradition as he was the town's leading citizen, philosopher, and proudest boast. How he managed his enormous practice, which extended through every class in the community, accomplishing cures which brought him state-wide renown and a reputation that has survived his death by twenty years, no one ever knew. But in spite of the demands upon him, when I was five and terribly ill he managed to spend a day and night of crisis by my bedside, sustained only by coffee, and to wrest me from death by what seemed sheer force of will. The consciousness of this rescue, which became something of a town legend, colored my whole youthful attitude toward the medical profession, and until I was quite grown up any disparaging remark directed at doctors was sure to arouse a defensive reaction on my part. Later, when we moved to a city of half a million and acquired a new family physician, I transferred to him the confidence and admiration that had gone out to his predecessor. I do not know just how he would have rated in some supermedical examination, but over a period of years he pulled the various members of the family through a variety of sicknesses and operations, never failing to make clear to us just what was the matter and why. Though I am sure he had never read a line of Freud, Jung, or Adler, he was quick to distinguish the physical from the neurotic symptom. He had something of the intuitive insight of the true psychiatrist, and for a persistent headache was as likely to recommend some change in the family relationship as a change in diet or the purchase of spectacles. During our rare periods of affluence his bills were inclined to be large. But during the more frequent periods of depression they were either small or non-existent. Even if a tradesman had to wait, they were always paid. But his chief virtue, I think, was his accessibility. Except in the periods of his short yearly vacations, when an associate attended to emergencies, he was always to be reached somehow.

This is no attempt to draw an idealized portrait of the "old-time family physician" or to sentimentalize over his rapid disappearance from the medical scene in our larger cities. That disappearance is due in part, at least, to social changes over which it would be foolish to repine. It is rather a picture of a doctor-patient relationship which has, I believe, conditioned the natural approach of most of us who are now adults toward the medical profession. Our almost instinctive attitude toward the doctor is that of respect and confidence and, while we may not expect infallibility or omniscience from any human being and can make allowances even for the occasional medical blunder, the belief persists in almost all of us that when we have summoned a physician—any reputable physician—we have done the best that can be done in any medical emergency. It is an attitude which gives to the medical profession an immense advantage in its practice, and no doubt it has helped to build up in it that hyper-sensitivity to and resentment of lay criticism which mark so much official medical literature and the discussions of all medical conventions. It is also upon this traditional relationship which I have pictured, and which most of us have experienced in our youth, that appeals in behalf of the *status quo* of medical practice are being made, and it is in contrast to this intimate and friendly picture that the horrible specter of any form of socialized control with its chilly impersonality is so frequently drawn.

Just recently, while returning from the office of a New York specialist where I had been one of a crowded roomful of patients awaiting treatment, I read a newspaper statement by a prominent American physician on the general subject of health insurance. He was unalterably opposed, he declared, to any such "socialistic" scheme because, among other things, it would destroy that subtle and intimate relationship between doctor and patient which is indispensable to successful medical practice. I thought of my morning's experience. My appointment had been for ten-thirty, and I was finally called into one of the five little treatment rooms at twelve. The specialist's associate performed the preliminaries and then, after a fifteen-minute wait, the eminent man himself appeared. It was my sixth visit, but only by glancing at my case card did he know who I was or what I needed. He was kindly, brisk, impersonal—a first-rate man who worked under heavy pressure. I had every confidence in his ability but, after one shy manifestation of curiosity at my second visit, I should no more have had the courage to question him about my condition than I should have had to question God in the process of creation. I was an insignificant part of so much nasal and aural material that passed through his hands each day. That "subtle and intimate relationship" so essential to the successful practice of medicine had no more existence in that office than it would have had in a socialized soviet clinic or a German public health station. I have had a wide experience with capable and busy specialists in the past two and a half years in an effort to repair the damage done by one of their colleagues. To have expected any intimate interest on the part of these high-pressure men in my personal problem would have been simply silly. I paid my money and received the best attention they were able to provide.

But this is not a diatribe on the evils of specialization nor an argument in behalf of any special medical solution. The contrast between the general practitioner of my youth and the eminent specialist of my maturity is not drawn to illustrate the superiority of the former. The extensive development of modern medical science has made certain types of specialization necessary, and no intelligent layman, even while suspecting that its overemphasis may not be due entirely to scientific zeal, fails to appreciate the greater skill and accuracy it insures. Nor does it matter particularly that the sentiments surrounding our relationship with the friendly practitioner of the past should be summoned in behalf of an increasingly impersonalized system of practice to which they have no actual relation. What matters, for the purpose of this article, is the fact that, in spite of our natural predisposition to confidence in the doctor and in spite of our general recognition of the altogether miraculous advances in modern medical skill and knowledge, there is obvious everywhere a growing sense of irritation on the part of the public generally toward present medical practice. Though still somewhat vague and inarticulate, it is already reflected in the increasingly defensive attitude of the profession toward the public, an attitude most marked in the discussions of the last American Medical Association convention.

This dissatisfaction and disillusion on the part of the layman is unfortunately not to be measured by any statistical evidence, but it is obvious wherever two or three are gathered together and the conversation turns to medical experience. Undoubtedly the growing tenuousness in the relationship between patient and doctor—which medical specialization and the growth of great, unindigenous city populations have brought about—is partially responsible. There is little opportunity for doctor and patient to sit down quietly and talk out their respective problems. If they could, I think that those of us who have been caught up in the web of modern medical costs and have found ourselves helplessly entangled in a snarl of medical ethics, private-hospital interests, professional inadequacy, and our own unavoidable ignorance of the devious and complicated rules of the medical game might say something like this: That while medical science has been striding ahead in seven-league boots, medical organization has failed both economically and physically to adjust itself to the changed conditions of modern life; that it has failed to meet the medical situations which arise for large numbers of people in our increasingly urban existence; that it has failed to educate the public in either its rights or its duties in relation to the medical profession, and that medical ethics are still jogging in a phaeton along a country road, with a social outlook born of the amenities of two village competitors. For the family doctor is no longer a general solution, and organized medicine has failed to provide an adequate successor. The emergency clinic is no answer to the needs of persons who neither want nor are properly qualified to receive charitable care. Nor is the medical directory in the hands of a stricken layman of any assistance. To assume that any medical graduate is equal to any medical situation is to invite possible disaster of which I can furnish a striking example. In short, I believe that the ever-growing dissatisfaction of the modern layman with the whole machinery of modern medicine is based upon experiences similar to my own. It has arisen not only out of the failure of the American medical profession to bring to the problem of doctor and patient that scientific disinterestedness which has so advanced medical science in laboratory, hospital, and clinic, but also from the lack of ordinary common sense in organizing this relationship.

II

If this were merely my own story there would be no point in telling it, for then the thing that happened to me, physically and financially, would be only one of those strokes of bad luck which have no general significance. But during the past two years I have, without looking for them, encountered enough situations similar to my own to realize that my own experience was unique only in detail. Ruling out the hypochondriac with a chronic grievance and making allowances for the tendency on the part of all human beings to dramatize their sufferings, I have found among intelligent, normal men and women sufficient evidence of medical misorganization to indicate an all too common condition. If I dwell at greater length upon my own case than upon corroborating illustrations, it is because I know my own case best and because I believe that it illustrates not one but several aspects of the modern city-dwelling patient's dilemma. In a sense, to be sure, I was a victim of an unfortunate set of circumstances; but those circumstances were at least abetted by conditions within human control. They would not have arisen under a more socially effective method of medical organization than the competitive one we now enjoy or if the medical viewpoint were as *socially* ethical as that of firemen, lifeguards, and seamen.

I was a perfect example of that class whose medical situation is the subject of the Wilbur Committee's five-year survey and of countless newspaper and magazine editorials. I was a professional worker receiving—for a woman —a fairly decent salary which I supplemented slightly by occasional articles in newspapers or those journals of opinion whose editors consider the prestige of appearance in their pages of more value to the contributor than cold cash. With one dependant, and the cost of living in New York being what it is, my bank balance never exceeded three hundred dollars, and after some such expense as a heavy dental bill or new winter coat it occasionally descended to zero. I had no radio, no bootlegger, no car, no expensive furs—all of which have been blamed recently by a number of doctors for the failure of the middle classes to pay their doctor bills. Like thousands of other young men and women who pour into New York each year, I lived by myself in a modest apartment. I had the usual Manhattanite's wide circle of acquaintances, but my intimate friends were few and busy. Since my arrival in the city three years before I had had only one contact with the medical profession. Once I had tried to get a young social worker in my office into a pay clinic established by one of the large universities especially for people of her sort, only to be informed that she must obtain for admittance a recommendation from her "personal physician." As she had no personal physician and no time to waste on preliminaries, it ended with her going to a doctor she had heard was "reasonable" and paying by installments a fee she could ill afford.

Then suddenly toward the end of a particularly trying winter's work, I awoke before daylight one morning with a sore throat, a temperature, and an earache. The sore throat and temperature I diagnosed correctly as tonsillitis. But the earache worried me. Within an hour the dull, throbbing pain of it had progressed to a sharp, recurring knife stab. In two hours, despite hot-water bottle and aspirin, I was clenching my fists and tensing every muscle to keep from screaming. I realized then that I needed a doctor and that I didn't know one. There was, I remembered, the gynæcologist I had met just once, socially. The thought of rousing a prominent gynæcologist from his slumbers at daybreak to ask his advice about an earache would have normally outraged my sense of fitness, but finally in desperation I telephoned his home. There was no answer. My two closest friends were my next thought. The first call supplied the name of a general practitioner. When I finally got him he recommended a specialist, who, in turn, said it would be impossible for him to see me until sometime in the afternoon, as his morning was filled with operations. It was probably a boil or abscess. . . . Dry heat was the thing. . . . I was to stay in bed with the hot-water bottle. . . . Could I, perhaps, come to his office, say, about two o'clock? (His office was just sixty-four blocks from where I lived.) Well, he would call me back after lunch.

There may be people in the world

who would have had the fortitude to wait until "sometime in the afternoon"; but now, without a trace of temperature, I doubt it. I have spent sixteen hours in the labors of childbirth under a physician who apparently considered anæsthetics unnecessary to obstetrical practice, but in spite of that experience the sensations of that morning, alone in that small, dim bedroom, seem to me now wholly incredible. More frantic telephoning at last put me in touch with my other friend.

"You can't stay alone in that apartment," she said immediately. "You should be in a hospital. The Blank, where I had flu last spring, is just a few blocks from you. They have small, inexpensive rooms and they can get you a good ear man. I know the house doctor and will 'phone over that you're coming. Bundle up well, and I'll be down in a taxi in fifteen minutes."

A cool, clean bed, nurses, a specialist, all the confidence-inspiring trappings of the modern hospital, the prospect of immediate relief! What layman, under the circumstances, could resist? And what layman, in heaven's name, with a temperature of one hundred and three would stop to investigate a hospital staff?—a course, I have since been told in all seriousness, I should have pursued in such an emergency. By ten o'clock I had been given chloroform, the staff ear, nose, and throat man had punctured my ear drum, and I was staring up, more or less comprehendingly, at the triumphant face of my friend who had stayed "to see me through."

With luck, perhaps, that would have been the pleasant end of an unpleasant story. For the Blank Hospital was one of those 6,605 accredited institutions recommended by the American Medical Association, and young Doctor Brown, who had opened my ear, was a duly qualified specialist. He was obviously inexperienced, and his manner by no means inspired confidence. Later, I discovered that his surgical reputation was none too good. But had my trouble been the simple abscess he supposed, he would, no doubt, have been amply qualified to deal with it.

But I did not get well. In a few days the pain returned—steadier though less acute, and my temperature shot upward. There followed a succession of days heavy with the monotony of nurses' comings and goings, of the house doctor's visit in the morning and my specialist's visit in the afternoon, of realities that intruded upon delirium and delirium that intruded upon realities and, as a background for it all, the monotony of dull, constant pain and the horrible sickness of a poisoned body. At the end of three weeks it was as obvious to the two intimate friends who tiptoed in to see me each day as it was to me in my lucid intervals that neither the house doctor, who was administering medicines, nor Doctor Brown, had the faintest notion of what was happening. Finally, at the insistence of my friends, who realized I was dangerously ill, I threw financial caution to the winds, summoned up my courage, and told Doctor Brown I thought another specialist should be called in for consultation immediately.

"I think I've got mastoiditis," I ended.

"You're a long way from mastoiditis," he replied curtly. "If you want to be reassured, however, I'll call in Doctor Allen. He's one of the best ear men in the city."

Doctor Allen, who, I afterwards learned, *was* one of the best ear men in the city, arrived very late that night brisk and businesslike. His examination was quick but thorough. It was not necessary for him to make any of the usual gestures to inspire confidence. His touch was that of a man who knows what he is about. The verdict was "a serious case of mastoiditis—an operation first thing in the morning." Doctor Allen and Doctor Brown had both gone before I had recovered from the shock of having my suspicions confirmed. I turned to my two friends who lingered in the room.

"I want Doctor Allen to operate," I said. "No one else."

"We'll see that he does it," they promised. "Do you think we'd let Brown touch you now?"

Had I known then what I know now about medical ethics I should have had both doctors recalled to the room. That simple action would probably have saved me weeks in which I oscillated between life and death, would have rendered unnecessary a second operation infinitely more hazardous than the one I faced, and have avoided a whole series of other complications that have resulted in partial deafness, a permanent injury to my heart, nearly two years of semi-invalidism, and enormous debts.

Much of what follows is pieced together with the testimony of my friends. They telephoned Doctor Brown and told him it was my request that Doctor Allen operate. He plainly resented the call, but gave vague assurances that ended, "Everything will be all right. She will be taken care of." Alarmed, they called Doctor Allen. He, too, was reassuring, but said that he was not attached to the staff of Blank Hospital and could not actually operate there unless requested to do so by Doctor Brown. It was very late at night, and the matter was allowed to rest there. The next morning my two friends arrived early at the hospital. They waylaid Doctor Brown as he came in, informed him again of my request, and demanded his word that Doctor Allen would be asked to operate. He was coldly polite, made a brief statement or two that anyone but a trained lawyer would interpret to mean that Doctor Allen would do the job, and edged toward the elevator. Doctor Allen arrived late. When my friends approached him, he assured them that after what had been said to Doctor Brown everything was sure to be all right. The matter would be made clear among the three of us as soon as he arrived upstairs. Assured of my own insistence as soon as I saw him, and realizing that, being unrelated to me, they had no right to "fire" my doctor and hire another one, they let him go.

But at that moment I was on the operating table barely conscious. The anæsthetician, the nurses, stood ready. Once the anæsthetician approached me with the cone, but I pushed it away. "Not till Doctor Allen comes," I managed to say. Suddenly I heard, "Here he is," and saw a hazy shadow in the doorway. I breathed a sigh of relief, and the cone came down.

Weeks afterward I learned the truth. It was a pale and wilted consultant who came down from the operating room and reported to my waiting friends.

"I did not operate," he said. "Doctor Brown did not request it." Then to their outburst, "You must understand my position . . . a thousand times harder to stand by and watch than to do it myself . . . but she's all right, I'm sure—a good job. There was a moment—that large vein . . . but it's all right now. She'll pull through."

He left them, no longer brisk, my friends tell me, but mopping the perspiration from his face.

Again I did not get well. But it is not my purpose to saturate these pages with ether, to take the reader through miles of hospital corridors and what seemed to me an endless succession of doctors' offices. If it had been "a good job"—and I wonder now if

Doctor Allen really believed that—the serious infection which led to so many complications probably would not have occurred. One subsequent incident is worth recording in the light of the fact that I was afterward informed that these complications may have resulted from a lack of skilled attention after the operation.

At a critical moment, at someone's insistence, Doctor Allen was called back once to the hospital to see me. Doctor Brown failed to meet him in my room at the appointed time. Doctor Allen waited impatiently.

"But can't you look at it, anyway, Doctor?" my nurse asked him, timidly.

"I can't remove another doctor's dressing," he informed her. At the end of fifteen minutes he left. Even then I did not know that he had not operated. It had been agreed that because of the possible effect upon me I should not be told. To have moved me to another hospital might have been fatal.

III

Recently I talked over this experience with an official of a medical association. His reaction probably expresses the professional attitude. It was all, he assured me, my own fault. To begin with, I should never have been without a personal physician—and this applied to everyone, everywhere. One of my first duties after settling in the city was to have made a contact with a neighborhood doctor to whom I could have turned in an emergency. Having failed to do this, I could have telephoned—between nine and five—the office of the county medical association, which would have supplied me with the names of several physicians near my home. My major mistake, however, was to have entered a hospital without first being committed there by a physician. For, with the exception of the free hospitals—for which I was not a proper candidate—hospitals, though incorporated, are private institutions, and in entering one voluntarily I became in a sense its private property. A physician not affiliated with it could operate in it only by special permission. Furthermore, there was no assurance that similar consequences might not have followed the work of another, more experienced man (though, of course, I was entitled to that chance). Lastly, medicine is not organized to meet emergencies.

There is some logic in all of this. But much of it, I think, shows a failure to face the facts, both of human nature and of modern living. If it is the duty of each of us to retain a physician at all times, then the profession has failed in its task of educating the public to the need for such preparedness—a task calling for as widespread publicity surely as our anti-tuberculosis campaigns and, considering the maze of specialization, hospital etiquette, and financial considerations involved, for much more specific information. Granted that medicine is not organized to meet emergencies but that emergencies have a horrid habit of happening, I am dubious about the second piece of advice. A call to a medical association or an information bureau in my own case might have drawn the name of Doctor Brown. Only the profession itself can protect the public from incompetent or dishonest practitioners—as it has to a great degree from the medical quack, the amateur, and the witch-doctors generally.

A recent experience of a young man of my acquaintance in another city illustrates this point. Being a healthy person, he didn't know any doctors. He was taken suddenly ill one night with acute appendicitis. Being an intelligent young person and not wishing to alarm his friends in the middle of the night, he looked in the telephone directory for the number of a medical service bureau which he had once heard existed for such emergencies. Explaining his dilemma, he was given the number of a doctor. The doctor arrived within half an hour and packed him off to a hospital for an immediate operation. It was a private hospital with a rather bad reputation among physicians, although he did not know this at the time. He was given a spinal anæsthetic, and the operation began. Just in the middle of it the insufficient anæsthetic wore off. The operation was hurriedly completed. The shock may be imagined. During his third night in the hospital the other occupant of his "semi-private room" began signaling for a nurse. Over an hour passed without response. My friend, seeing his roommate's distress, pressed his own button without result and then, realizing that the other man was having a hemorrhage, began calling for help. Finally the man arose from his bed and staggered toward the door. He died at the foot of the bed as the nurse entered. In spite of its reputation, this hospital is usually crowded with emergency patients. The physician who answered my friend's call is a member of his local medical association.

A similar misadventure occurred in the case of an acquaintance who did possess a regular medical adviser. During the summer vacation period, while her doctor was away, she also was stricken with acute appendicitis. Realizing the folly of calling at random any name in the telephone directory, she appealed to the nearest druggist to get her a physician. The elderly gentleman who appeared diagnosed her condition as some obscure stomach complaint and wrote out a prescription. Had it not been for the subsequent arrival of a friend who insisted on calling another doctor, she might not have survived. She was fortunately in sufficient possession of her senses to be able to discharge the first doctor, thereby permitting the second to function. I could multiply these illustrations by five.

Such situations may, of course, be classified among the unfortunate accidents of life in a great city. No doubt many individuals caught in similar circumstances have been lucky enough to secure the right man at the right time and to receive, if necessary, the best hospital care. But should the element of luck play so large a part in such a vital matter, especially in cities where the proportion of physicians to the population is so high and where magnificently equipped hospitals afford at least every physical advantage for correct treatment? Medicine is of no interest to the layman as a pure science. Its real progress can be measured only by the degree to which its laboratory triumphs and its skilled training are accessible to human need at any time. And taking for granted the crowded, transient city life which so many of us lead, in which the known and trusted practitioner is not to be found around the corner, in which the average person hasn't the faintest notion of how to get the type of medical attention he needs, and in which he is as likely to draw a high-priced specialist he doesn't need and can't afford as some incompetent who barely passed his examination, it is up to the profession, or failing this, the State, to organize some means whereby the element of chance is reduced to a minimum. The education of the public is not all that is needed. The extent to which medical ethics and hospital etiquette can stand between the patient and his immediate requirements indicates the extent to which medicine is regarded professionally as a private business rather than as a public service. It is an attitude which, together with the prohibitive costs of illness, is convincing so many people that medical aid can best be organized as a public business, like education and fire prevention.

The problem may be fundamentally an economic one. A person of wealth might, under unusual circumstances, be caught in some such situation as I have described. I know of an instance where something of the sort happened. But as a rule, such a person has sufficient contacts to enable him to extricate himself before serious damage is done. The very poor person, accustomed, perhaps, to seeking clinical aid, would turn, as a matter of course, to Bellevue or similar institutions in other large cities. While the theory that the free charity patient is as well provided for medically as the one of wealth is quite fictitious, he at least knows where to go and what to do without first worrying about whether or not he can afford it.

But to those of us who are willing to pay our way, if that way is not prohibitive, the thought of public aid is extremely distasteful, even if it would occur to us at all. With a hundred and fifty dollars in the bank on the morning that I awoke with a bad earache and with an adequate weekly salary, the thought of a clinic never entered my mind. Nor, with such a bank balance, should I have felt justified in entering the city's best hospital and commanding the services of the best specialist obtainable. That I was later willing to mortgage several years of my future by borrowing money to cover the most pressing expenses of the long illness that followed illustrates, I think, the length to which most people of my class will go in order to keep away from public assistance. The exploitation of the doctor in hospital clinics by people who can afford to pay for private aid, which has for so long been the grieved complaint of the profession against the public, undoubtedly exists, but it has, I feel sure, been exaggerated. I am convinced from personal observation that there are more people, struggling under a mountain of debt and worry to pay slowly the mounting costs of private practice, who should be receiving free or partially free treatment than there are persons of adequate means receiving clinical aid. The conditions surrounding the latter aid are frequently so disagreeable that anyone not hardened from childhood to such an atmosphere would turn to it only as a last resort, perhaps after experiences in private medicine have left them "broke" or embittered.

IV

The profession, of course, has not been totally blind to the growing difficulties of the public nor to its increasing resentment. Here and there individual physicians have foreseen and have even had the courage to advocate as an alternative to the obviously inadequate individualism of American medical practice, some such system of State control or assistance as has already been adopted by twenty-eight civilized nations. There are individual physicians who, in spite of loyalty to their profession, with its generally high standards and its splendid achievements, can understand and appreciate the patients' point of view. In a recent address before the public health section of the Commonwealth Club of his city, Dr. Ralph Arthur Reynolds, a prominent San Francisco physician, declared:

"The public is awakened to some appreciation of the value of preventive medicine. It is educated to know the value of good hospital and nursing service, of complete laboratory tests—in short, of the best accepted methods in diagnosis and treatment. The layman knows of preventive medicine but finds very little of it being applied to his case. He knows the accepted methods—but he finds the cost of them exorbitant. Distressed at his inability to keep well and his inability to pay the cost of illness, he turns on the doctor, saying in effect, 'It's all your fault.' Whether or not it is the fault of the medical profession that the layman is dissatisfied and health condition none too good, it is at any rate the logical task of the profession to seek earnestly for a solution to the problem."

A beginning at a search for the solution to the economic aspects of the problem, at least, is evidenced by the participation of the American Medical Association in the work of the Wilbur Committee on the Cost of Medical Care. The bogey of socialized medicine as a possible outcome of the public's dissatisfaction with present methods and the physicians' continued financial losses due to the inability of so many people to pay their medical bills have accomplished this much. In the light of my own experience and those of which I have been aware, I believe that for an adequate solution the Committee will need to widen the scope of its investigation to take in the whole question of medical organization and its relationship to the public, to recommend, perhaps, some revolutionary changes in the medical point of view toward the public and in the methods of medical and hospital practice. For if private medical practice will not of its own free will meet the needs and the emergencies of the average citizen, some type of socialization will inevitably result.

THE MAGUEY

(*The maguey is cut down before it blooms and the sap used for pulque, a common drink.*)

BY ELIZABETH MORROW

I BEAR no blossom; no sweet requiem
Of seed is mine; this fountain in my blood,
This flame of sap avails not; for no bud
Breaks into beauty on my towering stem.
Cactus and thistle are not cursed, bees part
Their gaudy petals; roadside bushes bloom
Unravished, but a thousand throats consume
My wreath of summer and drink dry my heart.
Seven years' growth is mine for barren leaves,
Green-spiked to guard a giant plume, torn down,
Despoiled, a bleeding cup for thirsty thieves.
God of the seasons who will not deny
The meanest weed a color-spattered crown,
Grant me but once to flower against the sky!

BORDERLAND

A STORY

BY ROLAND ENGLISH HARTLEY

MARK walked slowly along the upper fringes of the beach, kicking savagely at the low hummocks of drooping grass. To think that he had ever *liked* coming to this place! . . . He found some comfort in remembering how long ago that was—years and years ago, when he was only a child, content to sit all day scooping out walled cities in the damp sand. Now, before long, he would be going to high school. The very thought of this pushed back the boundaries of life. A fellow couldn't be expected any more to take much interest in sand and rocks and these stupid waves that came endlessly crashing against the shore.

It was an added grievance that it wasn't even summertime. In summer, of course, people had to go *somewhere.* But what in the world possessed mother to want to come down here *now*, in the late fall, when at home he and dad might have been going to football games?

When dad had called him into the study that night a few weeks ago to tell him of the plan, Mark could scarcely believe it at first. And then, "What about school?" he demanded, though this was far from being a usual preoccupation of his.

"Mother thinks maybe she can find a tutor for you down there."

"What's that?"

While dad explained, Mark sat tracing with his fingertips the outlines of the patch of light where it fell from the reading lamp on to the shining wood of the table.

"I don't think I want to go, dad," he brought out finally.

Dad reached across the table to lay a hand on his arm.

"But you see, Mark, mother thinks she needs the change. And of course *I* can't go down there now. So that just leaves *you* to look out for mother and Charley."

Mark knew well enough that mother didn't require any looking-out-for from *him;* but at least dad's putting it that way made it easier for him to say, "Oh, all right then; I guess I'll go"; and perhaps it was just this that dad had wanted.

Well, they were down here now; and mother did seem better for the change. At home she was usually tired. "Don't bother me about that now, Mark; I've got a headache" was the response to most of his enthusiasms. Down here at Capistrano she was much more of a chum. It was fun to go walking with her along the beach in the early morning, when she wore her short khaki skirt and carried her limp straw hat in her hand, and the wind loosened curls of her bright shining hair and brought them blowing across her face.

Oh, there were *some* nice things about Capistrano. The *place* would be all right, Mark thought, if it weren't for the *people.* Those uneven rows of cottages that stood sheltered behind the dunes and went straggling up the slopes among the pines were the homes of people whom mother called "artists," but whom Mark thought of as "nuts."

Although there were newcomers now and then in the ranks, most of these men and women Mark had known since babyhood, seeing them summer after summer, and growing more and more, as he became more conscious of them as individuals, to resent their deviations from the normal—as this was established for him by dad and mother and the people one knew at home.

But mother *liked* these people down here. "It isn't just the sea air; it's the *atmosphere* of the place," she always said when she was accounting to a stranger for her exhilaration at Capistrano. Mark had thought that air and atmosphere meant pretty much the same thing; but mother explained that atmosphere was people, and that's what she liked down here. They had endless disputes about it. Any little thing would start the argument all over again, especially if Mark spoke of these people without the tone of respect that mother demanded.

She might ask, "Whom did you see down on the beach this morning?"

And if he answered, "That old fool Keldon" he would have to listen for half an hour to her outraged championship of Capistrano's poet.

"But his coat is dirty. He spills things all down the front of it," Mark might put in when he had a chance; and then mother would inform him angrily that there were things that mattered vastly more than this, and that he was a stubborn, foolish boy always to be criticizing these people instead of making the most of this chance of being among them. Mother went back again and again to this point—of what he could *learn* from these people; and Mark tried conscientiously, on many of his solitary walks, to think out what they had to teach him, but so far without any result.

The only one of them that he could even like at all was Lanthier, the gaunt, black-haired musician, who sometimes took him for walks deep in the pine woods. But having invited him to go and having then, as they set out, asked a few perfunctory questions and paid no attention to the answers, Lanthier would seem to forget all about him and go striding furiously among the trees, humming bits of tunes, so that Mark was hard put to it to keep him in sight. He liked these walks; they had the savor of adventures. But what he could *learn* from Lanthier was not at all evident to him. Unless it might be bad manners. For if anyone, in Lanthier's presence, mentioned the music of some man by the name of Wagner, Lanthier at once began shouting and waving his arms, as violently as Charley did in his "tantrums."

And then there was Miss Verley, who painted trees so that you could count every leaf on them even if they were a mile away; and there was Pernet, who painted portraits of all the others, so that it was fun to guess who they were, with their faces and bodies flat like the sides of a house; and there was Gillam, who was said to be writing a book and who was always reading aloud bits of his exclamatory prose. Mark had been hearing of this book for a great many years now, but hadn't even seen the covers of it yet.

No, Mark thought, as he came to the end of the beach and began scrambling up the rocks to the Point, they might be all right for mother, these people, but they didn't mean much to *him*. And the worst of it was, one couldn't get away from them. All through the day some of them would be lounging or strolling on the beach, and at night everyone went to the hotel. If it was cool they sat inside, where a great fire of logs burned on the hearth; if it was warm they sat on the porch. Inside or out, there was endless talk, most of which seemed to Mark much more silly than the prattle of the smallest children on the beach. The children, at least, talked of understandable matters, while these people said things that had no meaning whatever and then laughed loudly with a laughter as empty as their words.

It made Mark very uncomfortable to see how completely mother became a part of this life. He didn't like to watch her when she was with these people, and yet he couldn't look away. At the hotel at night he would try to make himself be interested in the dancing or in the play at the shuffleboard; but before long he would be back where he could look in or out a window or door and see mother again; and as he watched her with the others, wretched little shivers and fevers ran about his back. Many of the men called mother, Dorothy; they drew their chairs very close to hers while they talked; they leaned nearer sometimes and touched her hand lightly; and she would be listening intently and nodding eagerly from time to time and looking back steadily into their eyes. When it came time for good-nights some one or other would hold mother's hand so long at parting that Mark could feel the blood beating behind his eyes and his fists clenching painfully at his sides. Walking home, mother would tell him and Charley excitedly how this one or that had explained to her all about the new work he was doing, and how interesting it was, and how proud she was to be told of it; and Mark, kicking at loose stones beside her, would blurt out, "He's an old fool!" And then there would be nothing but scolding for him until they got home.

It was a comfort, these days, to think of dad and of the grave talks one had with him at home at night in the dim-lighted study. *Dad* wouldn't like these people, Mark was sure. Indeed, he could remember how when dad came down for a few days in the summertime they scarcely saw these people at all. They would have a boat those days and go far out on the bay, fishing; or they would get horses and go riding, all four of them, way up into the woods. Mark remembered that one night mother had said dad *ought* to go to the hotel with them; and dad had smiled and said, "All right," and when he was there he had shaken hands with all the others. Mark had been very proud of dad, standing there straight and smiling quietly, among all those fussy people. But they didn't talk so much to him as they always did to mother; and they didn't seem to like him, Mark had noted resentfully. He had overheard Gillam say something to Lanthier about "having the plutocrat with us." He didn't know what plutocrat meant, but he thought they were talking about dad, and the tone made him angry. Afterwards, he had looked up the word. Plutocrat meant a man with a whole lot of money. It was foolish to call dad that; just because he worked for a bank it didn't mean that all the money was *his*. Why, mother often told dad that they had almost *nothing!* . . . Mark, as he climbed up over the rocks, imagined dad being here with him now to agree with all his opinions. "They're a lot of nuts, dad," he said; and dad answered, "They do seem a bit queer, son."

And now there was this new fellow, Hugh Wayman. As Mark came to the level path along the Point and turned out toward the seaward tip, be began thinking about *him*. He *looked* all right; there was no question of that. In his snug flannel shirt, with the sleeves rolled back to the elbows of his sun-bronzed arms; with his bared head of short dark hair and his smiling gray eyes, he looked like a fellow that Mark could *like*. And then he had to talk like all the others!

They had encountered Wayman on one of the first mornings after their arrival. Mark and Charley, with mother between them, were running along the beach where the sand was wet and hard, and the spent waves sent their frothy tongues stealthily up to catch at one's feet. They had run laughing and panting almost as far as the Point when they saw old Keldon coming down toward them from the rocks and a stranger with him.

Keldon hadn't seen mother since they arrived, and he greeted her with that comradely tone that Mark hated.

"It's a happy mother who can be a sister to her boys, Mrs. Treadway."

Mother gave her two hands into his which he held out and smiled back into his eyes and said, "Youth must be battled for, you know."

That's the way people talked at Capistrano. Now what was the sense in saying things like that? Mark turned away in disgust to where Charley had found a withered starfish. But then he heard Keldon call out, "Hugh" and looked back to see the stranger coming nearer.

Keldon introduced him floridly and Mark caught some of the phrases. "Living with me . . . writing plays . . . great promise."

The new young man made a low bow over mother's hand.

"I've already heard a lot of Mrs. Treadway," he said.

"I was telling Hugh," Keldon put in, "that you come like sunshine to Capistrano, to warm our budding talents."

"And some of our poor frail buds," Wayman added, "need such a *lot* of sunshine!"

Mark turned his back squarely on them, to saunter away to Charley. If they insisted on talking like *that*, a fellow couldn't be expected to listen. But mother, when she presently called them back to her and turned toward home, was happy and excited.

"Wasn't that a nice thing that Mr. Keldon said about me?" she demanded.

When Mark only brought out a "Huh!" mother went on gaily, "It makes me very happy to think that I can be a little . . . inspiration to people who are doing these wonderful things."

Mark stooped to pick up a shell and flung it widely from him. "I never heard dad talk about inspiration and all that nonsense," he muttered.

Mother seemed angry. "For one thing," she said sharply, "it doesn't take *inspiration* to make investments for a bank."

"I bet it takes a lot more sense," Mark answered; and he had the satisfaction of the final word, for mother only looked at him and shook her head hopelessly.

Well, that had been about a week ago, and all the days between had been about the same, and here he was this morning, strolling out on to the Point and less conscious of the glittering, heaving sea beneath him than of his dissatisfaction and his longing to be away from all this, back at home with dad.

"Hello there, Mark," he suddenly heard someone call from the rocks above the path.

It was Mildred. He stood quite still. He felt very warm all over, but there were little shivers running under the warmth.

"Don't you want to come on up for a while?"

He could see only her head up there among the rocks. He began to mount toward her slowly. Slowly as he went, his breath was quick and heavy in his throat.

"You're a great one for always

staying by yourself," Mildred greeted him when he came to her in the sun-flooded nook. She had spread a blanket there on the rough sand and sat back against a rock, with books scattered about her.

Mark dropped on to a low stone and bent over to examine his shoe. "Yeh," he said, and pulled painstakingly at a minute sliver of leather. When at last he looked up to her she met his eyes for an instant with a bright smile and then turned from him to watch some seagulls flying.

Mildred Newell. How strange it was that words like these could mean, at different times, such very different things. For many years they had meant only a long-legged girl who used to come and watch the younger children at their play. Mark remembered that once she had kicked down his sand castles, and he had thrown shells at her ankles. Then all at once she had ceased to play among the children. She became more sedate and sat among the elders. And then, by another sudden transformation, she was one of those young ladies who didn't seem to find anything better to do than stroll endlessly with young men along the beach. Mark, in these later years, had scarcely separated her in his thoughts from the other strolling and dancing and swimming young ladies. Her one distinction in his mind was that she was one of those rich Newells who lived in the great house among the pines above the Cove.

And now, this year . . . Mildred Newell . . . there were no words he had ever heard that could stir him like these. There was no happiness he had ever known to compare with being beside her. And yet it was a happiness torn by strange flurries of unrest. When he talked to her, at any moment his words might be cut off by that odd feeling that tightened his throat and sent the hot blood flooding his cheeks. . . . But now she had taken up her book again, and he didn't have to talk to her. He could sit silently beside her and watch her unobserved. He looked at the shadows that fell from her lashes to darken her brown eyes. He followed the intricate weavings of her dark massed hair. He let his slow caressing gaze pass along the outlines of her face, down from the brow along the straight clear line of the nose, then the sweet out-curving of the lips, and the chin, and the throat, down to where the warm skin was lost under soft folds of delicate and mysteriously fascinating fabrics. His whole body was trembling now. He was throbbing with the desire to throw himself down there beside her, with his fingertips reached out to touch her hand. He wanted to lie there and never move away. Nothing could soothe the turmoil in him but to lie there through the ages, to be beaten with blows and chilled with cold as he lay there, and never to draw away his fingertips from her hand.

Suddenly her eyes came up from the page to meet his own.

"You're a funny boy, Mark. What are you thinking of, all the time?"

"Thinking . . . thinking . . . ?" Whatever thoughts he had were whirled tumultuously away.

Mildred laughed lightly. "It's almost lunch-time, isn't it? We'd better be getting on toward home."

He helped her gather up her books and shake out and fold the blanket. Then he walked with her, carrying all the burden loosely and once in a while dropping a book. It was a little easier to talk now, walking beside her. Mildred wanted to know what he thought of some of the people, and he didn't hesitate to tell her that they were "nuts."

"Have you met Mr. Wayman yet?" she asked.

"Yes."

When he didn't say anything more,

she went on, "And what about *him?*"

"Oh, he looks all right," Mark told her, "but he talks as foolish as the rest of them."

"That's expected of people down here, you know," Mildred explained, laughing. And by now they had come to the gateway of heavy logs where her road turned in. Mark never went with her beyond this point, for Mrs. Newell had a way of scrutinizing a fellow as if he were some strange and not altogether trustworthy insect.

At home he found mother and Charley already nearly through with their lunch.

"Where you been?" Charley wanted to know.

"I've been . . . talking to Mildred Newell." The room seemed to him to fill with music as he spoke her name.

"Huh!" And Charley bit deep into his jelly-laden bread as one who knows the desirable things of life.

Mother filled his cup with fragrant, steaming chocolate and then she said, "I've been waiting for you to come, Mark, to tell you both what I'm planning. I'm going to get Mr. Wayman as a tutor for you."

Mark set down his cup sharply. "Oh, mother, no . . . not *him!*"

"What's a tutor, anyway?" Charley demanded.

"He's going to come and help you with your studies," mother explained patiently. "I think we're very, very lucky to find someone like that."

Charley's round, fat little face was contorted with disapproval. "Oh, gee, mother! I thought we came down here for some *fun!* I met a kid this morning who told me where there's lots of abalones, and he says there's a fisherman at Three Mile Beach that takes kids out in his boat. And now I suppose I've got to sit around here all the time *studying*. Don't you remember, I got a headache once last year from studying?"

But mother was smiling on in her secure way; and Mark, on his side of the table, was making up his mind to be so maddeningly stupid that that fellow wouldn't last for long. A half a dozen times in the afternoon and evening Charley went marching through the few rooms of their cottage, his hands before his mouth as if they held a horn, shouting, "Toot-er, tooter-er, toot-er!" in tones of deep derision; but even this insult had no power to keep their destiny from them. At ten o'clock in the morning Wayman was there, and it was understood that he was to hold the boys to their studies until noon.

Though Mark had carefully prepared his stubborn defiance, he found it very soon yielding to his growing liking for the man. Wayman quickly revealed the intelligent and human point of view that studies *were* a good deal of a nuisance, to be got through with as expeditiously and pleasantly as possible. He even admitted that grammar was nonsense. After that Mark couldn't help respecting him. And Charley responded warmly to the personal yarns that he mixed among his teachings. But when mother asked at noon how things had gone, they answered with flat unenthusiasm, "Oh, all right." It was as near as one could come to graceful acceptance.

Every morning Wayman came to them now, and gradually more and more lanterns were lighted along the dark ways of scholarship. Mark would have found increasing satisfaction in these studies if only it weren't for mother. She was acting toward Wayman now as she did toward all the Capistrano people, with that air of intimate understanding that distressed Mark so greatly. He couldn't see why she should want to smile into their eyes as she did and sigh and exclaim over their confidences and suffer their comradely closeness. Mark always wanted to shout out at her when he saw her this way. It made his face burn; he felt humiliated, as if she were displaying a lightness somehow to his own discredit.

Hugh Wayman usually came to the cottage in the morning some time before the beginning of lessons; and then he and mother, in the sitting room or on the porch, would talk in low tones, while Mark paced restlessly through the rooms waiting for ten o'clock to strike. Once or twice when he had grown too impatient and had gone to them, mother had said, "It isn't time yet, Mark" so sternly that he knew he wasn't wanted there.

Wayman was writing a new play. He had told the boys so. Maybe that's what he and mother found to talk about so long. Maybe that's why mother leaned near to him, with her eyes on his as he talked, and murmured, "Splendid!" and "Oh, that's wonderful!"

Pretty soon Wayman began bringing bits of the play to read to mother. Then the lessons didn't even begin at ten. One day Mark went in and out of the room a dozen times, and they didn't even seem to see him there. Finally he took his stand in front of them and brought out hoarsely, "Aren't we *ever* going to have lessons this morning?" They jumped up at once then, laughing gaily together. And when it was found that Charley had taken advantage of the delay to make good his escape, mother wasn't angry at all, but only laughed more merrily than ever.

To go away from home these days to the sunny nook in the rocks and to find Mildred there was like throwing off cares and finding blessed soothing. He would sit for long and watch her as she read, and sometimes his eyes would grow misty with tears. Again and again he would say her name to himself. Mildred, Mildred. It was like a gentle hand laid upon him. He wanted to say it thousands, tens of thousands of times, to keep on and on murmuring to himself, Mildred, Mildred—and then no hurt could reach him.

When they talked it was of trivial things. Mildred insisted upon asking often about his studies. She seemed to like to hear even the most unimportant details.

"You like Mr. Wayman better now, don't you?" she said one day.

Mark's tone was so doubtful when he answered slowly, "Yes . . . I like him all right," that Mildred looked over to him.

"You'll like him better the more you know him," she said briskly, as if to balance his own lack of ardor; and after a moment she added, "Your mother thinks he's fine."

Mark looked deep into her eyes for the misted glint of meaning that was hidden there when people meant more than they said; but Mildred's gaze was frank, and he looked away again quickly, with a little shiver of relief.

One day when he came to Mildred in the rocks he found Wayman with her there, sprawled out comfortably on the spread blanket. Mark hung back a moment, while a harsh flurry of resentment and distress ran through him.

"Come on, Mark," Mildred called out to him, across the last low barrier of rough stone.

Wayman, with his head propped on his arm, blinked drowsily at him. "I guess Mark sees enough of *me* in the morning."

Then Mark went forward to them slowly, and Mildred was especially warm with her welcome; but Mark felt ill at ease until Wayman got to his feet, stretched largely, mumbled, "See you folks later," and went whistling away from them.

Then Mildred seemed a little cross, accusing *Mark* of crossness. "You act just as if you didn't like him," she said.

And all that Mark could answer was, "I don't know."

His spirit was darkly clouded with this failure to know, to understand this new world that was drawing about him in place of the old world he had known. There was even no joy in being with Mildred now. Soon he left her and went among the dunes on the far side of the Point, where there would be no people. He wanted no one near him until his mind was cleared of this echoing "I don't know . . . I don't know."

Just a year ago life had been so simple; and now, wherever one turned, there was only confusion and doubt. It wasn't fair! It wasn't fair, he cried out within himself. A fellow was entitled to some reasonable treatment at the hands of life. He should be allowed to go along clearly marked paths, as he had always gone before, instead of losing himself in all these tangled coverts of uncertainty.

Coming home from this troubled walk, it was comforting to find everything quite unchanged. One had had a torturing fear that suddenly the tumult within one might seize hold on all the stable things of life. But here was mother, setting the supper things on the table; and here was Charley, trudging relentlessly after her to tell just exactly where and how the jelly-fish was found.

When they sat at table, a little later, Mark suddenly heard himself saying, "I don't think dad would like Mr. Wayman very much." He was at once filled with a great terror of the effect of his words. He drank water in short gulps until the glass was empty. But mother did not seem even to have heard; and Charley, of course, went on quite undisturbed with the pleasant labor of eating.

In the evening they went to the hotel. Here, invariably, Mark felt his great disgust with the place flowing back over him. A year ago all this babble of voices had been only so much noise to him; but now certain elements of the talk were beginning to disengage themselves, and more and more he hated it all. If people hushed their voices when he came near, he knew they were talking about Miss Merrill and that man in the cottage next to hers. The hush even more than the words he overheard made him feel that he was in the presence of ugly things. And now to-night the thought suddenly came to him: what if he should hear mother's name spoken by these veiled voices?

He jumped up from his place on the stairs and went at once to find her. "Come down to the beach with Charley and me," he urged, and urged so desperately that mother, laughing back at the group he took her from, let herself be led from the room and down the steps and along the wooden path across the dunes.

There was a low bit of moon that sent its light across the dark water and the wet sand. Charley at once began investigating that path of moonlight, but Mark held close to mother's side.

She was impatient with him for bringing her out here. "You're getting so fussy these days, Mark. I can't understand it."

"I don't like it down here," he murmured.

"That's nonsense!"

"I wish we could go home . . . to dad."

"Well, you can just get that idea out of your head!"

He pressed closer to her. "Don't lean on me that way," mother said.

But he stayed close beside her. He felt that he wanted to throw both arms around her . . . to protect her . . . against what, he didn't know. Mother seemed to feel his need and presently her arm came about his shoulders. Then he pressed his face against her, and his eyes grew foolishly moist . . . and of course the moisture had to go through mother's thin dress, so that she held him quickly away from her, to see his eyes glinting in the moonlight.

"Why, you funny boy! What's the matter?"

"I wish we could go home," he said once more.

And this made mother cross again. "We've had enough of this moping out in the dark," she said and called Charley to them and led the way back to the hotel.

Next morning Hugh Wayman was there even earlier than usual, a good half hour before lesson time. He began reading bits of his play to mother, while Mark walked unhappily down to the dunes and back again, down to the dunes and back. Once when he came near the sitting-room window he did not hear their voices and went quickly to the porch to look in. Mother and Wayman were standing there together in the middle of the room. He held one of her hands, and mother was looking into his eyes and saying in a low voice, "I'm very happy about it, Hugh. I'm very happy."

Mark scraped his feet noisily across the porch and went striding in to them. They were still standing there, but a little farther apart now.

"It's way past ten o'clock," Mark announced accusingly.

"I guess it is, all right," Wayman said, with a nervous laugh.

Mother went out to find Charley, and soon the three of them were at work in the little room. But lessons were not much of a success this morning. Mark couldn't remember from one minute to the next what the arithmetic problem was about; and Wayman's voice repeatedly trailed off to silence in the middle of an explanation.

Finally he stood up. "Let's call it a day. What do you say, boys? . . . I can't seem to keep down on earth."

Charley needed no more to send him galloping out of the room; but Mark sat there, huddled over the table, until he heard Wayman, sometime later on, go down the steps and away.

That afternoon Mark walked again among the dunes on the other side of the Point. He couldn't even go to Mildred now. He wondered if all his life he must be alone like this with his unrest. He wondered if people were always shut off from those about them by doubts and fears. When his legs grew weary from tramping in the heavy sand, he found a little hollow where he lay in the sunshine . . . and when he woke it was almost evening and quick-moving masses of fog were drawing their shadows about him.

Then, after supper, it was time for the hotel again. He begged to be left at home; but mother said he needed something to cheer him up!

He sat apart from the others, leaning across the railing, looking out to the pale moonlight on the sea. Strollers passing along the porch behind him dropped bits of talk into his ears. Here was Pernet, with his head close to Lanthier's. Of course they wouldn't see him, huddled there in the dark.

"And now our charming Dorothy . . ." Pernet was saying; and what might have come next was lost in Lanthier's mocking laugh.

Mark held his clenched hands firmly to his sides and waited till they were well past before he slipped down from the porch, under the railing, to the soft sand. His face was burning so hotly that even his eyes felt afire. Mother's name now, mixed up in this hateful talk!

He went on blindly and found himself before long following the path that ran out along the Point. Moonlight brightened the path and silvered the water far below, but the rocks were black and monstrous in the shadows. When he came to the verge of the headland, where the cliffs drop sheerly to the sea, he sat on a ledge that he knew, with his feet braced against the rock, and looked down into the pale wash of the waters. He looked and looked, and it seemed to him at last that he saw his own white face looking up to him from the froth of the waves.

The slow tears were moving down his cheeks. There didn't seem to be anything for him to do but go down there into the water. Then there would be an end to this burning distress. . . . And no one would care. He was just a nuisance to them all. He tried to remember every single time that anyone—dad or mother or Charley—had been out of patience with him. There was a grim satisfaction in the thought that no one would care. He could see very clearly how his cold, wet body would be drawn from the water, with the heavy hair clinging about his face. Perhaps they would cry a little, then, but they wouldn't really care.

Leaning forward a little on the narrow ledge, he groped behind him till he found a small stone, that he tossed down from the cliff to see where anything would fall. It struck the dark water and sent up a little jet of white. He leaned forward farther . . . and just then a heaving wave broke at the foot of the cliff and the outrushing water of its subsidence left bare a jagged rock, straight below, with its black, wet edges grim as steel in the moonlight.

Mark's hands tightened spasmodically on the rock. He threw back his weight from the edge. A dizzying sickness caught his senses. When he had crawled back higher among the rocks and lay there gripping them still with straining fingers, a cold sweat broke from all his body. He lay shivering and weak, with the sound of the sea in his ears, beating on those rocks.

It was a long time before he gained courage to move. Then he crawled slowly up to the path. He felt ashamed to go home but eager to be there. He found that mother and Charley hadn't come in yet; probably they hadn't even missed him at the hotel. He got quickly into bed to be there before their coming; and bed was like comforting arms about him, so that very soon he fell asleep.

Waking in the morning to see Charley's round, red face stuffed into its pillow and to hear mother's humming in the kitchen was like coming back to life from beyond the gates of death. He was filled with a new urgent tenderness toward them. All day he could scarcely let them out of his sight. Again and again mother scolded him for "treading on her heels" all about the house; and when she summarily ordered him forth and he sought out Charley at play, he clung so closely that Charley began grumbling, "I don't see why you've got to hang around *me* all the time!"

But Mark's unrest through all the next few days could be soothed only by being constantly near them. He was oppressed with the sense of approaching calamity. He brooded over his doubts and fears until he could see no outcome for them but sudden disaster. Every vague word he heard at the hotel at night became the center of new suspicions. Every look he saw exchanged between his mother and Wayman burned deep into his consciousness. He was alert and tense with watching; so it is no wonder that it took a very little thing to bring him to the breaking point.

One mid-afternoon when he and Charley came into the house mother wasn't there. Often she was not there when they came in, but this time all Mark's fears came crashing about him. Something in him shouted, "Now it has come!" He went from room to room calling "mother!" in such a strained voice that at length Charley caught his panic and came trotting beside him with anxious round eyes. For all their searching, mother was not to be found. Then Charley, from the sitting room, called out, "Here's a note."

Mark sprang toward him. "Give it to me, Charley! Don't read it! Give it to me!"

His heart was throbbing in great leaps. He snatched the folded bit of paper from Charley's slow fingers, while Charley mumbled, "Well, you've got a nerve."

Though he held the paper close to his eyes, Mark couldn't read it. There was nothing here but blurs of shadow and jets of darting light. Only gradually the words emerged. "I'm going over to Mrs. Newell's for a little while. If you're hungry, there's custard in the cooler."

Mark dropped into a chair and covered his eyes with his hand. Two long, deep sobs broke from him.

"What's the matter, Mark? What's the matter?" Charley began to whimper.

Mark held the paper out to him. While Charley read slowly he sat looking hard at the floor, fighting back those sobs that crowded his breast and tightened his throat.

Pretty soon Charley began to laugh, loud and scornfully. He took his stand directly in front of Mark, to make his scorn more fully felt, and went on laughing.

"I'd like to hear *you* ever call *me* a crybaby again!"

Mark waited until Charley's derision had spent itself; then he got up slowly and left the house. He wanted to find some place where he *could* be a crybaby. All this turmoil in him *had* to find some vent.

As he went among the dunes, searching out some hidden nook, he came within sight of the Point; and there, high up among the rocks, he saw a glimmer of white that must be Mildred. He had avoided her lately. He had felt compelled to be alone with the confusion of life. But now, suddenly, a great need for fellowship flooded over him. Now he knew that it would be no comfort to throw himself down in the hot sand and let these prisoned sobs escape. Now he must go to Mildred. Mildred had meant to him this year all the new beauty and mystery of life; and if life had now grown threatening and harsh as well, he must find the soothing from Mildred.

He felt none of the usual embarrassment when he came to her. The grave matters of life left no room for lesser emotions. But all the words that had come thronging to him as he climbed over the rocks, the words that were to be poured out to her to make her help him understand, all these were gone from him now. He could only sit beside her and look out over the sea to where a round white cloud was coasting along the horizon.

He felt her hand on his arm. "You haven't been very happy lately, Mark."

He swallowed hard and answered, "I don't like it very much down here."

"But is it as bad as all *that?*" she said, with her gentle laugh.

"I hate these people here," he burst out hotly.

Mildred made no answer to this and presently he went on, "Mother's always saying how fine they are, but that's just because she's so silly about them." The words were coming back to him now, with a rush. "Mother never acts that way about people at home. I can't see what she wants to make such a fuss over these fools for. It makes me feel . . . kind of ashamed. And Mr. Wayman . . ."

When he paused he could feel that Mildred's eyes were fixed upon him, but he would not turn to meet them.

After a moment she asked quietly, "What about Mr. Wayman?"

But Mark couldn't answer for a while. The sense of loyalty to mother was asserting itself again, stronger than all the other feelings.

"What about Mr. Wayman, Mark?" Mildred presently asked again.

"Oh, he just comes there all the time and they keep talking, that's all."

Mildred sat silent and very still for a few moments and then she said, "I want to tell you, Mark . . . Mr. Wayman and I are engaged."

He faced sharply about to her. "You're going to get *married* . . . to *him?*"

Mildred laughed lightly. "Some day. . . . Not right away, of course."

Mark started to scramble to his feet, but Mildred's arm came about him and held him close. He felt no tingle of exaltation but only a pervading ache.

"Listen, Mark," Mildred was saying, "we haven't told you about this before, because it's a secret from everyone, you see. We don't want it talked about because we may not be married for a long time—not till Hugh gets really started with his work. And you know what a great place this is for talk. We don't want to be mixed up in *that*. Your mother is the only one that knows. She and I have been such good friends for years. And I had to tell *some* one. . . . That's what Hugh and your mother find to talk about so much, I guess. He says he *must* talk to someone about me."

And now, when her quiet words came to an end, Mildred lifted her hands to his face and turned his face about to her and kissed him on the forehead. And then Mark jumped up and went quickly away from her, down across the rocks.

Mother was there when he got home. He burst into the room where she sat and ran across to her and dropped down beside her on the floor to bury his face in her lap. He could feel her hands in his hair, trying to turn his head so that she could see his face.

"Mark! . . . . What's the matter, Mark?"

After a while he turned his face, still pressed against her, only enough to let him speak.

"Mildred's going to marry Mr. Wayman."

"Yes, Mark."

"She told me just now."

"Yes. . . . She said she wanted to tell you soon."

"She told me . . . and then she kissed me."

"Mildred's a dear girl."

"I don't see what she kissed me for."

Mother's arm tightened about his shoulders. Her other hand was in his hair.

"Mildred likes you, Mark."

"But she likes *him* better!"

Mother's only answer to that was the slow stroking of his hair. Mark raised his face a little more from her lap.

"I don't see why people always have to be that way—doing things they don't really mean—kissing people when they like somebody else better . . . and talking to people as if they liked them more than they do . . . and . . . and always acting that way. And Mr. Wayman was always coming here, and you were talking to him like that, and . . ."

Her hands were on his shoulders and she was shaking him roughly now.

"Mark! What do you mean?"

"Well, he was always coming here, and I didn't know he liked Mildred, and you were always talking to him that way, and I couldn't help thinking . . ."

She lifted him up to face her, and he saw the confusion and distress gathering in her eyes.

"Mark!" She gave his shoulders another shake. "You didn't think *that!*" Then she laughed brokenly and caught him fiercely to her. "Oh, you funny, funny boy!"

She held him now with his cheek pressed against hers, and he felt that her cheek was wet. He tried to pull away, but she gripped him closer. Her breath came in hot little bursts against his neck.

"Don't, mother, don't," he pleaded.

Still she held him close, and he could feel the pressure of her lips against his hair.

"I guess something's been the matter with me," he mumbled. "My head's been kind of funny lately."

"My poor, funny boy!" she whispered.

He drew far enough out of her clasp to turn and pat her wet face.

"Let's go home, mother."

"Yes. I want to go home too, Mark."

He looked deep into her eyes.

"Sure and honest, mother?"

"Yes, Mark. I want to go."

He jumped up and ran to the door.

"Charley!" he shouted. "Where are you, Charley? Hooray! We're going home!"

THE LITTLE THINGS

BY JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

I MIGHT as well give up,
I've found at last—
Life is too huge,
And Death too vague and vast
For shoving into words.

I shall give up
And write
Of little things instead—
Black ants and pointed ginger flowers
All brown and furry red,
Or of an acorn digging down
In black earth where it fell,
Digging down and splitting out
And shoving off its shell.

MISSIONS AND THE LIFE OF AFRICA

BY JULIAN HUXLEY

THE Mission field is dangerous ground for an outsider to tread; yet missions have been, are, and will continue to be important elements in the development of changing Africa. Without the missionary spirit we should never have had Livingstone: without Livingstone the exploration and opening-up of Africa would have been long delayed (perhaps with beneficial results—one thinks of the Congo atrocities—Livingstone begot Stanley, Stanley begot the Belgian Congo); without Livingstone the ghastly crime of the slave trade would have lasted many decades longer. The early missionaries were undeterred by tropical diseases in days when even the bare facts about their transmission were not known and tropical hygiene was yet unborn. They were undeterred by physical hardships or by the very real dangers from savage and hostile negroes.

In the unsettled conditions of these early years, the missionaries played a vital role. At that time the country was just being opened up. Many tribes were still unsubdued, hostile, dangerous. Arab slavers and equally unscrupulous white traders were eagerly exploiting the natives. In that early stage the missionary was the much-needed antithesis to the slaver and the unregulated trade-adventurer. Even when settled government began, the missions for a long time supplied a large number of the administrations' defects; any education or medical service which the natives received was provided by them; they imported useful plants and trees and taught useful arts.

But conditions change rapidly in Africa. To-day the various African dependencies, governed by an admirable staff of administrators, are rapidly becoming organized states with their own patriotisms, their own life. Slavery and tribal war are no more; alien trade and settlement are carefully regulated; there are State medical, agricultural, forestry services; scientific discoveries, unknown in their pioneer days, are being requisitioned to build the foundations of health and prosperity; railways, steamers, and motor buses speed up transport; the natives themselves are anxious for education, and the breath of ideas is stirring among them.

The period since the War has been characterized by a new spirit in African affairs—the desire to find and lay down principles of native policy which shall be acceptable to the general conscience of civilization and shall promote both the development of African material resources for world use and that of the African peoples towards a fuller life. The exact issue is not yet decided; but we can safely prophesy that the history-books of the future will record as one of the special characteristics of the present half-century the fact that it fixed the broad lines along which the destinies of Africa were to develop.

What part are the Missions to play in this new, stabilized Africa? That is the question at issue. They are a powerful body. Missionary effort is now better organized than many businesses. The income of the various Protestant Missionary Societies has risen steadily from about two and three-fourths million pounds in 1895 to nearly fifteen million pounds in 1925. In the latter year they had over 7,000 ordained ministers in the field, and claimed a total of over 8 million converts, with over three and one-half million communicants. Figures do not seem to be available for the income of Roman Catholic Missions, but their effort is of the same order of magnitude, since in the same year they boasted over 8,000 European priests in the Mission field, and about seven and one-half million native converts.

The influence of Missions in primitive countries is far greater than can be reckoned in terms of converts. It is subtle and pervasive. The missionaries are often the chief or only source of the light of Western learning and ideas; their converts play a disproportionate part in the life of the country; Missions are usually entrusted with all or the major part of education in primitive regions and entrenched in their privileged position by sanctions and subsidies from the local governments; in backward territories, where the natives have as yet no real power, they may constitute one of the three estates of the realm, on an equal footing as regards influence with the personnel of government and the unofficial white community of commercial men and planters.

II

The chief difficulty in discussing the role of Missions is the enormous difference among them. Not merely will one missionary body base itself on quite different ideas from another (what could be more different than a typical White Father, devoted and hardworking, limited yet tolerant, an earnest and learned German Lutheran, and a representative of corybantic Fundamentalism from the United States?), but two stations or sections of one and the same Missionary Society may be as different as chalk from cheese—one may be dominated by old-fashioned ideas and narrow, bigoted minds, the other by the most humane and modernist temper.

Then again there are all grades of devotion and sacrifice. At one end I think of saintly faced French nuns who have come out to Africa, knowing that the regulations of their order will never permit them to see their own land and people again, of men working for native health and happiness as hard as the hardest driven Government servant, but with a far lower standard of living and far less leave. At the other I think of men I have met who obviously found in missionary life in Africa a much freer, ampler, and more comfortable existence than any they could have looked forward to at home—lords of their own little domain, with abundance of black men and women to wait on them and labor for them, no more work than they cared to do, and with a mild adventure thrown in. One of them in conversation quite frankly acknowledged the immense advantages of missionary life.

None the less, there are some general or fairly general statements which can reasonably be made. The first is that medical Missions, almost without exception, are accomplishing first-class and indispensable work. The C. M. S. Medical Mission in Uganda is the outstanding East African example. To be shown over the hospital at Kampala by Doctor Cook is a revelation. This big place, admirably run, would never exist but for the rare combination of missionary zeal, medical skill, pioneering spirit, and practical ability of this one man. And his wife's accomplishment is almost equal to his. She has organized a system of maternity clinics far and wide over the country and trained the Baganda girls to act as midwives and nurses in them. So reliable are they that though the outlying clinics, for lack of white staff, can often not be visited for weeks or months at a time, the girls can be trusted to carry on and cope with the work unaided. I saw a class of them in the hospital at Kampala, learning the elements of gynæcology—a pleasant sight, with their soft-modelled kindly faces and trim uniforms.

Then there are the immense services of the Missions to native education, on its practical and technical as well as its academic side. Do not let it be forgotten that they have been so long in the field that they have had time to spread a network of schools all over the country. And good missionary schools are very good.

No one can see the two great cathedrals outside Kampala (both fine, and one a really striking building, full of dignity and cool simplicity), can visit them and listen to the choir sing Bach or plain song, see the thronging attentive congregation, hear (and long to understand) a fiery sermon preached by a Muganda, without realizing that the missionaries have not only brought to Africa a religion which does most definitely suit many Africans, but have done much more to introduce the African to beauty, whether of architecture, of music, or of thought, than all the rest of the white men on the Continent put together. Unfortunately the beauty is sown very sporadically; most churches in East Africa are still ramshackle affairs, most church music goes no farther than a harmonium and atrociously nasal hymn-singing. But there are a fair number of exceptions, and they are increasing.

Then the Missions are often the disseminators of new and healthier ways of living. In the Kikuyu reserve, mission-trained girls are generally not content to live in a dirty, unventilated, beehive hut: they insist on their husbands building them nice little houses, two or even four-roomed, with windows and a door. These, with their tin roofs and bare-looking wood walls, are lamentably less picturesque than the old huts, but are palaces in comparative comfort, and infinitely healthier. Nor are most of these Christianized women willing to go on with the time-honored methods of bringing up children; they wash them, knit them little garments for the cool evenings, give them food which will not swell their unfortunate little stomachs to bursting-point. And the same is true among many of the Baganda and other tribes.

III

That is the credit side of the balance; and it is impressive enough. There is, however, a debit side. Even those two great cathedrals at Kampala have their discouraging aspect. For there are two of them only because they are rivals. They are visible memorials of the fact that Uganda was the scene of the last religious war between Christians. They are symbols of the fatal disunion of Christianity, which invades Africa divided into dozens of separate sects, each assuring the black man that it alone holds the secret of his eternal salvation—and implying, if no longer openly asserting, damnation to the rest. What wonder that the natives become a little bewildered at the sectarian divisions in the white man's religion?

It is an interesting fact, but one which may make white Christians blush, that the first school in East Africa where both Protestant and Catholic teachers worked together was founded by a native chief in Uganda, himself a Christian convert, who refused to believe that sectarianism could be good. The only other schools of such a nature are not Mission but Government institutions, and even in them the Catholics have sometimes tried to get the native Catholic teachers away from this sinful association. At the Government training schools for teachers and other higher institutions attempts have been made to set up common hostels for everyone; these attempts have always broken down owing to the opposition of the Catholics, who will not tolerate the notion of undenominational services or close mixing of the sects.

Then of course you have to face the fact that if most of your education is going to be given through the Missions, most of your education will have a strong religious bias. The principle of secular education, established for half a century all over western Europe, has not yet found much foothold in Africa. In Kenya, even though there is a Government Education Department, the right of inspection of Mission schools by Government inspectors is recognized only when the schools are in receipt of a grant; and the Roman Catholics have chosen to do without grants so that they enjoy complete freedom to teach what they like, of whatever standard they like. This is an anomalous situation which should not be allowed to continue.

With few but notable exceptions, missionary endeavor puts conversion far above education, concentrates as much as possible on religious teaching, and often—though this attitude is decreasing—sees in secular knowledge merely a bait with which to angle for souls. (That being so, one can hardly blame those among the natives who being astute enough to see this manage to secure the bait without swallowing the hook.)

I shall not easily forget the impression I received at one large mission in the Kikuyu country. An official of the Education Department and I were being shown over the school by the head of the mission, a charming and saintly man who has devoted his life unsparingly to this work. He is a great believer in keeping to the local Kikuyu language in preference to Swahili, the East African lingua franca. In the school, however, a good deal of Swahili was being taught. When asked why, he answered, "Because the whole of the Old Testament has not yet been translated into Kikuyu." I was staggered: I had not envisaged a state of mind which would make a man willing to insist on his boys grinding away at Swahili, against his own educational conviction, in order that they might have the privilege of reading Deuteronomy or a few of the minor prophets. It all seemed so wrong-headed, so astonishingly out of proportion.

This attitude encourages also—or at least permits—a low standard in nonreligious subjects. There are still hundreds and hundreds of bush-schools in which hymns and catechism take the lion's share of the curriculum; and the rest is devoted to exceedingly sketchy instruction in reading and writing, a little arithmetic, and rarely geography or history.

Combined with the natural desire to score as many conversions as possible and the need to impress subscribers at home, this tendency is doing no good to native education. A missionary body likes to be able to report that it possesses so many hundred schools and is educating so many thousand little heathens. But the people who drop their pennies into the missionary box at home would often be astonished enough if they could see the miserable huts that serve as schools, still more, if they could hear the limitations of the teaching, and most of all, if they realized the extremely casual attendance at such schools. I should imagine, from inquiries I made, that only between thirty and forty per cent of the children put down as attending mission schools in East Africa were getting an education worth calling an education.

When conversion is the prime aim, it is almost inevitable that many valuable native customs will be lost in the process. Converts often come to despise all their own customs. They throw the baby out with the bath and abandon respect for tribal elders and tribal traditions. Yet they almost inevitably fail to imbibe our Western traditions properly (how could they in a few short months?) and so usually fall between two stools. I may quote an actual instance. The Government of Kenya is making a determined effort at the Jeanes School to show the native teachers engaged in the school to teach native handicraft and tribal history how to use these crafts. I was told there that one of the greatest difficulties is the reluctance of many Christian native teachers, and of the white missionaries under whose instruction they work, to countenance such "evil practices."

Then we must not forget that natives do not always embrace Christianity for the reasons the missionaries would desire. Christianity is the white man's religion, and in many regions it definitely confers social prestige. When this is so, the convert tends to look down on his unconverted brethren. As a result of these two tendencies, it is unfortunately often the fact that in Africa certain types of Christianized "educated" native, if put into a position of responsibility, often treat their own people very harshly.

Then there is the question of religious intolerance. Intolerance is only to be expected among half-educated converts who have been assured that Christianity (or rather one particular branch of it) means salvation, while all other religions mean damnation. In a district of western Uganda which I visited, there was considerable trouble a year or so ago owing to the fanaticism of a native Christian who was going about inveighing against, and sometimes deliberately destroying, the little shrines outside the native huts. These are really miniature models of huts where a simple and admirable ritual of ancestor worship is carried on. But as certain of the local missions have given them the name of "devil houses" it is not surprising that zealous converts set out to extirpate these abominations.

IV

One must confess that there is still a good deal of narrowmindedness among missionaries in the field. There has been a notable change in this respect of recent years. But I do not think it unfair to say that at present the proportion of men and women with at all liberal or modern ideas about religion is lower in the mission field than in religious circles at home.

Let us also remember that Missions in Africa are in a position to exert more power and influence than can religious bodies at home. In England there are other currents of thought besides religion—literary, scientific, artistic, philosophical—which help to mold the country's ideas and action, but in the tropics missionary notions on theology and moral values can exert their influence starkly with scarcely a competitor.

There are two unfortunate results of this strong influence of any missionary narrowmindedness. In the first place, much to the bewilderment of the native, a gulf seems to yawn between the standard ideas of the two kinds of white men with whom they are chiefly brought into contact—the missionary and the administrative officer. Most men in government service in Africa have the standard of ideas of the average middle-class Englishman. They do their job to the best of their ability, they devote a good deal of attention to tennis, golf, and other forms of sport; they are always playing bridge, and they dance whenever they can find an opportunity. They regard alcoholic refreshment as an essential part of the day's routine. In missionary circles, however, I was astonished to find how many people still regarded cards as the devil's bible, the theater or the cinema as wicked, and dancing or the least trace of alcohol as deadly sin. And in place of the usual tolerance of the official, I was horrified to see the amount of hostility, veiled or open, between the official representatives of different Christian sects.

When missionaries are narrow-minded, their narrowmindedness has other unfortunate results. It tends to make them intolerant of, or even hostile to any manifestation of beauty in art. Too often art, like secular knowledge, is regarded either as a mere handmaid to religion, or in some cases, as definitely hostile to it. It will be a long time before the idea that art for art's sake and knowledge for knowledge's sake are two great liberating forces for the human spirit, neither of which is inferior to religion proper, will have taken root in missionary circles. Here again there are exceptions; but it is undoubtedly the fact that in many cases the effect of missionary influence and missionary education has been to break down the traditional native ideas, and their mode of expression, without putting anything in their place. Or what is put in their place is too often inferior. Art and beauty are regarded as of very secondary importance and, therefore, only a perfunctory attention is given to them.

Pleasing songs are sometimes taught, but on the other hand, music is often confined to hymn-singing. And what hymn-singing! I shall never get out of my ears the sound of the hymns at one big mission church in the Kikuyu country. The church was packed to overflowing, the mere odor was overpowering. The hymn was given out; the congregation threw themselves upon it. A volume of sound broke forth which you could have heard a mile away. Determined, strident, metallic, it pierced one's very vitals. The hymn continued, always fortissimo, verse after verse. I did not dare raise my eyes to look at my companions. At the end I felt battered to my soul's recesses. And yet the wonderful results achieved in places like King's School, Budo, show that the East African needs only proper training to love good music and to sing it well.

And finally there are clothes. At some places, they have given up trying to make the natives wear European clothes, because they have realized that their own traditional skin costume is healthier. But in most places, either on the score of health, or usually on the score of propriety, Missions encourage or even insist upon the wearing of European clothes, especially amongst the boys and girls actually in their school. It is unfortunate that these costumes are almost invariably so much less becoming than the old native, traditional clothing, and much less so than they have any need to be. In some cases also, although they cover up all of the body, they often do so in such a way as to reveal or to accentuate the form, thus becoming a good deal more sexually provocative than the old frank semi-nudity.

Then one must say that some missionaries appear to imagine that they should be allowed to enjoy certain privileges denied to other mortals. This is seen especially in their attitude towards work for the benefit of the Mission. At many stations much work is done for the benefit of the Mission station and of the missionaries themselves, by native labor which is definitely underpaid even in relation to the low standard elsewhere prevailing in Africa. Some of this is doubtless given freely and willingly. But there can be little doubt that the prestige of a creed which lays claim to a control over man's eternal fate contributes, consciously or unconsciously, to this result. And in the commandeering of porters or of foodstuffs the missionary will often find that the end justifies the means. In western Uganda I was myself witness of an illuminating incident. The District Commissioner was seeing us off on our way towards the Belgian Congo, when a nice looking native came up and spoke to him. He was complaining of the local Church Missionary Society's Mission. He had been in possession of an island in the lake where he had been growing coffee and bananas. The Mission had then obtained a permit for temporary occupation of this island. They had dispossessed the man and cut down his bananas and were profiting by his coffee plants; but they had up till now refused to pay any compensation to him whatever. So far as I could understand, they were letting the island and the cottage they had built on it to settlers and thereby were making considerable profit, although by the terms of their contract sub-letting was not permitted.

V

There remains the most fundamental question of all—the suitability of Christianity, and the suitability of Mission methods of Christianizing, to the African. Here again, a great deal depends on the particular case. A Martian observer would, I imagine, find an ironical humor in studying some of the more fundamentalist creeds that are being pressed upon the Dark Continent. For after all, if judged by the consensus of educated thought, they are in many respects little more advanced than those they are attempting to oust. We attempt to wean the negro from his addiction to magic and yet allow him to be preached at and converted by people who solemnly believe in prayers for rain, the literal inspiration of the bible, the historical truth of Genesis' account of Creation, and all the rest of it! Over and over again I was warned about the difficulty of introducing biological ideas into native education—because biology implied evolution, and evolution (although admittedly the greatest and most illuminating single new idea which we owe to the nineteenth century) was anathema to large sections of Protestant and Catholic missionaries alike.

I wonder if people of this stamp realize that their ideas seem exactly as barbaric, crude, and wrong to a considerable and influential section of civilized people as do to them the ideas of the primitive tribes among whom they are working? Do they at all grasp that there exists a large and growing body of people, brought up in the new conception of the universe which Science is revealing, familiarized with modern ideas on religion, who find religion a way of life, an attitude of mind, not a body of dogma or a system of salvation, and who believe that religion can live only if it abandons its primitive certitude and learns to change and grow—and that to them the theology which was orthodox up to the late nineteenth century is completely obsolete, as obsolete as feudalism, bows and arrows, or the divine right of kings? I will quote one instance of what I mean. The following extract from a letter was in a copy of *Ruanda Notes*, a Central African missionary journal, which I happened to see. The pious gentleman is describing some of the horrors of a famine. "As I walked down the hill from the hospital my blood boiled because of the cruelty of it all, but the answer came to me. Sin was written across these withered bodies. Satan had dragged them down, and given death and disease as his reward." This is white enlightenment and Christian charity.

Fortunately there is a strong broad-minded minority among the missionaries. But it is beyond dispute that outworn theological prejudice has and still is retarding the enlightenment of Africa, and will continue to do so until the enlightened minority becomes a majority.

Relevant here is the grave question whether conversion may not do as much harm as good. Even if, as undoubtedly often occurs, it helps individuals, it may do social harm by rotting the framework of native tradition and tribal ideas without succeeding in putting anything adequate in its place. This is especially true with the converts of bodies which believe in the efficacy of sudden conversion. For how can you expect a primitive negro mind by a few weeks or months of religious instruction to acquire a complete new background of all the ideas which alone give significance to nominal Christianity? Especially when his old background of ideas has been almost non-existent? Incautious proselytism runs the risk of producing intolerance, disintegration of social solidarity, disrespect for tradition. Administrators and anthropologists can produce scores of instances in which the new ideas have had unfortunate and sometimes entirely unforeseen results.

And then there is the radical difference between the point of view of the missionary and the other white men in the country. This difference often has its admirable side: it is highly important that in a new country there should exist an influential body of men whose attitude is colored neither by the incentive of personal gain nor by the outlook and restrictions of government service. But it has its faults as well as its merits. As illustration, I will content myself by setting down an incident which was narrated to me by a European education officer. A boy at a Government school, a non-Christian, met with a bad accident and was taken, unconscious, to a hospital. There he was seen by a charitable Roman Catholic missionary, and baptized—while still unconscious. He recovered, was informed of his baptism, and came in some perplexity to my informant: was he really a Christian, would he have to go to church, believe all the things the missionaries told him, and behave as they bade under penalty of damnation? His idea seemed to be that having come under the control of the Christian God by the rite of baptism, he would now be subject to that God's power. He was told that as the rite had been administered without his knowledge, he was perfectly free to do as he liked. However, he appeared to feel that some magic compulsion lay upon him, went to church to see what it was like, as he put it, and has thus drifted into Christianity. To the orthodox Catholic the missionary's action seems not only legitimate but highly praiseworthy; it was done to make quite sure that if the boy died his soul might have a chance of being saved. To my informant, on the other hand, it seemed a wholly unfair way of gaining influence over the unprepared mind of a young native.

The view of some of the more liberal of the younger missionaries is that the theological aspect of Christianity should be reduced to a minimum in mission work, and that the stress be laid on its ethical side, and also upon the general raising of the native's standard of life and thought, irrespective of whether he become formally converted or no.

They point, with some reason, to the impossibility of supposing that tribal Africans can be brought at a bound to appreciate in any adequate way the theological elaborations of Christian religious thought—how can they do so, for one thing, through the medium of languages in which words for abstract ideas are sadly lacking? And they object to any such idea as the verbal inspiration of the Bible, preferring with some reason to see in it the history of a religious evolution from a barbaric stage scarcely more advanced than that of many African religions to-day up to a high level of ethical monotheism finally illuminated by the ethical insight of Jesus and his spirit of sacrifice. They are also quite alive to the danger I have already mentioned, of inducing mental and social chaos by insisting on new and unassimilated ideas. They would accordingly do everything in their power to keep as much as possible of customs like initiation which lie at the root of tribal organization and native psychology, of the dances which are the African's most cherished recreation and his chief emotional outlet, of local art and music, crafts and folklore which embody the soul of the people. And they would give the greatest possible autonomy to the local churches as they developed.

With regard to the last point, it is an interesting fact, not perhaps generally known, that the affairs of the Anglican Church in Uganda are looked after by a body on which natives are in a majority, and several cases have occurred in which black opinion has been opposed to white, and has outvoted it. Not long ago, for instance, a proposal was made to put up a stained-glass window in the Cathedral to the memory of Bishop Hannington, who was murdered, forty-five years ago, by the Baganda because he persisted in trying to reach the capital by the forbidden route from the east. The European clergy were almost unanimously in favor of this. But unfortunately the language difficulty cropped up again: the Luganda phrase for *stained-glass window* included a word also used for *graven image*, and as graven images are forbidden in the Old Testament, the proposal was rejected by the black majority, and the subscriptions had to be returned.

Farther to the south in Africa there is a strong movement in favor of an autonomous African Church and it is at least arguable that the best thing for the African will be to let him work out, with large latitude, the types of religion best suited to himself—even should this here and there involve such patriarchal doings, on the whole well suited to African conditions, as the marriage to more than one wife, for instance.

Here again let us remember that there can be no question of shutting off the African from religious progress any more than from economic or intellectual progress. There is, it is true, one region of British Africa (in northern Nigeria) in which Christian missionizing is actually prohibited, under the treaty by which the country was taken into the Empire, but this is already under the sway of an advanced religion—Islam. In regions where the original primitive religions still prevail we can no more suppose or hope that the people will cling to their primeval crude beliefs than to their illiteracy or their unsanitary huts or inefficient methods of agriculture. Progress in any one department of life will react on the rest.

If Christian ethics, humanist ideals, and non-sectarian services and beliefs, based on some simple monotheist creed, could be universally given in government schools, it might be that the African would build up for himself a Christianity so highly modified as to be a new religion. Meanwhile, however, the choice lies between educated paganism, Christianity, and Islam. Educated paganism may become a force to reckon with in East Africa; at the moment it is negligible. There remain the two Western world-religions. There are a great many people who stoutly maintain that Mohammedanism is the best religion for the African, that it encourages in him greater stability, more self-respect as well as more respect for authority, less restlessness and less hypocrisy than does conversion to Christianity.

It would seem that there is something in this. And yet it is very difficult to believe that in the long run Islam would be better for Africa than some form of Christianity. Wherever Islam has made headway in Africa it has led to a definite and real progress; true, but to a progress which has then been arrested. This seems to be the all but universal opinion of those in a position to judge. It takes the pagan so far and no farther.

This is doubtless due to the fact that the profession of Islam, in practice if not in theory, means chiefly the keeping of certain rules, the practice of certain ritual observances, the recitation of certain words; while Christianity, even in cases where it is strictest in the matter of rules of life, ritual, or credal efficacy, does invariably insist on the importance of the inner life and of high standards in regard to it. The standards of Christianity are often described as impracticable and impossible, leading inevitably to hypocrisy or a divorce between precept and practice. This may be true in its degree, yet it seems undoubted that it is the very impossibility for the Christian of living up to the standards of his religion which has given Christianity its real vitality. It is impossible to live up to any standard of perfection, whether in matters intellectual or artistic as much as in ethics. But the fact that it is cherished impels to further effort.

Belief in the efficacy of external things, be they words or deeds, on the other hand, of a practicable instead of an impracticable standard, will tend to moral and intellectual stagnation. It may, if the prescribed rules be well chosen, help markedly at first towards a raising of level of life and an increase of self-respect; but after a time this will almost inevitably cease.

As between Islam and Christianity, then, it would seem that although Islam may secure greater immediate progress, the improvements due to Christianity are likely to be in the long run more considerable and more continuous. If we desire a progressive development for the African native, we are more likely to get it through Christianity than by either encouraging Islam or safeguarding paganism. But we should attempt to make the Christianizing process a gradual one, and to temper it with that combination of science and humanism which is the new spirit of the post-war age, and may one day form the basis of some religion as yet unborn.

VI

And our conclusions? It is no good merely reciting merits and faults, apportioning praise or blame. The Missions exist, firmly rooted, in Africa; they are a part of its system. The most bitter opponent of Missions could not seriously suggest abolishing them, for he must know this would be wholly impossible. But their most enthusiastic adherent should agree that they ought not to lay claim to any privileged position, and should guard against developing too solid vested interests; and he would probably agree also that the system had many faults.

The chief remedy, as it seems to me,

is to take the Missions more seriously, as an integral part of white activity in the tropics, not merely as evangelizing agencies to be tolerated by an embarrassed administration, nor as organizations to be utilized, because they happen to be there, by education departments in a hurry, or as bodies whose medical activities present ways of saving expense in the budgets of the Department of Medicine and Public Health. They are *de facto* a Third Estate of the realm in almost all African territories; let us recognize and regularize the condition.

What would such recognition mean? It would mean that the relation of the Missions to the state and the government would become regularized in regard to all their activities, as has already been done with their educational work. Their present complete or almost complete freedom would be diminished, but in return their role as co-partners with Government in the development of the natives would be enhanced.

But even if this proposal, which doubtless savors of Erastianism, were not acceptable, much could still be done. Perhaps the Missions will not become more closely linked with government departments. Even so, now that stable and efficient governments with a continuous policy have been set up, the recognition by the governments of the Missions' value to the country and of their right to continue their work there involves certain corresponding recognitions from the missionary bodies.

And by far the most important of these is the recognition that, since to be a missionary in a primitive and changing country is a great responsibility, a definite and high standard should be demanded from would-be workers in this field, just as it is from candidates for the administration, the agricultural service, or any other government department.

A missionary in Africa is a man who sets out to remold the immemorial life of whole peoples. He sets out to convert them to a new religion, to alter their morals, their social customs, to educate their children in a radically new way, to teach them new ways of doing old things, and things which are new altogether, to cure their diseases and make them live healthier lives. Now this is a very responsible, not to say a ticklish job to undertake. And one surely has a right to demand that the men who intend to undertake it shall submit themselves to as definite training to prepare themselves for it as do candidates for any other professional career.

Missionaries who intend to take up highly specialized careers like medical work or advanced teaching will obviously need specialized preparation: but I am speaking of the rank and file who, like the administrator, will be concerned with all the aspects of native life. Their own religious bodies will demand that they receive a specialized religious preparation; practical needs will see to it that they learn the language of the country once they get there. But is it too much to ask that they should prepare themselves beforehand by passing courses in the history and geography of the country where they intend to go; in psychology, if possible in science, notably as regards elementary physiology and the biology of reproduction and sex, and very definitely in social anthropology so that they may understand the meaning and value of the institutions and beliefs they are setting out to alter? I do not think that it is. And governments of African territories could ensure its being done by giving notice that after the lapse of a certain time, missionaries would be allowed to enter the country only if they could produce a certificate showing they had passed through such a course of training.

And many of the Missions themselves, it seems, would be quite likely to agree. At least, a beginning has been made. I have spoken of the courses organized by the Protestant Missions in conjunction with the British Social Hygiene Council for missionary workers in the tropics. And they have proved so successful that it is proposed to hold them annually and to enlarge them as much as possible.

It is a notable step, and one symptomatic of the spirit of progress now to be found in almost all the more active missionary bodies. The only difficulty is that Missions are primarily dependent upon voluntary subscriptions, and that it is apparently much harder to get contributions for the slow work of what I may call anthropological missionizing than for the more spectacular business of quantitative conversion. We can only hope that this will change as the increase of public enlightenment grows at home.

The missionary spirit is a vital thing, productive of much self-sacrificing activity, much potential good to the world. The problem is how to harness it to best effect for the good of the world—in our particular case, for the good of Africa.

At the moment there is one great source of wasted energy. Many people with the missionary spirit do not belong to any Church; as a result there is at present no outlet in the missionary field for their enthusiasm. If it were possible to organize a non-sectarian mission, a large new supply of energy and devotion would be put at the service of native peoples. Such a body, though non-sectarian, would have a truly religious aim—to work so that Africa-to-be would enjoy more life, better and richer life, and enjoy it more abundantly.

But even without such dreams, much can be done. And it would seem that the most important things which the missionary spirit could do at the moment are to co-operate to the utmost with Governments in the general task of native development, even if this means sacrificing some of its independence; and still more, to submit itself to discipline and training, thorough and scientific, for the work it wants to carry out.

◆

THE SURVIVAL OF THE CUTEST

BY PHILIP CURTISS

I HAVE just been reading a book which at first interested me, then enthralled me, but finally caused me to hurl it in deep disgust clear across the room.

It was the autobiography of a moderately well known man of science, an enthusiastic, riotous soul who had not only led a broad, vigorous life himself but had a remarkable ability to seize and satirize the weaknesses of others. It was a masculine book, a strong, hearty book—in fact, just the kind of volume to enjoy on a winter evening in a mountain farmhouse. For eight or ten chapters it moved swiftly all over the world, giving clear, witty pictures of real events and of actual people until suddenly—about Chapter XII—I began to perceive a familiar note. In amazement I looked back, and then I looked forward, unable to believe my eyes. Yet it was true and would continue to be true at intervals all through the volume. This man, of all men in the world, had suddenly decided to be cutey-cutey.

"Cutey-cutey" is perhaps a very inexact word, but it happens to be the term used in my own household to describe an otherwise sane and mature individual who tries to be whimsical, mystic, pixie, or fantastic but really succeeds in only being slobbery. To illustrate what I mean, the following fictitious case would be an example:

You are reading, we will say, the life story of the engineer who built the Erie Canal, who restored the Parthenon, or, if you prefer, the man who first isolated hydrogen. With tremendous, vicarious thrill, you learn how our hero was graduated from Lehigh University, how he got his first job in the steel mills, how he stumbled on to the idea of his great life work and how he overcame his successive difficulties. With intense sympathy you see him conquer labor troubles, down political intrigue and, when all seems lost, you give a cheer for that lucky, chance meeting with Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Then comes that awful, that disgusting, that disillusioning Chapter XII. The Erie Canal is almost completed, or the Parthenon is about to be presented to the nation, or the first load of blue-rock hydrogen is ready for the rails. Lighting his pipe, our hero steps out of his blue-print shack one moonlit evening and walks forth to survey the result of his labors. Over his head tower the derricks and winches. On his right looms the great mass of earth that was hauled from the river bottom. With perfect justification, our hero takes out his pipe, regards his work and says to himself, "This is *good!*"

Then slowly he is conscious of a "voice" or a "presence," or whatever silly thing the autobiographer chooses to call it.

"Who are you?" says the engineer, or the scientist, or the Parthenon-cleaner.

"I, little man," says the voice, "am

the spirit of the Erie Canal. Thinkest thou that thou hast done this—these beams of steel, these currents of living water, these piles of soil torn from the bosom of Mother Earth? No, little man, it is I who have done this, I, who watched over Cheops as he built the pyramids, I, who toiled with Hannibal's army through the passes of the impenetrable Alps, I, who, when thou art but a molecule sucked back into cosmos, will still help poor, struggling little men to conquer the moon and the stars."

And this is exactly the point at which the story of John Smith, Empire Builder, leaves my hand and goes hurtling across the room. For, says my first reaction, if he can be guilty of all this hooey in Chapter Twelve, how much of the rest of his story can I believe?

Now fundamentally I should have no real quarrel with great engineers and scientists for dipping occasionally into this kind of vice. If a man can really build the Erie Canal or restore the Parthenon he surely is entitled to take a night off now and then and talk like the Little Art Players. My real objection lies in the fact that I do not believe that great engineers and scientists and scholars and painters do this sort of thing because they actually like it. They do it because, after a lifetime of specialized work in other fields, they are writing their first general book and in their intense anxiety to be "literary men" they fall into the common error of supposing that "great literature" or "impassioned poetry" consists largely in reducing one's self to the mental level of Goldilocks and The Three Bears.

Much worse is the fact that many other persons besides engineers apparently believe the same thing. Let a man write a novel, play, or poem in clear, accurate English, expressing clear, accurate thought, and his work is dismissed in a paragraph as a trivial thing; but let him cloud his meaning in obscure, tortured language and infantile symbolism, let him say "a man-child" for "a boy," "the eyes of her" for "her eyes," and "the town that is Manhattan" for "New York"—let him, in short, throw his mind into a sort of feminine catalepsy and burble incoherently in archaic terms, and someone is sure to hail him as "a master of magic prose." As a matter of fact, he is a master of nothing except the art of making an ass of himself, of being cutey-cutey. He is, in brief, doing just what other misguided adults do when they lean down to children, say "Wellums, wellums," and conduct the rest of the conversation in broken English. So long, however, have both customs been allowed to continue that American readers, like American children, have never quite dared to obey their real instincts and give their tormentors a good kick in the shins.

Then, again, this folklore business—isn't nine-tenths of it just cutey-cuteyism? "Uri the hunter took him his bow and went forth to shoot the gray deer. 'O spirit of Mamwi, O spirit of the forest that dwells in the roebuck—'" and so on and so on, obviously *ad nauseam.* Now undoubtedly some prehistoric Uri did shoot some form of roebuck—that was his business—but what he probably said was, in early Siwash, "For the love of Mike, ain't I never going to get a good shot?"

As for the later folklore of our American countryside, for some of us who have spent most of our lives in rural America there has never been a truer, more perceptive picture than that contained in honest, old, half-forgotten *David Harum.* That was a book that would have been just as comprehensible to the first John Adams as it was to our fathers thirty years ago and should be to us to-day; but because it is clear and simple, because it is accurate and original, and above all because it is witty, *David Harum* is dismissed as merely the first of the modern best-sellers, while "literary art" seeks its champions among whining, effeminate stories in which, "Obed, returning from town that day, cast his soul-sick body upon the gray pasture, his fingers reaching sensuously into the earth itself, as if from that bit of mountainside he could gain all that life had denied him." If that is literature or if that is rural North America, Henry David Thoreau lived in vain.

If, however, you wish to see cutey-cuteyism in its most awful possibilities, you must leave printed literature for a moment and seek the concert stage; and if anyone (incomprehensible thought) has disagreed with me up to this point, my arms are now open for his return. For is there a living soul who can, without horror and repugnance, call to mind the typical song that is given as an encore at an afternoon recital?

Picture the moment. The guest contralto has just finished the aria from "Samson and Delilah." It has been a good song, well sung. The audience is naturally enthusiastic, so back comes the big-chested lady in a storm of applause. After grand opera she has wisely calculated that, for an encore, she should give something "light and humorous." All right—an excellent idea. Why not sing "Casey Jones"? But not at all. Drawing a long breath and assuming a coy, set smile, the singer trills, "Oooh, in the Maying time, lightly goes my laddie-O!" In contemplating this scene is it not to the credit of most Americans that, by common report, they detest "good music"?

Now, again, if there were any evidence that this sort of thing were fundamental in the American people there would be nothing to say. Conscientious objectors like myself could merely pack up and seek life anew in a brighter land. There is, however, no evidence of the sort. The evidence, indeed, is all to the contrary. If our scientist, for example, should actually *talk* the way that he wrote in his sentimental nightmare, every man in the room would get up and walk out. If Uri the hunter should appear at a meeting of the folklore society most of those present would call for the police.

No, the truth would seem to be that in literature, as in other forms of art, a great part of the world will accept any label—"This Is Literature," "This Is Art." The great pity is that, at the present time, the labels seem to be founded on such an incredibly juvenile ideal. An earnest and otherwise quite intelligent lady once informed me that Thackeray "had no imagination"—Thackeray, who created Rawdon Crawley and made him grow older without a single slip in actuality over a long period of years. To her, as I learned, "imagination" meant merely the ability to write about "werewolves" and "the northwind"—in other words, to be cutey-cutey in what, at that moment, happened to be the conventional way. She could never have been convinced that the true characteristic of most mystic, symbolic, and sentimentalized writing is that it requires no imagination whatsoever. Read Goldilocks, throw in a dash of late middle-English, and any bungler is ready to take the field.

BENITO MUSSOLINI

A PORTRAIT

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

POOR Democracy! The Radicals abuse it. The Conservatives abuse it. It does too little. It does too much. The economists dissect it, dissolve it, reduce it to terms below nothing. The columnists and cartoonists make rhymes and ribald drawings on it. And, worst of all, the great, grave statesmen, who should be its most superb illustrators and exponents, toil day and night their very best to make it more ridiculous. Who can blame Lenin in Russia and Mussolini in Italy for condemning it and spurning it like a dog that has had its day? And Mussolini cries out, "Democracy has taken 'style' out of the life of the people; Fascism has put back 'style' into the life of the people; that is, color, force, the picturesque, the unexpected, the mystical; in short, everything which counts in the soul of the multitude." Or again, "I am a spirit too aristocratic not to feel disgust with the low trickery of the Parliamentary kitchen."

Benito Mussolini was born in the Romagna on July 29, 1883. His father was a sturdy blacksmith, and the boy had a rough and vigorous practical bringing up. But the father had also political interests, and the devoted mother was a teacher, so Benito had intellectual education as well as practical, and profited by it. He was a teacher himself for a time; but the natural instinct for manipulating words and for manipulating souls drew him into journalism, and he led a stormy youthful life in the ranks of the extreme Socialists. Conflict with the authorities drove him into Switzerland, where he passed some vagrant and bohemian years. In 1904 he returned to Italy and became one of the editors of the Socialist paper, *Avanti*, in which he wrote vigorous and stirring articles. When the Great War came, in 1914, and the Socialists split into Nationalist and Anti-Nationalist factions, Mussolini stood for Italy, quarreled with his associates, and set up his own paper, *Popolo d'Italia*, with an energetic outcry for intervention on the side of the Allies. He himself served in the ranks until he was severely wounded. Then he returned to his fighting with the pen. After the War he became thoroughly disgusted with the weakness of the Parliamentary regime and the lawlessness of the Radicals, and gradually he stood forward as the leader of the Fascisti, a sort of vigilance committee, who met revolutionary violence with decidedly rough and ready methods. Fascism spread all over Italy, in the desperate need of some sort of orderly government, and Mussolini more and more emerged as the head of it. In 1922 he persuaded or forced the King to accept him as nominal prime minister and practically absolute dictator and ruler over all Italy. Such he has remained and, being only forty-seven years old, seems likely to remain for a good many years to come.

As with Lenin, and indeed with all these great men of action, one is tempted to ask oneself first of all, what was the fundamental impulse, the driving motive force, at the back of this astonishing career. Again, as with Lenin, and in so many similar cases, the Duce's friends and admirers insist that he is not ambitious, that he wants nothing, seeks nothing for himself, but is first, last, and always animated by a zeal for the good of humanity and, in particular, for the advancement of his country. Mussolini himself frequently urges the same view, and over and over again, everywhere, he identifies himself with, merges himself in, the grandeur and the glory of Italy.

But the story is an old one, and history has had occasion to retell it a thousand times. You identify yourself with a great cause till you cannot tell what is the cause and what is yourself. You are ready to sacrifice everything for it, yet in the end somehow the cause and your own glory and distinction cannot be torn apart. It is evident that from boyhood this man had an intense, an overmastering, a dominating personality; and such a personality asserts itself somehow, cannot live without such assertion.

He was born, above all, with the restless, irresistible instinct for action, to be doing something and, more than that, to be doing something that would make him feel his grip on men, make them feel it, to wrest the world ever so little from its normal hideous course and make it aware that the wresting had been done by Benito Mussolini. Never for one instant was there conscious intention of doing evil for his own glorification. The welfare of humanity was an enormous, untilled field for the exercise of his magnificent gifts, and the extent of his beneficence was to be always the measure of his power. In this sense the thirst for power is excusably inexhaustible, it being assumed of course that the intelligence which guides it is as infallible as the power is limitless.

With the intense and constant joy in action is naturally connected, in Mussolini, as in Lenin, a supreme self-confidence which is bewildering to those whom Providence has mainly endowed with self-distrust. To a spirit like Mussolini's there is an exuberant delight in making difficult, critical decisions. It is not merely the possession of power, it is the passionate assertion and exertion of power that stamp you as being alive.

With the making of decisions goes the acceptance of responsibility, for the lives of others, perhaps for millions of others. Mussolini understands the burden, he feels the dangers that go with it. But, as Mr. Child says, "he takes responsibility for everything—for discipline, for censorship, for measures which, were less rigor required, would appear repressive and cruel. 'Mine!' says he, and stands or falls on that."

And it is fascinating to observe—again as with Lenin—how intimately, inextricably, the personal eagerness and delight are intertwined with the Ideal, so that the actor may honestly persuade himself that the Ideal is all and self nothing. In Mussolini's way of putting it, "I ask nothing for myself, nor for mine; no material goods, no honors, no testimonials, no resolutions of approval which presume to consecrate me to History. My objective is simple: I want to make Italy great, respected, and feared; I want to render my nation worthy of her noble and ancient traditions."

What differentiates Mussolini somewhat from Lenin is the greater emphasis on the human will as an instrument in accomplishing these things. Perhaps he learned this emphasis from such teachers as William James, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche. It was more likely born in him. "Life," he says, "for me is a battle, it is taking risks and enduring with tireless pertinacity." Will can make over the world, if you only see what you want and go after it with a persistence and a courage that nothing can shake or break. And he squared his solid shoulders, set that stern, imposing jaw, clenched his fists, and made the world feel what he was.

II

When we have established in Mussolini the thirst for power, it is profoundly interesting to watch his acquisition of it, which may seem in part fortuitous, but yet shows the deeper elements of determined will and strenuous effort guiding and molding all through.

In those early years of struggle, when he was fighting solitude, fighting poverty, often fighting sickness, but always fighting, he was gradually gaining influence over the human souls about him, that influence which was the abiding need of his temperament and the crowning gift of his spirit. In the early days the influence was radical in the extreme. Capital was accursed, the State was the enemy of everybody. And the enthusiastic preacher was in prison as often as was St. Paul. Gradually the emphasis shifted. The radicalism faded into socialism, of a more and more conservative order, and this gave place to a nationalism which was centered and merged in the greatness of Italy.

Naturally, such political acrobatics caused some astonishment at the time and have caused a good deal of criticism since. The Duce's enemies insist that his only sincere political belief is the belief in himself and the theory that he holds through thick and thin is the theory of his own advancement. His friends, and he himself more energetically than any of them, urge that he has not changed one jot in his essential aim, which is always and unchangingly the welfare of humanity, and particularly the welfare of Italy. He sees this welfare from different angles, with changing conditions and circumstances, and shapes his course accordingly. Critics call him an Opportunist, as they do Lenin. But a far better word for Mussolini, as for Lenin, is Vitalist; and the Italian, like the Russian, is always insisting upon the overmastering importance of life. It is life that makes theory, not theory that makes life. Theory is well enough for spectacled professors. The statesman, if he is to keep his grip on men's hearts, must cling close to life, must study it, keep in intimate touch with it, and mold his course by it always: "It is necessary to have one's mind attuned to change."

This development, this growth, this vitalism are everywhere apparent through the days of Mussolini's War interest and activity. Daily he is adapting himself to circumstances, as he sees them, throwing aside old dogmas and conceptions, like worn-out shoes, seeking on all sides for some new solid ground to tread on, some firm leverage on which to base the instrument of his magnificent will which he is sure can make the world all over new. Then he hit upon the theory of Fascism (a system of groups, named from the old Roman *fasces*, which were borne symbolically before the high magistrates), in itself just suiting him because it was a development, not a theory; he made it his own, and to this day claims the creatorship of it, for good or evil: "This historical, political, and moral agency is something I have created by a propaganda which runs from the days of intervention until now."

From the elementary groups, banded

together locally, Fascism extended in a vast organization all over Italy. No doubt its purpose and action at first were largely negative, that is, directed to the suppression of radical and anarchical disorder and violence, which had become alarmingly prevalent immediately after the War. Also, the methods and especially the agents of Fascism were often as violent, as brutal, and as lawless as the agitators they were claiming to repress. Shocking stories are told of Fascist outrages, and Mussolini frankly and repeatedly admits the use of force, and even glories in it, being influenced by the somewhat academic raptures of his teacher, Georges Sorel. Only he is careful to distinguish between wanton, unjustifiable violence and that which is properly employed for lofty objects: "Not a petty, sporadic, individual violence, which is barren and unprofitable, but the grand, the beautiful, the inexorable violence of the hours that are decisive." To the victims of Fascist brutality these distinctions may seem somewhat finespun.

But unquestionably, in Mussolini's mind the negative side of his great movement was unimportant. What really counted was the unity, the greatness, the spiritual significance of Italy, and the effort to impress it on every living Italian everywhere. The Fascist movement has given rise to a cloud of speculative writers, whose elaborate and often contradictory theorizing can be curiously studied in the pages of Schneider's illuminating work. But the central element of that movement is undoubtedly Mussolini himself. It is his eloquence, his enthusiasm, his passionate will which give it vitality and significance.

Thus the supreme hour in the career of the blacksmith's son was that in which, after all the clatter and shift of falling ministries, there came the King's definite telegram, asking him to assume the post of prime minister, with the ensuing march to Rome in the autumn of 1922 at the head of his legions of black-shirted young warriors. After such a dramatic crisis and triumph, who can wonder at the vastness and the splendor of the nationalistic dreams which keep recurring in the midst of the sharp, incisive vigor of his speech: "I who have the pulse of the Nation under my fingers, and diligently count the beats of it . . . I cherish more than a hope in my spirit, a supreme certainty, and it is this: that by the efforts of its chiefs, by the will of its people, by the sacrifices of generations past and those to come, Imperial Italy, the Italy of our dreams, will become the reality of our to-morrow."

III

Thus we see Mussolini, in 1922, in possession of the supreme power, and practically the absolute ruler of all Italians. We naturally ask ourselves, what use has he made of this power in the years since he has had it? As to the actual results of his government it is extraordinarily difficult to arrive at satisfactory conclusions. There is plenty of evidence, but unfortunately the evidence is completely contradictory according to the source from which it comes. If you ask the Duce's friends and supporters, you will hear that Italy has been made over, rejuvenated from top to bottom, not only in fact, but still more in spirit. On the other hand, keen and observing critics, who at any rate profess to be impartial, discount these claims very largely, and assert that underneath the surface harmony, produced and maintained by tyrannical repression, there is a seething caldron of dissatisfaction and discontent.

When we come to investigate, not what has actually been done, but what Mussolini is aiming at and what he himself asserts and perhaps believes he has achieved, the task is easier, for it is largely a matter of printed words. As regards internal conditions, he insists on the establishment of order as the prime necessity. Men must live according to law and respect it if they are going to live together profitably at all. He insists on work. He wants no idlers, no dawdlers, no parasites, and he has got rid of them with an amazing fearlessness and an amazing efficiency. He aims to bring industry to the highest point of production and usefulness, and he has framed a complicated system of industrial regulations which at least purports to dispose of labor troubles forever, though here again the critics carp. Finance has been handled with the same quick, sharp, arbitrary methods of decision, though once more, according to the carpers, with the same ineffectiveness. Finally, as any such thorough-going reform must depend largely upon future generations, the dictator has gone straight at these by a radical reform of education. As in Russia, the future empire must be founded chiefly and solidly upon the ideas that are now being instilled into the boys and girls. And in general, it may be said that if edicts and proscriptions could make a well-governed country, Italy, like Russia, would be a paradise. Some persons, not usually the same, insist that they both are so.

Nor is Mussolini interested in the improvement of internal conditions only. He cares as much, perhaps even more, for raising the status of Italy as a nation. Like many Italians, he is bitterly sensitive to the fact that his country was once the seat of the greatest empire in the world but for the last thousand years has been regarded politically with indifference, if not with contempt. He wants to make it once more an object of respect and fear, at least of serious consideration.

The first aid to this end is an increase in numbers. The Duce wants to raise the birth rate by every possible means. He is strongly opposed to emigration to other countries and endeavors to keep his control, both financial and military, over Italians who have emigrated, carrying this so far as to arouse anxiety and mistrust elsewhere, especially in the United States. He wants to establish colonies and fill them with devoted Italians. For this purpose he wants control of the Mediterranean, and he intrigues busily among all the growing, shifting peoples who touch the Mediterranean shores. His dream is of a vigorous, united, encroaching, dominating Italy which shall renew something—who can tell how much?—of the imperial grandeur of Rome. One of the chief instruments of this imperial development he finds in the possibilities of the Catholic Church. In his early radical years he was the bitter enemy of the Church and apparently of God also. But this, like many other childish ideas, he put gaily behind him. The superb political organization of the Church and its hold upon Catholics all over the world make it the most magnificent agency for universal domination. Consequently, Mussolini has bargained with it by making civil sacrifices which would lead Cavour and Crispi to turn in their graves. Everything for a greater Italy, everything to revive the vanished glory of the old Roman past—"I am desperately Italian. I believe in the function of Latinity."

Naturally, when you dream such dreams, you dream of the means of executing them; and Mussolini is a man of means even more than of ends. Whatever the object may be, it is certain that he has built up a magnificent army, that he has developed the Italian fleet far beyond anything before imagined, especially in the more modern branches, and that above all he has given constant attention to the control of the air. And all these agencies are developed openly and confessedly with a view to possible fighting. Mussolini occasionally pays his respects to peace, treats it with lovely deference as a remote ideal. But to him this world is a place of struggle and warfare, always will be and must be, and the prizes and the supremacy and even the peace and comfort are the possession of those only who have earned them by being ready to fight. "Always it is the musket that wins." "I want to make of you a nation of warriors."

Mussolini's methods of achieving internal and domestic reform are somewhat less sensational and are certainly more constructive and appealing. The two words that he uses most frequently, in fact repeats over and over, are *discipline* and *obedience*, words not very popular in the twentieth century and certainly not in America. Mussolini's critics insist that discipline means a harsh and cruel repression, the absolute forbidding of free speech, the intimidation of free thought, and the exile or maltreatment of those who indulge in it. But some beneficial effects of the discipline are undeniable, and it must be recognized that in the Duce's intention, at any rate, discipline is far more than repression; it is a vital, dynamic inspiration for making over life: "I have not confined myself to giving merely an outward veneer or contour to Italian life; I wished to influence the very depths of its spirit."

An interesting example of this spiritual vivification is Mussolini's treatment of the subject of class hostility. When one is sick and weary of Marx's and Lenin's reiteration of the bitterness of class hatred and the impossibility of class harmony, it is comforting to find Mussolini insisting on co-ordination and co-operation. There are no classes, there are simply human beings, men and women. We should struggle to break down barriers instead of building them up, to bring human souls together by making them understand instead of hate one another. Surely there is something magnificent in the Duce's own dream of what he has accomplished, even if the dream goes far beyond the reality: "From petty discords and quarrels of holiday and Sunday frequency, from many-colored political partisanships, from peasant strifes, from bloody struggles, from the insincerity and duplicity of the press; from parliamentary battles and maneuvers, from the vicissitudes of representative lobbies, from hateful and useless debates and snarling talk, we finally climbed up to the plane of a unified nation, to a powerful harmony —dominated, inspired, and spiritualized by Fascism. That is not my judgment, but that of the world."

IV

Now as to the instruments which Mussolini used to establish and consolidate his power, the men and women over whom he rules and without whom his dominion would be insignificant and meaningless.

Though the Duce even yet is far from an old man, few have had a vaster or more varied acquaintance with human life. His journalistic experience, his vagrant political wanderings, his army adventures, all have taken him into different spheres of human activity, and in all of them his observation has been acute and his interest unfailing. For a ruler of men nothing is more important than to understand them.

It is curious that, as with Lenin, who also professed to be a great benefactor, the result of Mussolini's observations appears to be anything but favorable. He is interested in men and women.

He may perhaps say that he loves them. But it does not appear that he has a very high opinion of them. It is the old story of the idealist who expects so much that he is disappointed when he finds comparatively little.

But men may be pitied even if they cannot be admired. They can always be helped and, above all, they can be used, especially by means of the very weaknesses which the shrewd observer notes so keenly. Early and late Mussolini set himself to use great and little, strong and weak alike, and to adapt them with cunning and persistent ingenuity to his purposes. As the years went on he gradually established a vast hold upon the Italian masses. He did this first by his writing, which was sometimes violent and highly colored, but almost always acute, forcible, calculated to touch just the points that would appeal to those whom he desired to reach. When it came to stirring the people by word of mouth his power was even more manifest. In a sense he is not a great, showy orator, a Daniel Webster, or a Burke. He has no swelling periods or resonant phrases. But he has sharp, strong, hammered sentences that strike home. What has especially interested me is that I find his speeches self-revealing. Generally oratory is barren, arid for the psychographer. But I have got more significant material from Mussolini's speeches than from almost anything else. I can understand how he sways multitudes when I feel how he sways me.

And if he has power over masses of men, his power over individuals is equal and unquestionable. Sometimes he controls them by mere force and authority, with a dominating egotism which seems like bullying. Again, he can be persuasive, winning, almost wooing when he wills. And by all these devices, by every method of attaching and attracting and subduing, he succeeds in securing an unbounded and undying devotion, as an enthusiastic admirer puts it, "that instinctive desire to obey and serve which is so remote from servility, which is, indeed, one of the loftiest and most sacred of human instincts. It has in it a religious element."

Naturally the most interesting and puzzling of Mussolini's human political relations is that with his sovereign. But it is extremely difficult to get at the facts. One set of observers insists that the minister really feels the respect and deference which he professes. Another set urges the precise opposite. In any case, it seems probable that Victor Emmanuel, who has all the discreet intelligence of his ancient house, thinks a good many things about his great minister that he does not say.

Clearly there are individuals whom Mussolini can neither conciliate nor dominate. He has enemies and bitter ones, who have to be disposed of somehow. If you accept his own version of the matter, he is extraordinarily gentle and lenient. The accounts and comments of the enemies are not quite so favorable. At any rate, it is not denied that those who oppose the dictator's plans and wishes are driven out of the country, when they are not imprisoned or actually maltreated. And Mussolini himself repeatedly proclaims his contempt for the Christian doctrine of loving our enemies: "We must do all the good we can to our friends and all the harm possible to our foes."

An even more interesting point in this human connection is, how far Mussolini depends upon and uses others for advice and assistance and suggestion. Here again, if you listen to him, you will survey him in a proud and quite uncompanioned isolation: "Now long-continued experience is there to prove that I am a person absolutely refractory to pressure of any nature whatever. My decisions often mature by night, in the solitude of my spirit and in the solitude of my life, which is almost arid from its extreme unsociability." Others, some others, take a different view, and at least one observer, who has studied the dictator fairly closely, insists that his power is in his execution and in stern, persistent will, rather than in the initiation of ideas, and that for his system, or rather very varying systems, of policy, he is indebted to the wiser and shrewder heads about him.

If this is the case, he is extraordinarily skilful in concealing it, and indeed the same observer points out that in making use of the ideas of others Mussolini first tests them with extreme care and then manages to engross them entirely to himself, taking pains to see that the silence of the adviser is suitably rewarded. The constantly and undeniably impressive thing is this engrossment, whatever may be behind it. All that happens, happens by the will of Mussolini. The responsibility, the burden, the power—and the glory—are his: "There is to be no discussion whatever as to internal politics. What is done is done by my precise and direct will and under my definite orders, for which the sole and entire responsibility is mine." Which would seem to turn the common run of us into pawns and counters.

V

But no life, not even Mussolini's, can be all power, whether power of brains or power of hand, whether power of rule or power of money. There must be some diversion, distraction, repose. Yet it seems as if Mussolini's life has about as little as possible of these things.

He himself tells us that he was a wayward, solitary, and violent child; and no one seems disposed to contradict him. There is little evidence that the joyous, care-free sports and amusements of boyhood ever meant much to him. His relations with women seem to be among the things that the Duce takes pains to have covered up, which makes one imagine that they might be interesting and instructive. It is remarkable how lightly the official biographers pass over all family matters. Mussolini himself tells us that his family "always has represented to me an oasis of security and refreshing calm." But it would appear that these were not things of any particular importance.

On one point Mussolini, like Lenin, has the solid testimony of enemies and friends alike: he is indifferent and wholly incorruptible in the matter of money. More or less plausible charges of graft and thievery are brought, as in Russia, against minor agents. But the great protagonist is thinking of something vaster than mere sordid financial acquisition. He is indifferent to food, indifferent to drink, indifferent to mere elegancies of living. The compliments which he is so ready to pay himself would perhaps come with a better grace from someone else—"Nobody has ever denied that I am possessed of these three qualities: a discreet intelligence, a lot of courage, and an utter contempt for the lure of money"—but it is universally admitted that they are deserved.

As to general human relations, there is very little sign of pure pleasure in them. Everyone seems struck with the singular isolation of the man. He has no friends, and what is still more singular, he wants none. He does not seek even human relaxation. Sports he cultivates and approves because they mean bodily vigor. He likes to fence, to drive a car, to fly. But amusements as such he rejects with almost Puritanic austerity: "I do not drink, I do not smoke, and I am not interested in cards or games. I pity those who lose time and money, and sometimes all of life itself in the frenzy of games." One cannot imagine him in really genial, careless, oblivious chat, though it is said that he does sometimes abandon himself to play with children. Nor is it conceivable that he should have a sweet and sunny humor, though mockery and bitter satire seem to be at his command when he chooses.

As to intellectual life and interests, if you accept his own statement, his reading is vast and his acquaintance with all aspects of thought solid and broad, though at the same time he assures us that, "For myself, I have used only one big book. For myself, I have had only one great teacher. The book is life—lived. The teacher is day-by-day experience." He gives us a lengthy list of authors who have enlightened, if not influenced him. But it may be questioned how thoroughly he has mastered these authors, or any others. Action is his existence; and those who love thought only for its bearing on action are not likely to probe it to its most seductive depths.

Nor would it appear that Mussolini's emotional life is much more substantial than the intellectual, that is from the interior point of view. One element of the æsthetic does seem to afford him more relaxation than anything else, that is, music. He loves his violin and, though even he does not claim that he is a master of the instrument, he finds it a relief for his feelings and a resource in his difficulties. Also, there are a good many scattered touches which seem to show a sensitive, if not an abiding appreciation of natural beauty. And the same sensitiveness shows in the regard for animals, whether lions or cats, which seems to have elements of real tenderness as well as of bravado.

Mussolini's religion has the same strains of complexity as his other emotional interests. I will not guarantee the outcry of his youth, in which he rivaled the performances of Mr. Sinclair Lewis: "Fellow-workers, if within five minutes God does not strike me down, I have demonstrated to you that he does not exist." But there seems to be little doubt as to the aggressive irreligion of this early period. Yet all the while there is a suggestion of mysticism, of an uneasy consciousness of elusive possibilities, which makes the inconsistency of accepting and supporting the Church a little less difficult and inexplicable than some of the Duce's inconsistencies.

VI

But God is in the other world. In this world is Mussolini and Mussolini is almost the whole of it. The interesting question is, how intensely and keenly does he relish and enjoy the possession of power?

If you believe his friends and followers, you will assume that, like Lenin, he is really indifferent to all the show and parade, dislikes it, avoids it, shuns it. It is said that if he has to appear in public he effaces himself, puts others forward, lets kings and ministers and soldiers have the prominent position, and is himself content with being useful. Just so it was said that Napoleon detested public ceremonies. Just so the same Napoleon dressed his marshals in gold and feathers and he himself rode obscurely in the midst of the glittering crowd, a little man, in an old military coat. All of which only made the little man more conspicuous and impressive.

Even in Signora Sarfatti's eulogistic biography the deeper tendency and instinct peers out. Less friendly but very acute observers, numbers of them, insist that the Duce is far from being averse to publicity in its crudest forms, even that he gives a good deal of thought to it. He is said to like resplendent uniforms and to appear constantly in new ones; and no movie star is more joyously responsive to the calls of the camera: "Cameras, dozens of them, follow the Premier wherever he goes. As he moves, he takes pains to give opportunities for good photographs. . . . He is the most photographed man on earth."

Needless to say that Mussolini himself does not admit any such taste for notoriety or popular applause. Over and over he repeats his contempt for these things and his disgust at adulation and the fawning flattery of the herd. Yet even in his denial the cunning element of self-praise, in which he is certainly a mighty and agile expert, creeps in, and he manages to commend himself when asserting that he scorns commendation: "I am not intoxicated with grandeur; I should like to be intoxicated with humility." Perhaps he is: it is so hard not to be intoxicated with something.

However it may be as to the external trappings and paraphernalia of power, there can be no question as to the man's enjoyment of the substance of it. The enjoyment is manifold, enduring, and vital. In all his moments of self-revelation there is hardly a gleam of weariness, satiety, or disgust. Much less is there any evidence of general depression or discouragement; and this is notable in such a highly nervous temperament. He himself often confesses a tendency to pessimism, a disposition to look on the dark side of things; and it is said that in the early days, after the great war-disaster of Caporetto, he was for a time completely prostrated. If so, he seems to have toughened himself, for in later years he swept triumphantly through difficulties and crises which might well have crushed even a buoyant temperament to the earth.

The cure for satiety of power, for doubt of power—at least with a soul like Mussolini's—is more power, to be ever asserting yourself, testing yourself, as was said of Sarah Bernhardt, to be finding out what you cannot do and then going and doing it. The true man leaps out in the cry for the largest possible life: "No, it is the thought, the realization that I no longer belong merely to myself, that I belong to all—loved by all, hated by all—that I am an essential element in the lives of others: this feeling has on me a kind of intoxicating effect." But it may be doubted whether it is the intoxication of humility.

So, all through the man's life, as with Napoleon, runs this strange tangle of dream and reality, of the hardest, closest grip on fact with the maddest reveries of the possible and the impossible, and in the same way self is inextricably intertwined with not-self in a fashion that not even a much acuter analyst than Mussolini could ever finally untwist: "The creation of the Fascist state and the passing of the hungry moments from sunrise to the deep profundity of night with its promise of another dawn eager for new labors, cannot be picked apart. I am lockstitched into this fabric. It and myself are woven into one. Other men may find romance in the fluttering of the leaves on a bough; as for me, whatever I might have been, destiny and my own self have made me one whose eyes, ears, whose every sense, every thought, whose entire time, entire energy must be directed at the trunk of the tree of public life."

VII

Of all the curious questions connected with Mussolini the most curious is that as to the future of his power, whether he lives or whether he dies. But if it is difficult to ascertain the facts as to what he has been and done, it is impossible to conjecture what he may do. The grandeur of the Duce's conception of a united, harmonious, industrious, prosperous, puissant, imperial Italy cannot be denied; but that conception seems rather lamentably infirm, since it hangs upon the will of one man, and rather lamentably fragile, since it depends upon one man's life. And certainly no insurance company would regard Mussolini's life as a very promising risk. The wonder is that, with the bitterness of feeling against him and the Italian habit in such matters, he was not assassinated long ago.

Mussolini himself professes to take the danger very lightly and to have perfect assurance that he will be preserved to do his work: "The bullets pass, Mussolini remains." He assures us repeatedly of his flawless, magnificent courage and of his complete indifference to the peril of his life. Some of those who look on enlighten us much more as to the extreme precautions that are taken, the guards that are posted and the watch that is constantly kept to insure that Italy does not lose the one man who is so precious to her. Even so, it seems as if any day might see that astonishing career brought to a sudden, fatal termination.

In that case what will happen? No one seems to throw much light on the point, least of all Mussolini himself. Always there is the almost superstitious reliance on providential care: "Nothing can happen to me until I have fulfilled my mission." Apparently he is contented to get the machine working perfectly, so far as he can, and then trust that it will go on working forever as it should. Those who have observed him carefully, at least some of them, insist that while there are certain obvious candidates for the succession, anyone of real power and promise is carefully kept at arms' length, and the first thing demanded of a subordinate is that he should be subordinate. As indeed appears in the remark: "My successor is not born. For fifteen years, at least, I will stay where I am."

Probably the last sentence contains the clue. The man is still in the prime of life, and with his intense vitality, his unfailing instinct of pressing forward, his strange faculty of mingling reality and dream, which I have already emphasized, he is content to envisage vast possibilities in the future, in which he shall go striding on and on, ever enlarging his ideal as he fulfills it. In this ideal and the dream of developing Italy it seems as if foreign war must necessarily occupy a considerable place. Indeed, Mussolini's own declarations or insinuations on the subject, sometimes masked and sometimes retracted, but constantly renewed, seem sufficiently indicative and confirmatory in this matter. But here again curious speculation arises. If war does come, will the Duce take the field himself as general in chief? If he does, the risk seems tremendous. Can a man of fifty, utterly without larger military experience, all at once become a great commander? There is the enticing example of Cæsar and also of Cromwell. But what if he fails? On the other hand, if he remains safely in Rome and sends his generals to fight for him, either they will be inferior men, who will come to grief, or if they are successful and triumphant, what is likely to become of the Duce?

All these warlike considerations naturally bring up the memory of the great military leaders and dictators whom Mussolini seems to take as his model. And then we realize that not one of them, not Alexander, not Cæsar, not Cromwell, not Napoleon, left enduring power behind him. Cæsar was fortunate in having a member of his family to take up the work later, after a period of utter chaos. But not one of these great rulers could develop or perhaps would tolerate a great man beside him who would carry on his work, and the result was total and fatal collapse and ruin after them.

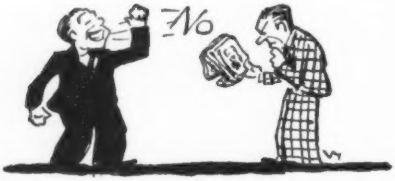
From such reflections one turns with a certain reminiscent tenderness to the Liberty and the Democracy which Mussolini eschews and rejects with contemptuous scorn. For there are still some who love Liberty with a big L, for all its contradictions and inconsistencies, remembering that Cavour, whom Mussolini reveres and who was perhaps the greater man and the greater Italian of the two, used the magnificent phrase: "I am the child of Liberty and to Liberty I owe all that I am." There are still some who love Democracy, for all its failures and blunders, remembering that Abraham Lincoln, who may have been as great as Mussolini, loved it and believed it held the future of the world. As so often happens, men expected too much of Democracy, that it would make them over and make them different, and they were fooled by their own illusions, as they will be again. They found that representatives represent first of all their own selfishness, that legislatures are arid and commonplace and swamped with windy talk, and they were aghast at the hopeless incompetence and what Whitman calls "the never ending audacity of elected persons." Seeing all this, men cry, "Democracy has failed us, has crumpled in our hands. Let us throw it away and ask somebody to govern us who knows how." They forget that mankind has been wrestling with the problem of government for a hundred thousand years or more and has made precious little headway. Democracy, working through a gradually extended suffrage by means of representative government, has been tried for only a century. It is an experiment, still in its infancy, bound to stumble and falter and blunder for many years to come. The one overwhelming argument in its favor is that in a hundred thousand years mankind has not found anything permanently better and certainly not in the arbitrary tyranny and despotism of Lenin and Mussolini.

THE UNFAILING LIGHT

BY ADA ALDEN

BEFORE they closed upon these passing skies,
Another splendor gathered in his eyes—
Gathered and grew and burned as burns the dawn,
Looking through veils miraculously withdrawn.
The hours went by with still that starry gaze
Set on far beauty. All my darkened days
Are flooded with the light reflected there,
Shining so clear above life's dusty stair

The Lion's Mouth



FACE VALUE

BY SARELLEN M. DELANE

MY FRIEND Syd and I have invented a game which beats all to shreds anagrams or crosswords or contract. The equipment costs only the price of a tabloid, and the opportunity for the development of skill is unending. Best of all, the directions are so simple that the lowest I.Q. among one's friends may master the rules at the first explanation.

It's like this: Syd gets the tabloid hot off the street, finds a picture of an unfamiliar but worthy countenance, and reads the story. Then with a gleam in his eye he hunts me down and says, "Now, take a look at that face. What's *he* done to get on the front page?" And I fill up my pipe, take a long, permeating look, and begin to guess. Of course the betraying text is very carefully folded out of sight.

We used to take turns at guessing; one day he would tantalize me, and the next I would annoy him. But that system did not survive, for if I found a face which Syd could not classify at once he would snatch the paper from my hands and read for himself before I had a chance to protest. I am naturally the victim type so I have become the guesser, while Syd always takes the part of the district attorney.

Of course he never chooses aviators with their helmets on, nor jail breakers in their striped ensembles, nor men standing by fish as tall as themselves, nor boys from the House of David. Syd is contrary that way. He'll get me going on a tough-looking bimbo with a mean eye, negligible haberdashery, and part of his dental equipment missing. Then when I have pondered long and have finally pinned my hopes on him as a hatchet murderer, Syd will open out the paper with an aggravating flourish and read off with emphasis and gestures an account of Prince Goudal-Hashid making an official call upon the President.

The women are easy. I should say *most* of the women are easy. I can distinguish bankers' debutante daughters from gangsters' molls clear across the room, and I can tell a convicted lady bootlegger from a newly installed president of the W. C. T. U. Though only the other day I fell down on an eminent woman scientist and said she was a condemned boy's mother who had made him a new shirt to wear to the chair. Once I guessed that our own district organizer of the Neighborhood Better Cats Clubs was the victim of that "mercy murder" a while back, when the old father killed the half-wit girl to put her out of her misery.

Syd roars like a hyena when he catches me on a patent-medicine testimonial. He'll get me interested in an alert-looking young woman with a bright eye and a neat haircut. After I've thought a bit I'll say, "She's written a best seller," or "She's qualified as a transport pilot," only to have Syd move his thumb enough for me to see the beginning of the squib: "For a year after I married my present husband I couldn't even do my own housework. I was in constant pain . . ." Well, even the best picture guesser has his weak moments.

Flagpole sitters used to fool me. I'd guess "Expelled from college" or "Bigamist," sometimes even "Walks home from ride with girl." And then Syd would spread out the paper and bray like a jackass before he'd say, "There! Another flagpole sitter!" But practice makes perfect even in a highly specialized amusement like this, and I can now tell a sitter every time, even sans his flagpole. There's something characteristic about the way their hair grows.

Now and then I get an idea that nobody looks like what he is, and then along will come a face to throw me off my game. The other day Syd showed me a picture of a boy about twelve years old with a big grin on his face and a merry light in his eyes. He had "Mighty fine boy" written all over him, so I said, "That's the kid that tied his little brother to a post and built a fire under him!" "No," Syd answers, eying me with weary reproach, "That lad leaves to-day for a free vacation in the mountains. He added forty new subscribers to his paper route."

I lost money on one deal. Syd had all the news folded back from the face of a simple-looking soul about middle age with a startled-faun expression about the mouth.

"Oh!" I thought, as I recognized that camera-conscious smirk, "Caught with shortages in accounts," or "Father of triplets."

"Now, see here," said Syd in a businesslike way, "You no doubt have developed some little confidence in your ability to match faces with the news they illustrate. To take that conceit out of you I propose to charge you ten cents for each wrong guess on the picture I have here."

"Clever of you," I complimented him.

"Not at all," he contradicted generously. "But if you guess why this bird is on the first page of the sensation special I'll pay you ten to one for all the dimes I collect from you before you hit it right."

"I can't help but beat you in the end," I warned him and, taking a good long look at the face in the paper, I began to guess.

Now I can tell "Candidate for Coroner" and "Man Regains Memory" and "To Open Dance Studio" every time. This fellow with his half-happy, half-frantic expression was none of them. I started out in a more likely direction. "Reported Engaged to Clara Bow" cost me a dime. "Dance Marathon Survivor" and "Will Roller Skate from Coast to Coast" got me nothing but a lighter pocket and ridiculing jeers.

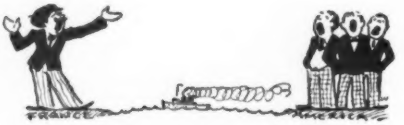
I guessed on and on. I guessed all the respectable guesses an experienced picture guesser could guess. Then I went wild. I guessed he was a sea-lion trainer. I guessed he was a forger. I guessed he had poisoned his wife and stuck her body in the wall-bed. I accused or credited that fellow with everything under the sun that gets people into the paper. And in between each guess I looked at that silly face and tried to determine what it portrayed.

I had but one lone dime left in my jeans when I asked Syd, "Does he look like what he is?" Syd studied the picture and after much private amusement announced that it was exactly as it should be—the man's story was truly in his face.

I took a last long chance with little faith, "Claims Love Message Received from Mars." Syd held out his hand for my last dime, a smile of triumph upon his lips.

"Who is he?" I shouted, grabbing in a frenzy of curiosity for the paper with the enigmatic countenance upon it.

Syd jingled his pocket full of money and answered, "Why, he's the guy with the glass window in his stomach who has all the doctors crazy with delight!"



CHANSONS POPULAIRES AMÉRICAINES

(Illustrations de la mentalité bizarre de nos amis transatlantiques)

BY MORRIS BISHOP

1. Chant de Rassemblement

Salut! Salut! Toute la bande est réunie!
Qu'est-ce donc que ça nous fiche?
Qu'est-ce donc que ça nous fiche?
Qu'est-ce donc que ça nous fiche
Maintenant?

2. Romance Populaire

Je viens de travailler sur la voie de chemin de fer
Toute la journée interminable;
Je viens de travailler sur la voie de chemin de fer—
Ce n'est que pour faire passer le temps.
N'entendez-vous pas le coup de sifflet
Qui nous recommande d'être matinal?
N'entendez-vous pas le capitaine qui crie:
"Dinah, soufflez dans votre trompette!"

3. Folk-lore Populaire

Ah, le bouledogue sur la berge,
Et la grenouille mâle dans la mare;
Ah, le bouledogue sur la berge,
Et la grenouille mâle dans la mare;
Ah, le bouledogue sur la berge,
Et la grenouille mâle dans la mare;
Le bouledogue a traité la grenouille mâle
D'un vieil imbécile vert des eaux.
Tra-la, tra-la.

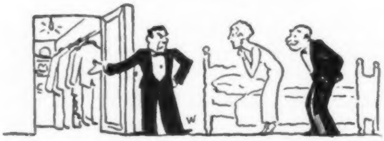
4. Hymne à la Victoire Universitaire

Nous voici donc, nous voici donc,
Regardez-nous en train d'additionner un bon nombre de points.
Nous allons laisser ces gars-là tellement en arrière
Qu'ils ne voudront plus se combattre avec nous.
Nous avons une ferme conviction dans l'avenir prospère d'Élie Yale;
Elle [*sic*] ne peut pas manquer de gagner la partie.
Bou-là bou-là,[1] bou-là bou-là, bou-là bou-là,
Élie Yale.

5. Hymne Patriotique Méridional

Je voudrais tant être au pays cotonnier,
Le bon vieux temps ne s'y oublie pas.
Détournez vos regards,
Détournez vos regards,
Détournez vos regards,
Pays de Dixie.

Au pays de Dixie, où je suis né
De bonne heure, un matin glacial;
Détournez vos regards,
Détournez vos regards,
Détournez vos regards,
Pays de Dixie.



IT'S THE ONLY WAY

BY FREDERIC L. SMITH, JR.

THE Anthonys are the pleasantest of week-end hosts, and my frequent sojourns with them from Saturday noon until Monday morning are experiences which I cherish.

I was, therefore, startled, on this particular occasion, to find something strangely lacking in Hillcrest's usually genial atmosphere; not that Bill and Janet were less cordial than their wont, for they greeted me joyously. But hardly had I set foot in the house before I became aware of a certain tenseness in the air. For one thing, the Anthonys were too polite to each other, and Janet's remarks to her husband were couched in the formal tone of a diplomat negotiating with the represen-

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[1] Allusion obscure.

tative of a rival power. She had been home only a few days, following a summer in Maine with the children, and I wondered whether her two months away from Bill had somehow resulted in strained relations. Never before had they been like this. I was glad when Bill proposed a round of golf.

He was badly off his game and afterwards in the locker room he seemed altogether distrait. While he was changing his clothes he glanced at me queerly from time to time.

"George," he said at length, apropos of nothing at all, "does your Aunt Sylvia always give away your old suits?"

"Invariably," I returned. "She's been doing it for years. I gave up trying to cure her long ago."

"H'm," said Bill thoughtfully.

"Bill," I went on, "it's a natural instinct with women. They can't help it. Whenever I have an old suit—one that I'm fond of even if it is all shot—Aunt Sylvia pounces on it, and it's Salvation Army property before I can stop her. She's given away a dozen suits that I wanted for working around the house or fixing the car."

"H'm," he repeated.

"Women," I continued, "have no sentiment about old clothes and they can't understand it in men. They can't see why we're attached to our shabby clothes and cherish them tenderly. I tell you there isn't a woman in the world who doesn't feel that way; and there's nothing we can do about it."

"Yes?" said Bill without further comment.

At dinner that evening the Anthonys scarcely spoke, and when they did it was with a chilling formality which made me wish myself back in the city. It was a harrowing meal, and all efforts toward lessening the tension fell dismally flat. We had coffee in the living room, and after a long silence Janet put down her cup.

"Bill," she announced, fixing her husband with a steady gaze, "we might as well have this out right now. George is an old enough customer here not to mind." She turned to me.

"What would you think," she asked, "if you got home and found a vault in your bedroom—without your knowing a thing about it?"

"A vault?" I repeated.

Janet nodded. "With a great big iron door and a combination lock and everything—just like they have in banks."

"Why," I returned, feeling rather helpless, "I don't know what I'd think."

"It's perfectly horrid." (Janet looked at her husband again.) "Bill had that vault put in while I was up in Maine and he won't tell me a thing about it. He says he's not even going to open it when I'm around. Isn't that miserable?"

"If you'll excuse me," I said hastily, "I think I'll take a turn around the garden; I'd like to look at your gladiolas."

"You stay right here," Bill said grimly and turned to his wife. "Do you really want me to open it, Janet?" he asked. His tone was ominous, and for a moment she was plainly taken aback.

"Why—why, yes," she said, "of course I do. I want to know what's in that vault."

"You're quite sure?" There was a cold gleam in Bill's eye.

"I certainly am. I've asked you to open it a hundred times, haven't I? You've been perfectly hateful about it."

Bill laughed harshly. "All right," he agreed, "you're going to be sorry though. Come on, George. I want you to see this too."

He led the way upstairs.

It was a pretty bedroom, light blue, with gay chintz curtains and wallpaper representing quaint pastoral scenes. "Look," said Janet, "it simply ruins everything. I'm surprised you didn't get a cash register to go with it, darling; it would have been too sweet beside the bed."

Her husband made no reply but crossed briskly to the steel door in the wall. The vault had been placed squarely in the center of a scene representing shepherds and shepherdesses frolicking on an incredibly green hillside; and most of the hillside, as well as portions of the revellers' arms and legs had been obliterated by a shiny metallic panel which bore the trademark of the Murchison Lock & Safe Company.

Bill rested his hand on the combination knob. "You really want me to?" he said to Janet. "Remember Bluebeard's wife. She got the shock of her life when she peeked in the closet."

"Oh, don't be silly," Janet returned irritably. "Hurry up and open it."

Bill twirled the combination, then he paused and looked at her again. "Where's my gray suit?" he demanded; "The one with the torn pocket?"

Janet laughed. "That awful old thing? I'm going to give it to Henry the next time he comes to mow the lawn. You're not going to need it any more." Her husband turned away, muttering under his breath, and in a moment the steel door swung back. Bill stepped inside and switched on the light.

On the walls of the vault were arranged a series of shelves; these were occupied by half a dozen or so battered felt hats. But more conspicuous still was a clothes bar running the whole length of the compartment from which were hung several of Bill's suits in various stages of disintegration. One of them was gray. Janet stared at it incredulously.

"There," said Bill with a triumphant gesture, "there's my gray suit, and if Henry ever gets it he'll be some Jimmy Valentine. You always wanted to give away my hats too, didn't you? Well, you just try and do it now, kid."

"Bill—" she began, but he cut her short.

"It's the only way," he pursued. "The minute I get a suit nicely broken in so that I can wear it fishing or around the garage you give it away. You've gypped me out of nine suits and twice as many hats; well, that stuff's out from now on."

Janet regarded him uncertainly for a moment, then she smiled.

"Darling," she said cajolingly, "I didn't know you were so fond of your old clothes. Do you really feel that you have to keep them locked up?"

Bill met her eye squarely. "You're darned right I do," he exclaimed. "I've found it out just ten years too late." He turned to me.

"George," he said, resting his hand against the door of the vault, "how'd you like an outfit like this? I can get 'em wholesale and I'm fixing a lot of the boys up."

I thought of Aunt Sylvia; only the day before my own gray suit had fallen into the clutches of the Salvation Army.

"You bet," I said, "order me one right away."

Editor's Easy Chair

CAPITALISM, LIBERALISM, FLIGHT

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

MR. CALVIN COOLIDGE is still paragraphing and finds basis for loud applause in the increase of one and a half per cent in sales of life insurance for the first seven months of the present year. "Seventy million people," Mr. Coolidge says, "on a sound insurance basis has a financial and moral effect that cannot be estimated." He finds them "committed to self-support, self-government, prudent investment, and sound business through the increased and equitable distribution of capital, a long step" he thinks "toward abolishing poverty." Seventy million people, the types make him count as insured. Are there really so many? But aside from that, how affecting is his confidence in the capitalistic system finding salvation for the multitude in the increased and equitable distribution of capital!

That simple faith in dollars laid up was one secret, no doubt, of Mr. Coolidge's astonishing success as President. It is nothing to scold about, for he was built that way and as President was not less true to himself than to his backers. But as a resident of Northampton he had an interesting predecessor, Jonathan Edwards, who, after twenty-four years of illustrious ministry in that village where he had built himself a house and raised a family, was discharged from his pastorate and, being without other means of support, had to move to Stockbridge and to preach to the Hoosatonic Indians. As a metaphysician he won a deathless renown, and the long roll of his descendants includes a surprising proportion of ability and character. But one may regret that he is not still in Northampton to discuss with Mr. Coolidge the dealings of Providence with man and the provision of insurance in the capitalistic system.

Jonathan Edwards was driven out of Northampton for being too particular about who joined the Church and too insistent that new members should have had an effectual spiritual awakening. He also made a fight in the town against what he thought was immoral reading. It was on these grounds that he was thrown out with his family of eleven children. Mr. Coolidge in certain particulars is the most illustrious citizen that Northampton has had since Edwards left. He has bought a house there, but he is more up-to-date than his great predecessor and does not seem in any danger of being dislocated. Indeed, he cannot be. Northampton could drive out Calvinistic Edwards by stopping his pay, but not so Mr. Coolidge whose prudent practice has always been to make provision by timely frugality for eventual independence.

Worldly wisdom is all on the side of Mr. Coolidge. Jonathan Edwards could doubtless have stayed in his comfortable home with his sufficient income in Northampton if he had been willing to compromise his beliefs and let his fellow-townsmen have a little more rope. But there was no compromise in him. He believed in his conclusions and that they accorded with the Divine Will, and out he went and off to Stockbridge and poverty and isolation. Nevertheless, out of his isolation came some of his most remarkable works. His mind, relieved a good deal from the labor of preparing sermons, went into writings which put the capstone to a renown which ranked him little lower than the greatest of metaphysicians.

And it is true that out of penury, misfortune, and desperate struggles have come a large share of the great achievements of mankind. The most provident and saving people in our world are the French. They are strong for providing for the future and they do seem to succeed in shaping life so that they like it. They like France and the French habits; but in world affairs the English have beaten them and not a little for the reason that the British isles for generations produced a larger population than they could support, so that the surplus of younger sons and others was driven out to adventures beyond the seas.

So there is a vital difference between the philosophy of Jonathan Edwards and Calvin Coolidge, both of them excellent and pious men; and how far human society can ever be stabilized so that it will be comfortable for most people, and how far that condition would be conducive to progress are still questions that are a good ways off from final decision. Most people require the spur of necessity to do much work.

MR. MENCKEN is a contributor to a series of articles in the *Forum* on "What I Believe." He does not tell, except in part, but he does admit belief that religion, generally speaking, has been a curse to mankind; that all government is evil in that it must make war on liberty, and that the democratic form is at least as bad as other forms; that the evidence for immortality is no better than the evidence for witches and deserves no more respect. He believes in freedom of thought and speech and the utmost freedom of conduct that is consistent with living in organized society, in the capacity of man to conquer his world, find out what it is made out of and how it is run, and in the reality of progress, but he is strong for facts and has not much use for faith.

Oh, well, Mr. Mencken is a good writer and a useful man. He is a great deal more useful hitting what he calls religion in the eye than are thousands of vociferous persons who are trying to regulate the lives of others in what they call religion. He is a much more religious man than he credits himself with being; he is interested in the subject. He sees all the harm that has been done in the name of religion, including, just at present, the 18th Amendment, and thinks it far outweighs its service on the ethical side. But the record of religion in the world is a record of the development of intelligence in the minds of men. Progress in religion has been made very much like progress in other lines of development and discovery, by trying out wrong methods and discovering better ones by processes of elimination. We are doing that now in prohibition. We see that it is bad, we begin to understand why it is bad, and there is some prospect that we will get rid of it and get something better.

Mr. Mencken speaks of the Methodist Church. The Methodist Church and various other churches have gone extremely wrong in undertaking to regulate life too much by use of spies and force. Mr. Mencken disparages the New Testament. But certainly the New Testament is not to blame for the vast overcrowding of the jails with violators of the Volstead act and the immense diversion of rum money to bootleggers, profiteers, and gunmen. The church people fell down by thinking they were wiser than the gospel. Some of them are now beginning to realize it.

Mr. Mencken does not claim to be omniscient and probably would not quarrel with the suggestion that he does not know the whole about religion nor yet about the invisible world. Knowledge as to both of these items seems now to be unusually progressive and comparatively untrammeled in its efforts to increase. A few books are suppressed in some localities—Boston for one—and there seems to be a renewal of Jonathan Edwards' effort to impede the circulation and reading of books considered to be immoral, but, on the whole, talk is unusually free and shackles on printing are not very serious. If anyone has a good idea he can usually put it out and if, like Mr. Mencken, he is a good enough writer he can get paid for expounding it.

DR. BUTLER of Columbia puts out an idea now and then in a manner that makes good reading. In an address the other day he discussed what he called the great conflict between the One and the Many. He talked about Communism, said it was contrasted with Capitalism, but that what it was really fighting was what he called Liberalism, which meant the party that was out for human freedom. Capitalism, he thought, was a name that defined inaccurately a new power in the world not more than a century old; the power of money detached from land, of the vast fortunes that have accumulated in the last two generations, and of the huge corporations of all kinds. These things he talked about and urged that their influence should be thrown on the side of Liberalism, on the side, that is, for the freedom of man, otherwise he thought Communistic ideals might become a serious damage to our civilization.

People who read about bank mergers, chain stores, mail order concerns, and the present tendency of corporations to reach out after bigness, and wonder what it is all about, what it means and whither it tends, may be interested in Doctor Butler's thoughts. If these vast aggregations of money-power threaten human freedom we ought to know it. But when we look about the world we see Communism running strongest in the poorest countries—in Russia so disorganized that millions struggle for the necessities of life, in China where millions starve, disorder rages and other millions live in misery. Whatever the faults of the way concerns are managed in the United States and, more or less, in Great Britain and Europe, the way out for humanity does not seem to lie in the scrapping of our present methods but rather in their adjustment to the great human problem of the One and the Many. We see that mass production means more commodities. We see that the increased use of machinery helps for a time to throw people out of employment. We see such things as that workmen's insurance favors the young and increases the difficulties of elderly people to find jobs. One of the great problems of the world is to take care of the damage temporarily done by improvement in production and distribution. It is apt to happen that life cannot be improved on a large scale for one lot of people without making it temporarily worse for another lot. The only cure for that is for people who are in luck to look after the people who are out of luck.

In England just now that means doles. In this country we do not yet quite know what it means, but we may agree with Doctor Butler when he says that, "if the beneficiaries of Liberalism were to fail to be socially minded and should insist on treating as merely the wholly private possession of the One that which the authority and consent of the Many have permitted them to acquire, then the cause of Communism would move a long way forward."

TWO Frenchmen, gallant fellows and very careful and experienced airmen, have made with glowing success the Western air-flight from Paris to New York, and have been greeted with the welcome that was their due, including most of the front-page headlines in all the papers, and pages of narrative and praise. That was all right, for their flight was a notable event. But a newspaper (the *World*) in commenting on it said that whereas Lindbergh's flight seemed to portend the commercial use of airplanes for transatlantic transportation, three years' experience had rather dulled that expectation by the emphasis it had placed on the perils of the flight.

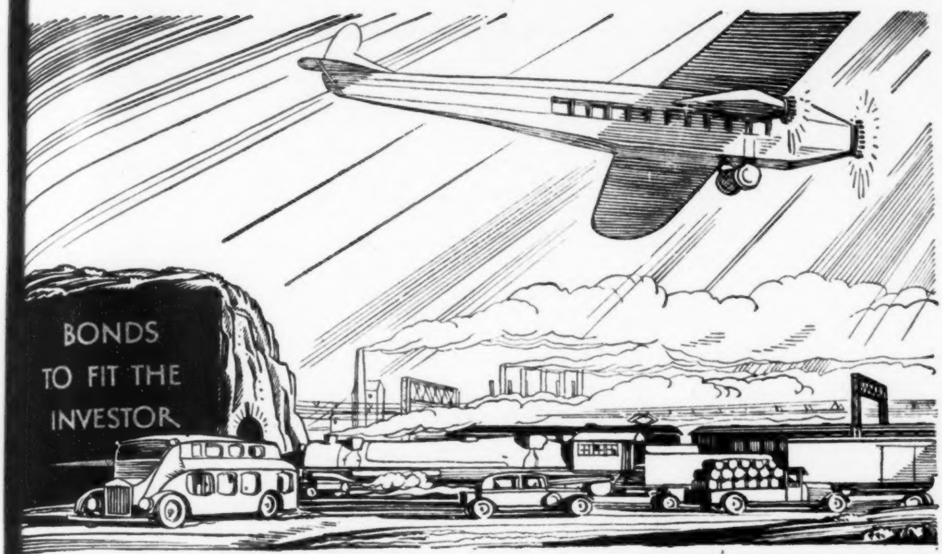
So it is only three years since Lindbergh did his great stunt! It seems longer because of the vast publicity that followed it and its general acceptance as a historical event. But it is true that to cross the Atlantic in an airship seems still to be a pretty scary job, and the whole practice of aviation still stands much in need of being made safe.

One, or maybe two, generations ago there was a psychological process that was recommended to persons anxious about their future which was known as making their peace with God. It was considered that unless they did it they remained in a state of peril. Nowadays a large amount of commercial flying goes on in the interest of the post office and to carry passengers who are in a hurry, in addition to flying for pure sport. Flying, too, is immensely useful for the exploration of difficult stretches of country such as the Polar regions, the less accessible parts of Africa, Asia, and South America, and even the forests and swamps of northern Canada about Hudson's Bay. Of course, too, there has been a development of flying as a detail of attack or defense in war. What the percentage of mortality among aviators has been seems not yet to have been ascertained; but as we read in the front pages of the papers of all the flying accidents, while safe journeys go unreported, we do get the impression that the flying people have more urgent occasion to make their peace with God than those who keep their feet on the ground.

Of course the great killer is the automobile, and the deaths by flight are negligible compared with those by motor car; and as we do not think of abandoning motoring because of its undeniable dangers, so we may come to develop a like hardihood about airplanes.

For it is a fact that mankind in these days holds life lightly and does not hesitate to risk or sell it in a cause or for a purpose that seems worth the price. Really the human race seems to be gaining a remarkable emancipation from the fear of death.

See following pages for Personal and Otherwise



LEVELING THE BARRIERS OF DISTANCE

ON wheels and on wings, over highways of steel or concrete and via airways, moves a vast phalanx of transportation—representing about sixty billion dollars of investment. The mobility of man and merchandise—once measured by the range of a horse and wagon—is now limited only to the capacity of steam, gasoline and electric vehicles.

The extent of this remarkable achievement is due not only to the abundance of inventive, engineering and directing ability available, but also to the wise use of the nation's financial resources. America's 249,000 miles of railroads with their costly equipment could not have been provided but for the twenty-five billion dollars which the public has invested in them. Likewise, the more than 40,000 miles of surface, subway and elevated electric lines—and the 660,000 miles of surfaced rural highways in the United States over which more than twenty-six million motor vehicles travel—were built largely with funds provided by investors. Thus the rewards of investment in constructive enterprises are far broader than the steady returns of interest or dividends.

In the building of highways and the financing of steam and electric transportation, the investment banking facilities of this house have served both borrowers and investors for many years. A list of typical companies engaged in transportation which Halsey, Stuart & Co. has served in this way, is contained in our booklet, *Choosing Your Investment House*. A copy will be mailed on request.

HALSEY, STUART & CO.

INCORPORATED

CHICAGO, *201 South La Salle Street* NEW YORK, *35 Wall Street*

AND OTHER PRINCIPAL CITIES

THE PROGRAM THAT DOES MORE THAN ENTERTAIN

Every Wednesday evening you may increase your knowledge of sound investment by listening to the Old Counsellor on the

Halsey, Stuart & Co. program. Broadcast over a Coast to Coast chain of 37 stations associated with National Broadcasting Co.

9 P. M. Eastern Standard Time
8 P. M. Central Standard Time
7 P. M. Mountain Standard Time
6 P. M. Pacific Standard Time

Personal and Otherwise

WHEN Mr. Gerard published his list of sixty-four "rulers of the United States," Professor Robert E. Rogers supplemented it with a list of twenty-three leaders whose national influence is not based on their business connections. In this list appeared the names of several HARPER contributors, including ***Stuart Chase.*** We hope Mr. Chase's present article may assist Mr. Gerard's sixty-four and their associates toward the solution of a problem which is peculiarly theirs, although it ultimately affects all of us. Mr. Chase is that rare combination, a public accountant and a successful writer: he is president of the Labor Bureau, Inc., author of *Your Money's Worth* (with F. J. Schlink), *Men and Machines,* and *Prosperity, Fact or Myth,* and contributor of several impressive HARPER papers, including "The Nemesis of American Business" (July, 1930) and "The Luxury of Integrity" (August).

Readers of ***Walter Gilkyson's*** story will not be surprised to hear that he used to be both a Philadelphian and a lawyer, though he has now given up the law for writing and lives at Southern Pines, North Carolina. He has written three novels, *Oil, Lost Adventurer,* and *Lights of Fame,* and many short stories.

Alice Beal Parsons has managed a thousand-acre farm in Vermont, has done social service work in Chicago and newspaper free-lancing in New York, was for three years business manager of the *World Tomorrow,* and has written *Woman's Dilemma* and two novels, *The Insider* and *John Merrill's Pleasant Life.* Her present article—the first which she has contributed to HARPER'S—results from the fact that she sent her daughter for ten years to the sort of modern schools of which she writes.

"The Vanishing Sinner" is the first of a series of three articles on *The Morals of Tomorrow* by the Reverend ***Ralph W. Sockman,*** who has been minister of the Madison Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church in New York ever since he received the degree of doctor of philosophy from Columbia University in 1917, and is now president of the Greater New York Federation of Churches. Dr. Sockman is one of the ablest of the younger men who are rising to religious leadership in this country.

Frank Schoonmaker is not an ex-football star nor a college president nor a Carnegie investigator nor a coach, but an interested observer of the athletic scene who feels that the prevalent attitude toward college football is acutely unfair to the players. He has written football stories for boys' magazines under a pen name, but is chiefly known for his travel books, *Through Europe on Two Dollars a Day* and the *Come With Me* series.

"The Unwritten Story" is our first contribution from ***J. C. Squire,*** poet, critic, and editor of the *London Mercury.* Mr. Squire's position in English letters is both distinguished and influential.

Since the Arab uprising in Palestine there has been a good deal of sharp criticism of Zionism, much of it based on misunderstandings of the purpose and significance of the movement. ***Ludwig Lewisohn,*** who now interprets the Zionist idea to American readers, has long been a student of the history and problems of his race. His books include *Up-Stream, Israel, The Island Within, Stephen Escott,* and *Mid-Channel.*

We commend "A Patient Looks at Doctors" to the dispassionate attention of the medical profession. What can be done to meet the sort of situation which the anonymous but well known author describes?

Roland English Hartley is a rising San Francisco fiction writer, two of whose stories we have published during the past year; they were entitled "Office Hours" and "After All."

(Continued on second page following)

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M. L. I. Co.

Six Months Old Today!

Tomorrow he is going to keep an appointment with his doctor made the day the baby was born.

YOUNG mothers of this generation little realize the heartaches and anxieties their grandmothers suffered in rearing their children. Forty years ago diphtheria killed six times as many babies as it does today. People were helpless when diphtheria epidemics raged. Then there was neither anti-toxin to help fight the disease, nor toxin-antitoxin (or toxoid) to prevent it.

Nowadays, the disease has almost disappeared in communities where people have organized campaigns to educate and persuade every mother to have her baby inoculated against diphtheria at the age of six months. Nevertheless, throughout the length and breadth of the country, about 8,000 children died last year from this one cause. They had not been protected as they might have been.

Immunization is a very simple matter—painless and safe. But the inoculation of your baby should not be delayed. *More than half of all deaths from diphtheria occur among children between the ages of six months and five years.* A striking contrast is presented by comparison of the deathrates from diphtheria in two groups of representative American cities. For the past three years the first group has carried on an intensive campaign to immunize all children against diphtheria and has *decreased* its deathrate 33%. During the same period the second group of cities has been less aggressive and has had an *increase* of 9%.

Protection can be given your baby whether or not you live in a city or a part of the country which has a dangerous diphtheria deathrate. Take him to your doctor and you will be spared one anxiety from which past generations were never free.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail free, its booklet, "Diphtheria is Preventable". Address Booklet Department 1130-H.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

We have read many an argument for and against foreign missions, but seldom a discussion which approached ***Julian Huxley's*** article in thoughtfulness and impartiality. Professor Huxley went to East Africa last year to study native education on behalf of the Colonial Office Advisory Committee, and being a distinguished biologist and a man of wide-ranging interests, scientific and humane, made himself familiar with pretty nearly every aspect of African life during his visit. Last month we published his notes on African animals. The full account of Professor Huxley's experience and observations will be published in book form by Harper & Brothers next spring with the title, *Africa View*. He is Fullerian professor of physiology in the Royal Institution and honorary lecturer at King's College, London; T. E. Huxley was his grandfather, Aldous Huxley is his brother.

Philip Curtiss is the author of that first-class dog story, *The Honorable Charley*, which first appeared in this Magazine and has just been published in book form; he has written several other books, often contributes stories and Lion's Mouth skits to our pages, is justice of the peace at Norfolk, Connecticut, and abominates the cutey-cutey influence in each and all of the arts.

Of ***Gamaliel Bradford's*** present series of contemporary portraits, we have already published two, Lenin and Henry Ford. Mussolini appears this month; Theodore Roosevelt will appear some time this winter. Mr. Bradford has written book-length studies of Darwin, Moody, and others, but he is chiefly known for his briefer sketches of historical figures, collected in *Damaged Souls*, *Bare Souls*, and several other volumes.

* * *

The poets of the month are ***Ruth Fitch Boyd***, who has contributed previous sonnets under the name of Ruth Fitch Bartlett (her husband, Thomas Boyd, wrote "A Resident of Purgatory" in our August issue); ***Elizabeth Morrow*** (Mrs. Dwight Morrow) whose residence in Mexico during her husband's term of distinguished service as Ambassador gave her an opportunity to turn Mexican subjects to poetic use; ***Josephine Johnson***, a new contributor from Webster Groves, Missouri; and ***Ada Alden***, widow of the great editor who conducted HARPER'S MAGAZINE for half a century.

* * *

The Lion's Mouth brings together ***Sarellen M. DeLane*** of San Diego, a newcomer to the Magazine; ***Frederic L. Smith, Jr.***, former Detroit newspaper man, now free-lance writer, who divides his time between Detroit and Summerville, South Carolina; and ***Morris Bishop*** of the Cornell University faculty.

* * *

James McBey, whose etching, "Barcarolle," is reproduced as the frontispiece of this issue, was born and brought up in a Scotch fishing village, worked at first in a local bank, spent his spare time in drawing and etching, and finally won his way to recognition as one of the most distinguished British etchers of our time.

* * *

Dorothy Dunbar Bromley has forwarded to us the following note of commendation from the eminent former Ambassador to Great Britain, who served as counsel for Dr. Macintosh in the case discussed in "The Pacifist Bogey":

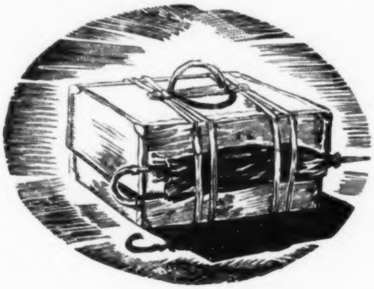
> My dear Mrs. Bromley:
>
> May I congratulate you upon the article with the catching title of "The Pacifist Bogey," which I have just read with much interest. It is most comprehensive and lucid in its presentation of the issues at stake.
>
> Sincerely yours,
>
> John W. Davis.

* * *

Brenda Ueland's "The Wallflower Complex" wins an emphatic endorsement from a male reader in New York, whose name we somewhat hesitantly suppress:

> I have just finished reading Brenda Ueland's "The Wallflower Complex." I do hope that that article starts something. I believe what she has said to be entirely true; I will vouch for what she has said concerning men if my personal reactions may be said to be typical.
>
> It is disgusting to me to watch the actions of the type of woman to whom she refers. It seems as if they are ashamed of the fact

(*Continued on second page following*)



On the Woeful Shortage

OF DOMESTIC GEMS

BACK in the days when servants were servants and not a problem, perhaps you had a Hilda (or maybe her name was Mary Ann) who was a paragon of all the domestic virtues. She "yoost" loved to wash clothes. And how beautifully she washed them!

Sometime, we hope, you will find another Hilda. In the meantime, here's a way to get better work from her current successor: See that she has Fels-Naptha's *extra* help! For while Fels-Naptha can't make your maid a more enthusiastic worker, it *can* improve the quality of the wash by leaving less of the job to her uncertain skill.

Fels-Naptha can do this because it is more than soap. It is good golden soap and *plenty* of dirt-loosening naptha. You can smell the naptha, even when the big, generous bar has been reduced to a sliver. The soap and naptha, working hand-in-hand, wash clothes beautifully clean—just the way you like to have them washed.

And it is all done so gently. There's no hard rubbing to make your clothes old before their time. You can trust the most delicate fabrics to Fels-Naptha's bland suds. This soap is really *safe!* Fels-Naptha, like the perfect servant it is, doesn't demand special washday conditions. It does a splendid job in washing machine or tub; in hot, lukewarm or even cool water. And it helps to keep hands fresh. Did you know it contains glycerine?

Order Fels-Naptha to-day—make it a regular part of your washday equipment. It means *extra* help in easier washing. And it means sweeter, fresher, longer-lasting clothes.

SPECIAL OFFER — Whether Fels-Naptha has been used in your home for years, or whether you have just decided to give it a trial, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who do their own housework prefer to chip Fels-Naptha into washing machine, tub or basin, and find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, anyone can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as they are needed. Mail coupon with four cents in stamps enclosed to help cover postage, and we'll send this chipper without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it now! © 1930, FELS & CO.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. Q.H. 11-30

Send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement. I enclose four cents in stamps to help cover postage.

*Name*______________________________

*Street*______________________________

*City*________________ *State*__________

Fill in completely — print your name and address that they have minds which are capable of a reasoned discourse, that they have likes and dislikes. They sit, like meek and hungry beggars, thankful for any morsel that kind fortune may choose to bestow. I have reached the point where I absolutely refuse to be bothered with any woman who thinks the criterion of social success is the number of telephone calls she receives, the number of parties she can obtain invitations for, or the number of men she can dance with in one evening; whose conversation never gets above that insipid party level, and whose pride will not permit her to call up a man whom she genuinely likes to be with and ask for the pleasure of his society. Notice, however, that I use the word genuine. No one likes promiscuity.

I agree heartily with the paragraphs concerning proposals. I should be greatly honored, tremendously thrilled, and very deeply touched if a woman of my acquaintance should tell me she loved me and wanted me—to be her husband and the father of her children. I think that I should consider it one of the most beautiful experiences any man could have.

I want a woman to be real. I want her to be frank and honest. I want her to say so if she enjoys my company, and I want her to ask for it instead of waiting for me to ask for hers, if she wants more of it.

I hope the women that I know will read that article.

* * *

Here is a really constructive suggestion for husbands and wives, which we found embedded in a long letter from a Scranton subscriber discussing "Who Gets the Children?"

It seems so easy for husbands and wives to argue. In our family it became an acute habit. I suppose we thought that each was duty-bound to disagree with whatever the other proposed. But at least we had sense enough to sit down and talk the situation over.

Our decision was this. We decided to enter into a solemn contract, of one week's duration, from Sunday midnight until the following Sunday midnight. During the week no fault was to be found. Unpleasantnesses and disagreements were to be postponed until the Sunday midnight following. When that night arrived, we would try to think what our grievances were. And, by George, we couldn't remember. That went on for weeks and months, so beautifully that we have just entered upon a five-year contract, effective as of September 1st, 1930. Lord help us! Will life be worth living with nobody to fight with?

This is a fine recipe for couples who threaten to break the bonds of matrimony. It should be used when there are children to consider.

The author of "Who Gets the Children?" was very wise in her treatment of her problem. She has the children in a far stronger grasp than has the husband. And I believe they are fortunate children. They have a home, a father who does what he thinks is for their best interests, and a mother who does what is for their best interests. All those parents need now is a five-year contract which doubtless would renew itself automatically by 1935.

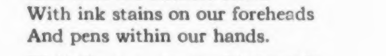
* * *

We have received from an anonymous lyricist in Philadelphia the following affecting poem, which is to be sung sonorously and with great feeling to the tune of "I Want To Be an Angel." The illustration leaves us in some perplexity. As it was originally cut out of blue paper, it may represent four rhymesters feeling blue, as in the third stanza. But we prefer to interpret it as the shades of the four Harper Brothers celebrating the arrival of verse that "will do."

We think of Harper Brothers
As great men of the earth,
And in their famous Monthly
We'd like to win a berth.
We'd like to write for HARPER'S
And with the authors stand
With ink stains on our foreheads
And pens within our hands.

We'd like to write for HARPER'S,
And it is hard to say
That all the verse we sent them
Has always failed to stay.
We want to write for HARPER'S
With all our main and might;
We'd like to have them praise us
For compositions right.

We want to write for HARPER'S,
But through the wind and rain,
It matters not, the weather,
Our poems come back again;
To write in rhyme is one thing,
To write it right is two;
We never seem to strike it,
It makes us feel so blue.



(Concluded on second page following)

Study of Children at the Piano by Anton Bruehl

CHILDREN WITHOUT TOYS

Slim, gallant, untried . . . fresh as new rose petals . . . they put their toys aside. Yet before them still stretch several more years of childhood. It is, perhaps, the most difficult time of all. Now more than ever they must have plenty of just the right thing to do . . . and worthy friends. Their sensitiveness, their eagerness to live poignantly, must be sympathetically dealt with. Reality must be adroitly exchanged for the discarded toys.

And it all will be a little easier if they have been taught how to partake of the "cultured life."

This does not mean that they have to be poets or great musicians. It means, to take music for an example, a pleasant familiarity with gay melodies, with the spirit-stirring work of immortal genius, with all the myriad cultural influences of a fine art.

True, it may seem, at first glance, expensive to substitute a superb piano for a toy. But a first-rate environment will definitely help to produce a first-rate person. And the Steinway is so perfectly and soundly built that it will serve your children's children when the time comes . . . yet it can be obtained now on a deferred payment plan that will not burden even the modest income. The Steinway will do more than assist your children through their most difficult time to a sane and beautiful life. It will give them an attractive accomplishment that will help them to make friends. It will permit them to develop their talents on what is both the strongest and most perfect instrument. And it will subtly connect them with a glorious tradition . . . for virtually every great musician since Wagner has used the Steinway.

A new Steinway Upright piano can be bought for a total as low as $875

As the Steinway is made in New York City, this price, naturally, must be "plus transportation" beyond New York and its suburbs.

10% down balance in three years

Used pianos accepted in partial exchange. If there is no Steinway dealer near you, write for information to Steinway & Sons, Steinway Hall, 109 West 57th Street, New York.

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS **STEINWAY**

We'd think that we were angels
If once our dream came true—
If Harper Brothers wrote us,
"We think your verse will do."
Rothschild would not be in it,
We'd walk with courtly air;
If there should be a payment
Some dollars we could share.

We want to write for HARPER'S,
To see our name in print;
We'll never give up trying
While we've a drop of ink.
Oh, could we write for HARPER'S
Just once before we die!
We'd rather not be angels (yet)
But poets, you and I.

* * *

Of all the comments on "Who Gets the Children?" which have reached us, none is written out of longer or more bitter experience than this.

Dear HARPER'S:

The following may be looked upon as a continuation of "Who Gets the Children?" in the September HARPER'S. My case is very similar but has lasted thirty-two years. Both of my children are married now and I have so successfully shielded them from the effects of discord between the parents that they, as well as my husband, are completely dumbfounded by my sudden demand for a divorce. "Anonymous" must reach the point where I am now, even though she closes on a somewhat hopeful note of acquiring tolerance. But what if this is impossible? We are old, not well off, our children don't need us, and with a bleak old age before me I start this bitter fight for freedom. Why?

"Anonymous" still has time to avoid some of the mistakes I made. I, too, knew what I wanted above all else, and lived for it alone: "a happy home for the children." I could control only myself, not their father, and the result was that "self" in me was annihilated. I did *not* become *his* creature, but I ceased to be mine. I became a tool chiseling out of what material there was, a "happy home." Well, my work is done. I have my children's love, respect, deep admiration, and—more bitter than anything—their pity. I am now told that I must at last begin to live for "myself." And there is no such thing. To live with no one to work for is like trying to walk without ground under the feet. But to remain married is impossible, for my husband's stupid tyranny is enforced by corporal cruelty. He proclaims virtuously, "I box her ears when she deserves it, but I never use a club as I ought to."

So, "Anonymous," by all means give your children a "happy home" at a cost which I have paid to the last farthing; but, before it is too late, prepare yourself for old age. Retain some scraps of ego; have some absorbing work aside from the "happy home"; and above all, do not count on being useful to your children once they are married.

Equally Anonymous.

* * *

The following paragraphs conclude a letter written to Stuart Chase by a naval officer who had just finished "The Luxury of Integrity":

I have recently been reading in the *Outline of History* the story of the Dark Ages, when human knowledge was kept alive only in monasteries scattered through a sea of ignorant barbarity. There appears to be a parallel between those monasteries and magazines of the caliber of HARPER'S. Human knowledge itself is no longer in danger of extinction. But the integrity of human knowledge is in danger. It seems to have been all but swamped by our avidity for profits and publicity. Not many of the men I know are greatly concerned about false testimonials, rotten liquor, backslapping or shoddy politics. Regulations replace personal opinions far more than they need to. Only a few stand up for the integrity of their own ideas.

It seems to me that magazines like HARPER'S, publishing articles like yours, keep alive the tradition of the integrity of human ideas, just as monasteries once kept alive the ideas themselves. Probably no salesmen, politicians, or corporation executives will forswear their ways to-day because of your work. That is, after all, not important. The vital thing is that the tradition of the integrity of human thinking is kept alive for some future generation to use. We to-day set enormous value on knowledge kept alive by monks of a thousand years ago. Sometime in the future the integrity of that knowledge may be regarded as highly as its material products are to-day. If so, the ultimate value of your work will be realized.

IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

Supply, Demand, and Value

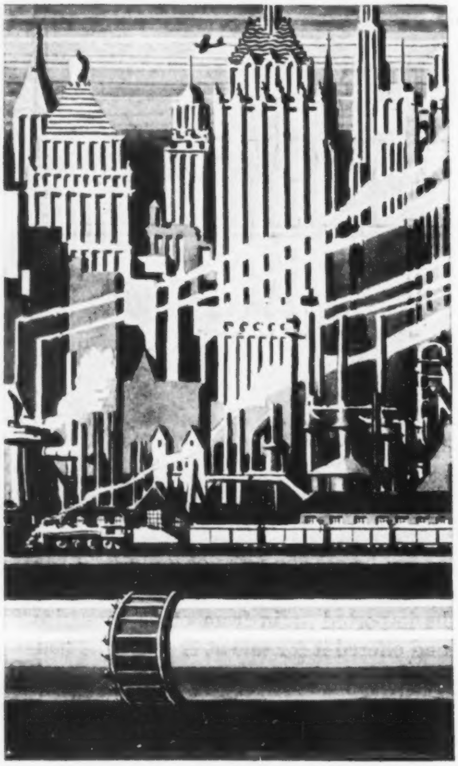
By PAUL TOMLINSON

* * *

THIS period of the world's history in which we are living has been called by many names. The machine age, the age of science, the age of speed are but a few of them. It might also be described as the age of attempted regulation of prices. Government and its agencies tell the railroads what rates they can charge; public utility rates are fixed by commissions; the government has recently appropriated money to buy foodstuffs in an effort to stabilize prices in the interests of the farmer. One is reminded of the lady socialist who declared that this world could never be the world it should be until that pernicious law of supply and demand was abolished.

ATTEMPTS to regulate and fix prices are not new. History tells of an emperor who, during a food shortage some seventeen hundred years ago, fixed by imperial decree the price of certain commodities and services; the result was bloodshed, a growing scarcity of food and final repeal of the edict. A successor of this emperor, ignoring the former disastrous experiment, tried price fixing again; he set the price of grain, and the holders of grain hoarded their supplies; he imported grain from other countries and offered it for sale at the price he had fixed; speculators bought it up, and finally the emperor was obliged to admit that economic laws are more effective than those made by man. Is it possible that eventually all legislators will come to a realization of this fact?

IN the last analysis there is only one way to determine value, and that is by the workings of supply and demand. We hear of frozen credits and we hear that banks in various parts of the country have failed because too many of their assets consisted of loans on property which could not be converted into cash. In other words, the supply of property exceeded the demand, and when those who tried to sell found no one to buy, the value of their properties was insufficient to cover the loans. When supply exceeds demand, prices are bound to fall, and we have what is called a buyer's market, with purchasers able to secure what they want on terms favorable to them. If demand exceeds sup-



NATURAL GAS FOR CHICAGO

. . . soon to be a reality! Already work has started on the piping of natural gas from remote fields, to serve Chicago and its metropolitan area. ¶ We distribute the securities of The Peoples Gas Light and Coke Company, serving Chicago, and of other companies whose growth is being influenced by the distribution of natural gas. Send for our list of offerings yielding 6% and more.

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ply, prices go up, and the seller then is in a position to dictate terms. When last summer's drought diminished the size of the corn crop, the price of corn went up; when the producers of copper mined more metal than could readily be sold, prices went down.

WHEN we say a thing is easy to sell we mean it is a thing which is in demand; and something in demand always commands a higher price than something nobody wants. Nowhere is this fact more in evidence than in the investment markets; a good rule for all investors is never to buy stocks or bonds which cannot be sold on short notice. The ability to sell presupposes demand, which confirms the presence of value.

AN auction sale is one of the simplest examples of how value is determined through the workings of the law of supply and demand. The auctioneer offers objects for sale and calls upon those present to name the prices they are willing to pay; if these objects catch the fancy of the audience, bidding will be brisk, and prices realized will be high; if there is little interest, then bidding will be desultory and prices low. When the auction is over there may be a difference of opinion about the prices paid, some thinking them too high, some too low, but the fact remains that at the time of the sale the value of the objects sold was determined by the demand for them.

NOW as a plain matter of fact, the New York Stock Exchange is nothing more nor less than a big auction room with the brokers alternately acting the roles of auctioneer and bidder, depending upon whether they have orders to sell or buy. If a broker has an order, let us say, to sell one hundred shares of General Motors, at the market, he joins the group at the General Motors

An airplane tour of the communities served by the operating properties of the American Water Works and Electric Company, Incorporated

Wichita, Kansas, is served by six major railway systems, and is one of the most prosperous and progressive cities in the great Middle West. Besides a number of large meat packing plants, Wichita has many diversified manufacturing interests and is one of the foremost agricultural centers of the United States as well as the hub of mid-western commercial aircraft activities.

THE Wichita Water Company is one of many successful operating public utility companies owned by the American Water Works and Electric Company. It has supplied the growing population of this Kansas metropolis for many years with its most essential public service. One of the forty-three seasoned operating water companies in the diversified American Water Works and Electric System of electric, water and other utilities, the Wichita property is constantly adding to the sound values behind its own and the parent corporation's securities.

Send for booklet descriptive of the business and securities of our water companies.

AMERICAN
WATER WORKS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY
INCORPORATED

50 Broad Street, New York

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post and quickly learns that the stock is being offered at 50, with 49¾ bid. In order to make a sale he may offer his hundred shares at 49⅞, a compromise price, but if he cannot get a bid of better than 49¾ he sells at that price. In other words, the price realized depends upon how much demand there is from buyers; and of course they never bid more than is necessary. When the volume of buying orders exceeds the number of orders to sell there is competition among the buyers, which puts prices up; conversely, when there are more orders to sell than to buy prices go down. During the panic a year ago there were instances when there were no bids at all for certain stocks, with the result that sales of these issues could not be made. There was no demand at all, and during the short period when confidence was so impaired that even some of the best issues went begging, value was entirely lacking. If this sort of thing happened—even for an hour—on the New York Stock Exchange, what chance had people to convert into cash stocks and bonds unlisted and inactive even in ordinary times?

OBVIOUSLY, in order to make a sale a man must be found who has the inclination and the money to buy. If every seller of securities had to start out on his own initiative to find a purchaser it would prove a lengthy and laborious undertaking, and the New York Stock Exchange, and other recognized exchanges throughout the country, were founded for the purpose of providing markets where, through authorized brokers and in accordance with carefully worked out and strictly enforced regulations, buyers and sellers of securities might meet on common ground. In such markets securities can be sold on

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The *Review* is designed to keep investors informed of general business and stock market conditions. Such analytical discussions as are presented center on stocks and market topics of particular current interest.

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$230,000

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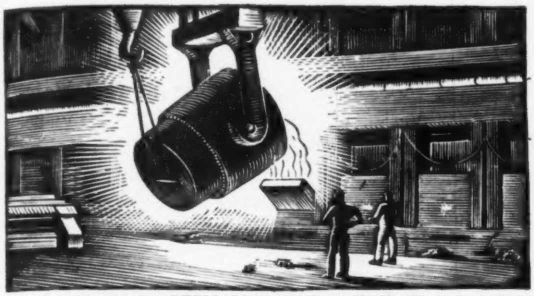

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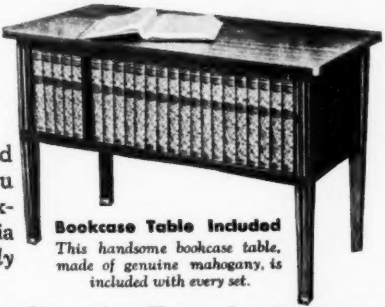

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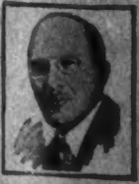
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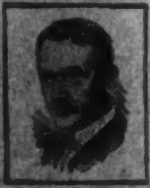
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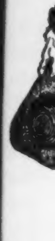

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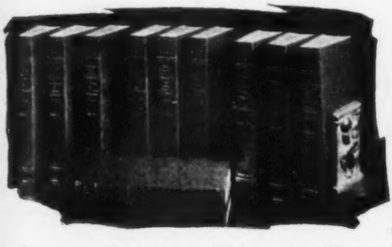

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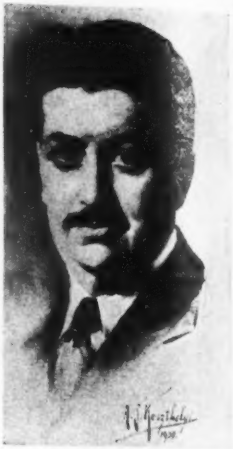

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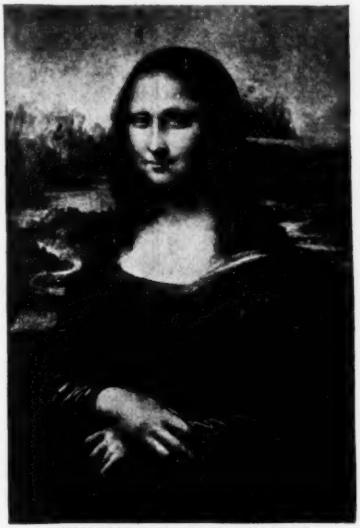
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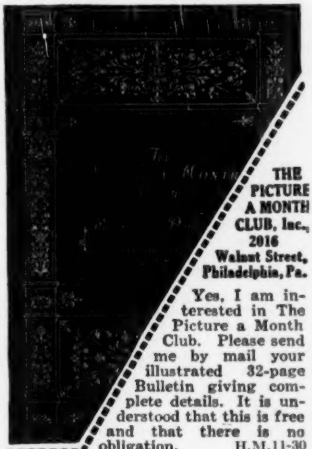

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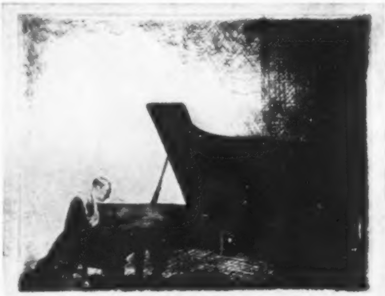

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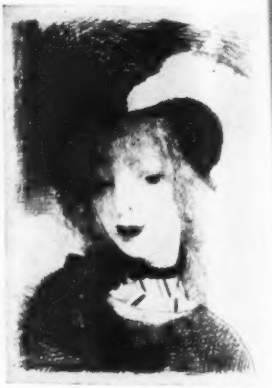
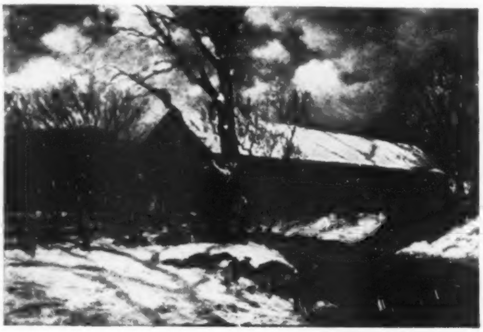


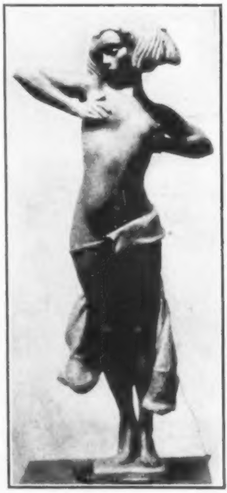
"Elvira." An original colored lithograph by Marie Laurencin. One of a limited, numbered edition, and very rare. Size 16" x 10". $70.00. Courtesy of the Ferargil Galleries.



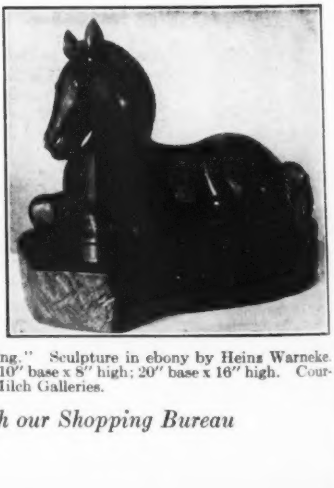
"Old Covered Bridge." An oil painting of the bridge over the Baker River at Rumney, New Hampshire, by R. Emmett Owen, noted painter of New England landscapes. In two sizes, 46" x 36", and 16" x 12". Courtesy of the R. Emmett Owen Gallery.

Jane Loring

will be glad to help you in the selection of anything you may wish from the New York Art Galleries.



"Salomé." An interesting portrayal of an African dancing girl, by Benjamin T. Kurtz. Cast in bronze by the Gorham Company. 17" high. $250.00.



"Colt Rising." Sculpture in ebony by Heinz Warneke. In two sizes, 10" base x 8" high; 20" base x 16" high. Courtesy of the Milch Galleries.

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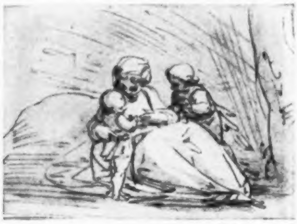
WHERE TO SHOP

The Metropolitan Museum of Art



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Booklet (2) Christmas Suggestions sent on request
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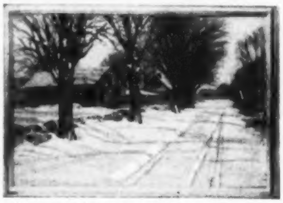
New York



Afternoon Light

Special Attention to Over Mantle Problems

•

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Painter of NEW ENGLAND LANDSCAPES

Invites You to Visit His Gallery

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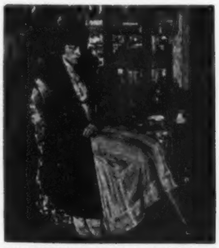
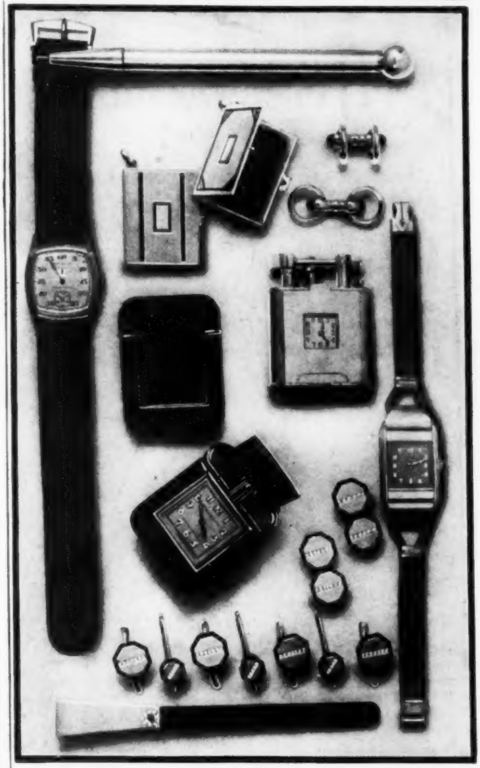
MILCH GALLERIES



PAINTINGS
SCULPTURE
ETCHINGS
WATER COLORS

"MARGUERITE" by
LOUIS RITMAN
is reproduced

108 WEST 57th STREET **NEW YORK**



Aristocratic JEWELRY for Men —

Brand Chatillon specializes in the all-important jeweled accessories which distinguish the man of aristocratic taste and correct grooming.

Jumping-Hour Wrist Watch. The hour flashes in the dial face. White gold. Swiss 17-jewel movement. $375.

Dial Telephone Pencil. Revolving ball end. $24.

Book Locket. Photographs reproduced on gold leaves. Gold enamel motif. Four sizes. $50 to $120.

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15 paintings

The Exhibit of "Fifteen Paintings by Five Leading American Artists" — now on view — is the first in a series of these Group Exhibitions which we plan to hold during the season. The collection offers variety of work . . . variety of subjects. A showing worthy of your close attention. Write for a catalogue.

Macbeth Gallery
15 East 57th St. New York

VAUGHAN
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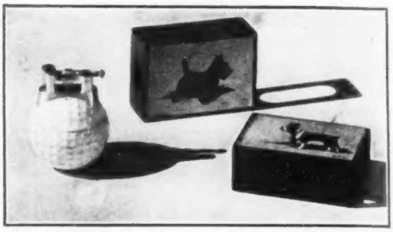
QUALITY PRODUCT
SEND TO TAUNTON, MASS FOR CATALOG

Gifts for Him

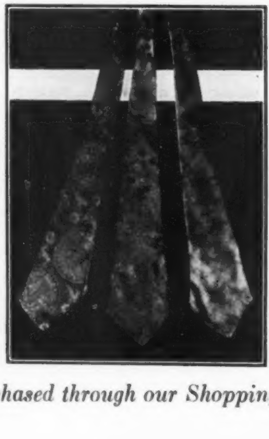
FROM Asprey of London come two brand new items which seem to offer a solution to the problem of what to give those men who have everything, and are hard to please anyway. A letter opener with a small round magnifying glass set in the handle is as good-looking as it is unusual and useful, with silver metal handle and tortoise shell blade. 8" long, $10.00. Postpaid.

An all-steel penknife, agreeably flat and thin, has just one good blade, which is released by a sliding spring on the handle, saving wear and tear on the nails and disposition. 3" long, in a neat leather case, $3.50. Postpaid.



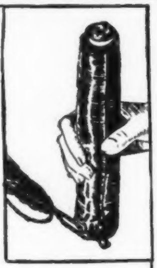
THE golf ball lighter is a novelty lighter that is really trustworthy, and we believe it is destined to fill the toe of many a man's Xmas stocking this year. Of heavy metal, looking for all the world like a real golf ball, except for the silver lighter set in it, it holds enough fuel for two weeks, and, however it is treated, always rights itself. $3.50. Postpaid.

Dogs of practically every breed, hand-painted by a famous English dog artist, decorate the tops of these match box covers. If you care about dogs at all you'll find them quite irresistible—they are *perfectly* done—and buy them for every room in the house and all your friends. The covers are of wood, stained brown, with tops of natural finish, and are the proper size for the ordinary box of safety matches. $4.50. Postpaid.



ALL the tales of unworn Xmas neckties to the contrary, we are showing you these Japanese silk ties because we know how popular they are and because we think you will welcome something different in ties. Made of hand-woven silks, exclusive with Gunn & Latchford, the tie at the left is a heavy quality silk Oriental brocade with rich 17th century design in henna or blue, $3.50; centre, the Chinese dragon design, in self color brocade in all leading shades, $2.00; right, a Miyako batik crêpe, in red, blue, green or brown, $2.50. Postpaid.

WHERE TO SHOP



DALE MIDGET UMBRELLA

Opens to regulation size umbrella. Fits snugly into envelope handbag. Umbrella when closed 10 inches.

***Handbag* $13.50**
***Umbrella* $15.00**

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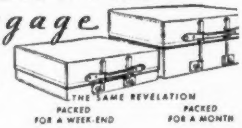

DALE

MODERN LUGGAGE
WITH THE KEYLESS LOCK
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These exquisite pieces should be seen by all lovers of beautiful porcelain-ware. They make appropriate gifts for all occasions. A new selection of Figurines, Vases, Lamps, Dinnerware and other artistic pieces in genuine Royal Copenhagen Porcelain is now on display.

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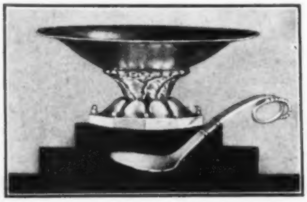

Nut Dish with Spoon, $30.00

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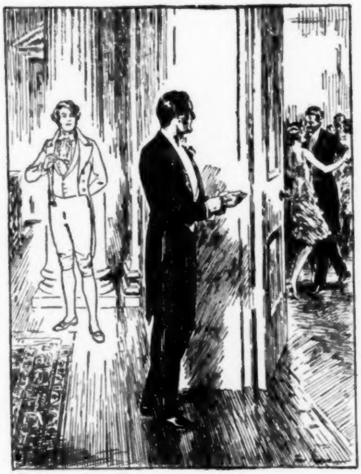

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1818 and To-Day

Dress Clothes and Accessories

Send for "A Wardrobe for Evening"

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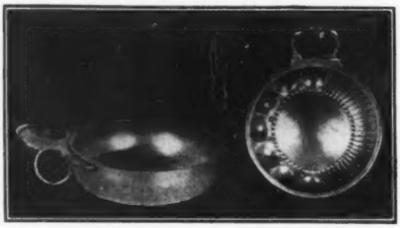
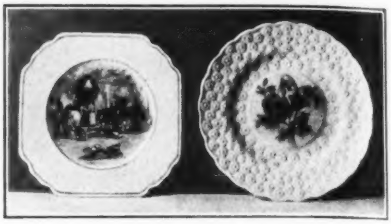
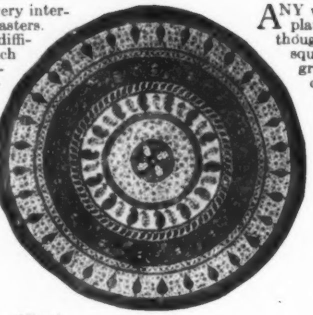
Jane Loring Shops for the Home





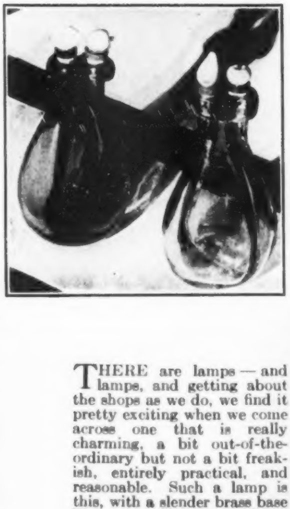
CRICHTON and Company have a very interesting collection of old silver wine tasters. Made in France, these are increasingly difficult to procure, and genuine old ones, such as these — dated 1781 and 1740 respectively — are very rare indeed. It is interesting to note that on some of them each side has a different pattern; in this way two tasters could sip from the same one and each could tell from which side he drank. These average 2½" in diameter and make a charming, and rare, gift. About $100.00 each



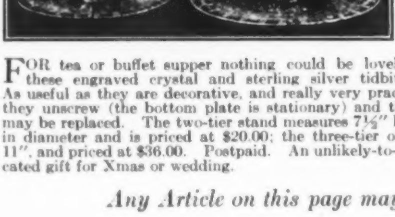
ANY woman who entertains at all will welcome old plates of the ever-useful dessert size, and we thought these two patterns especially nice. The square hunt plate is ivory, with a narrow red or green line forming a border, and hunt scenes in color in a round centre. From Wedgwood and Company. 8" size, $18.00 a dozen. Express charges collect.

The round plate is a new design in spode, also ivory, with embossed border, and assorted flower designs in color in the centre. Very dainty and unusual. Size 9", $25.00 a dozen. Express charges collect.

A SHOP having an exceptional collection of Persian and Indian prints is letting us show you some genuine antique Persian ones — from 50 to over 100 years old — at a very special price for the Xmas season. These particular prints are round, the designs are beautiful and the colors — well, like old Oriental rugs, they are all colors, but they blend with anything. They have been backed with a lining of chintz or sateen to preserve them, and these linings are so pretty you'll be tempted to remove them to use for pillows, for instance! The prints are approximately 45" in diameter and are stunning for wall decoration, table covers or chair drapes. No two are alike, so mention the color you want to predominate. $12.00 each. Postpaid.



WE ARE utterly intrigued by these Spanish *twin* bottles of green glass, for oil and vinegar. Oil and vinegar in the same bottle, mind you — there is an inside division, and two openings and two corks! We are showing them in pairs because we like them for ornament, quite aside from their salad dressing use, and because that gives us four corks, and the cork tops, in the shape of various fruits in natural colors, are irresistible. 5" high, $2.50 each, plus 15 cents for postage outside of New York City.



FOR tea or buffet supper nothing could be lovelier than these engraved crystal and sterling silver tidbit stands. As useful as they are decorative, and really very practical, for they unscrew (the bottom plate is stationary) and the plates may be replaced. The two-tier stand measures 7½" high x 9" in diameter and is priced at $20.00; the three-tier one 12" x 11", and priced at $36.00. Postpaid. An unlikely-to-be-duplicated gift for Xmas or wedding.

THERE are lamps — and lamps, and getting about the shops as we do, we find it pretty exciting when we come across one that is really charming, a bit out-of-the-ordinary but not a bit freakish, entirely practical, and reasonable. Such a lamp is this, with a slender brass base like a candlestick, and an amber-tinted South Sea Island shell shade. These shell shades give a lovely light, are very distinctive looking, and not at all fragile, despite their transparency. Complete with bulb, 14½" high, $14.00. Postpaid.

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WHERE TO SHOP

THIS mat, under a lamp or vase, is useful in protecting fine furniture. It is a stencil used in Japan for dyeing lovely silks. The stencil is pressed between two plates of glass and bound with a red metal rim.

9" diameter $5 *7" diameter $4*
5" diameter $3.50

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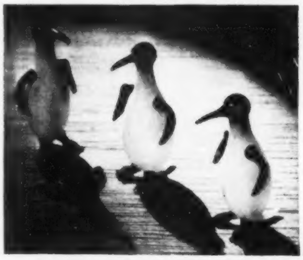
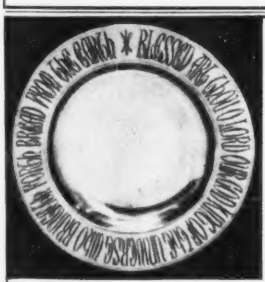


Glass Penguins $1 each

RENA ROSENTHAL
520 Madison Ave. **New York City**



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An Appropriate Wedding Gift

A decorative 10½" Bread Plate of heavy pewter with Grace in hand engraved Gothic letters.

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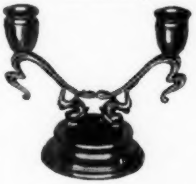
Suggest

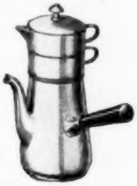
new Fall conveniences for the smooth-flowing menage, for entertaining and for gifts that are as practical as they are unusual.

Candlelight is So Becoming



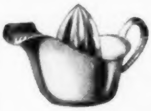
and these quaint dolphin candelabra in heavy-gauge pewter will grace any table delightfully for the modest sum of....... **$5.00 each.**
Height 6¼ inches.

More Room on the Breakfast Tray



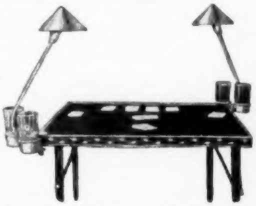
This clever two-cup coffee service is also of pewter, with the sugar bowl and creamer compactly nested atop the pot. 7½ *inches high*.............. **$8.50**

An Orange Reamer With Table Manners



For quick, mussless, freshly squeezed orange juice, this heavily silvered reamer is quite at home and tremendously convenient on the table.......... **$6.00**

New Comfort at Bridge



These improved Ace-High "light-refreshment" combinations are just out. Two smart lamps that clamp quickly to the bridge table, each has two glass holders.

Set of two lamps in red, jade green, dark green or black........................... **$6.00**

Home Making Service

Without charge, monthly bulletins will be sent you on request, illustrating the very latest developments in home making equipment. Any of the items illustrated above will be shipped postpaid within 100 miles of New York.

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WHERE TO SHOP

Gay Christmas Wrappings

These smart accessories will give your gifts an air of importance even before they are opened. And they are so easy to purchase as a group. Ten sheets of decorative paper in a tube, jade green, Chinese red and gold, and blue and silver, $1.10 . . . 12 assorted enclosure cards with star lined envelopes, 60c . . . 2 rolls of Japanese paper tying tape, 60c . . . 12 tags and 12 seals of Christmasy design, 50c . . . or complete group for $2.50 postpaid . . . your favorite shop or direct.

Amy Drevenstedt

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GREETING CARDS *for* CHRISTMAS

Made from your own Pictures and Negatives

We make greeting cards from material which you provide—snapshots, photographs, pictures, silhouettes, a bit of original verse or signatures.

Cards are of fine vellum stock with lined envelopes to match.

Please write today for samples, list of verses, and simple directions for ordering.

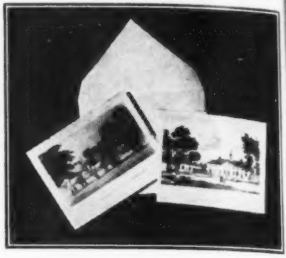
25 Cards, $6.00	75 Cards, $12.50
50 Cards, $8.50	100 Cards, $16.00

ARTCRAFT STUDIOS

906 Lindeke Building

Saint Paul Minnesota

Christmas Cards



IF YOU are looking for something out-of-the-ordinary in cards, we suggest these with hand-colored American views and coaching scenes, taken from old engravings. They are very interesting and distinctive, and may be had with or without a simple Xmas greeting. Of buff stock, four-fold, size 3½" x 4½" folded, and with matching envelopes, they are priced at $2.50 for 25; $5.00 for 50; $10.00 for 100. No orders accepted for less than 25, and please add 10 cents for postage outside New York City.

WE ARE sure many of you will welcome this opportunity to secure fine Florentine and Venetian illuminated cards in an assortment that is a Holiday offering at a very special price. These cards are really exquisite, of fine quality parchment, with illumination copied from old manuscripts done by the Monks during the Middle Ages, and with reproductions of the Old Masters that are worth cherishing. The assortment consists of a splendid selection of 30 designs, including gift cards, motto cards, enclosures, blotters, book-marks, and reproductions of the Old Masters. We do not believe you could find any more artistic cards, and this assortment of 30 will be sent anywhere in the United States for $5.00. Postpaid.

HERE it is — the Fifth Avenue Stationers' boxed assortment of Xmas cards! This year it consists of 12 hand-colored heavy parchment French folders, with a different greeting on the inside page of each folder, and with lined envelopes to match. The cards measure 4" x 5", folded, and the assortment is a remarkable bargain at the usual price of $1.00. Postpaid. What's more, the Company will refund your money if you aren't satisfied. Because of the rush of orders for these cards always, we are going to ask you *please* to take pity on us and send your orders direct to the Fifth Avenue Stationers, 505 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Thank you!

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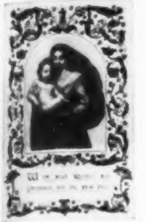
WHERE TO SHOP



THIRTY CHRISTMAS CARDS

from Venice and Florence

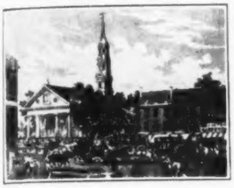
Reproductions of Old Masters
Gift Cards — Enclosures
Calendars for 1931
Thirty Designs

$5.00 Postpaid

Money refunded if not satisfied

Parchment paper used in the manufacture of these cards. Decorated in Christmas colors copied from Mediaeval manuscripts. EXQUISITE — ARTISTIC—DISTINCTIVE—Each card in the nature of a gift.

THE LOOMIS-BROWN ART COMPANY
Remsen, New York



Christmas Cards

Not The Conventional Kind

Views of Old New York, Harvard, Yale, Amherst, Columbia, Dartmouth, Coaching Scenes, Cross-stitch Designs, Bachelor Hall Subjects, Dog Etching Reproductions, Godey Fashion Greetings.

All handcolored, fourfold cards on buff paper, complete with simple Christmas Greetings (or blank) with matching envelope. Any assortment of subjects. 25 cards, $2.50; 50 cards, $5.00; 100 cards, $10.00.

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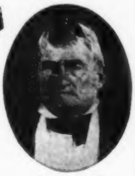
COPLEYPRINTS of Distinguished American Art For Gifts, Home, Schools

Send 25 cents for Illustrated Catalogue. It is a little Handbook of American Art



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578 Madison Avenue, New York City

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"Fifth Avenue" Stationery is the choice of Men and Women who appreciate quality

Monogram or Name and Address
Like Die Engraving
Lustrous Raised Letters
(Not Printed)
Club Size 6¾ x 5½

100 Single Sheets and 100 Envelopes, lettered, and 100 Plain Sheets, OR 100 Folded Sheets and 100 Envelopes, lettered **$2**

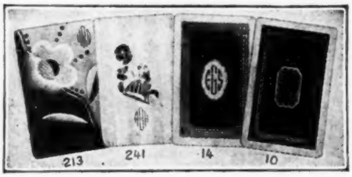
Can be ordered in **Vellum — Linen** or **Ripple finish paper.** White or Grey — or Grey **Granite paper.** Marking Colors: Black, Blue, Jade Green, Grey or Brown.

State Quality Paper Wanted

Monogrammed Playing Cards

Finest quality with gold or silver edges in Linen or Celutone (smooth finish).

Two decks contrasting color backs, each card monogrammed in case **$3.50**



No. 241 — Solid background of gold with design in colors, gold edges, the mate silver background with silver edges, Herringbone linen finish.

No. 213 — Red and gold design with gold edges, the mate blue and silver design with silver edges, Celutone smooth finish.

These two numbers come in two deck cases

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6 Decks $7.50

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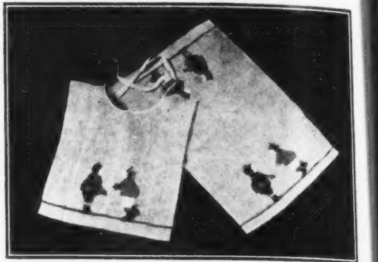
The Toy Shops Are Ready for Christmas!



"THINGS aren't always what they seem." Take this cushion, for instance, of checked gingham or plain linen, in pastel colors, with a furry dog, duck or cat sewed on the top; it has a music box concealed inside and plays cheerfully when sat on, or squeezed! Children love it, naturally. 10" square, $7.00, plus 20 cents for postage outside New York City.

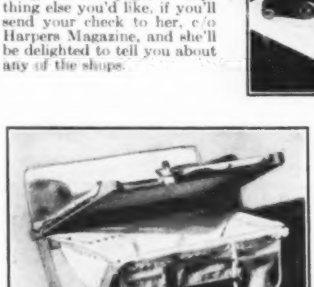
In our day a bean bag was just a bean bag, but this year we find them made of felt, in the shape of animals, and we've been quite unhappy, realizing how much too old we are to play with them, so adorable they are. There's an elephant, a rabbit, a duck, a cat — all just as cunning as can be, and a set of 6, assorted, is priced at $6.00, plus 20 cents postage outside New York City.

THERE are so many fascinating toy shops — *Jane Loring* can't begin to show you all the things she'd like to. But she will gladly buy the things on this page, or anything else you'd like, if you'll send your check to her, c/o Harpers Magazine, and she'll be delighted to tell you about any of the shops.

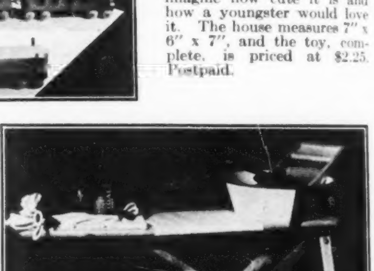
WE HAVE already praised the hooked rugs made by the women of Labrador, and now we are pleased to show you some of their weaving. A baby's bib and tray cover, hand-woven of a mercerized thread in pastel colors, with embroidery weave design in colors, exemplifies their fine workmanship, and seems to us an extraordinarily nice present. The designs are awfully cunning, typically Northern, children in parkas and dogs chiefly, and the set, cover 19" x 12" and bib 14" x 12", is priced at $5.50. Postpaid.

WE BELIEVE "Radio Rex" will be a familiar figure in a great many households this Xmas. Radio Rex is a celluloid bulldog, and he lives in a wooden house with a tin roof. And, believe it or not, when one calls "Rex," near the house, out pops Rex! Please don't expect us to explain it; there's some sort of a spring in the house and it's a question of sound vibration, but it does work, and you can imagine how cute it is and how a youngster would love it. The house measures 7" x 6" x 7", and the toy, complete, is priced at $2.25. Postpaid.

XMAS wouldn't be Xmas without a train of some sort, and we were very much taken with this Trans-Continental Freight, consisting of an engine and seven cars. They are of painted wood, and all fasten together and may be pulled along, of course. There are nice touches of realism, such as a refrigerator car with doors that slide open, and all this costs only $3.00. There is also a similar train, of just three cars and an engine, priced at $1.50. Please add 25 cents to each for postage outside New York City.



XMAS 1930 dolls may be bathed in a portable, folding bathtub just like a real infant's, except for its reduced size. A wooden stand supports the rubber tub, there's an outlet for the water, a canvas top, dropped down behind during the bath, pulls up and covers the tub, for drying and dressing, and there are pockets for the infant's paraphernalia. Really one of the cutest things we've seen — and very new. 17½" high, $4.50, plus 25 cents for postage outside New York City.



IT'S a strange thing that little girls always love to pretend to do all sorts of household tasks that they are quite certain to dislike heartily later on. Such being the case, however, we can't imagine the little girl who wouldn't be thrilled with this ironing board set — all in miniature, but all real and entirely usable. Besides the folding ironing board there are a washtub and board, a clothes basket, a folding clothes reel, clothespins and a bag to hold them, soap, a clothesline, and a real electric iron with cord! All for $8.50. Postpaid.

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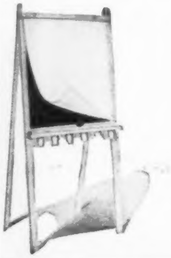
WHERE TO SHOP

Graded Toys for Scientific Child Training



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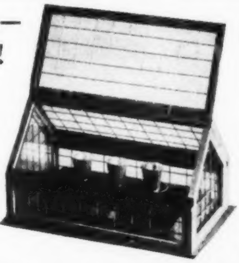

Grow real flowers from seed in this greenhouse. Paned glass, with green frame, 18″ x 10″ x 11″, complete with 3 pots and wooden boxes for growing seed. $6.00, plus 50 cents postage outside N. Y. C.

CHILDREN'S BOOK AND PLAY SERVICE, INC.

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THE CHILDREN'S CENTER

Baby Wing Chair

Perfect for children of nursery age. Is chintz-covered, 26 inches high and the seat is 10 inches from the floor. $35.00 express collect.

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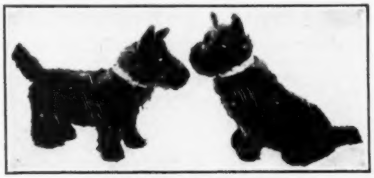

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Sitting Dog **$7.00** — Standing Dog **$6.50**
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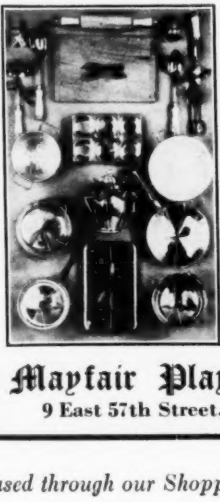

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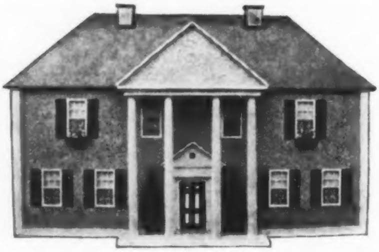

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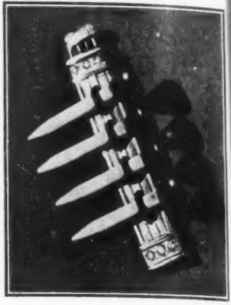
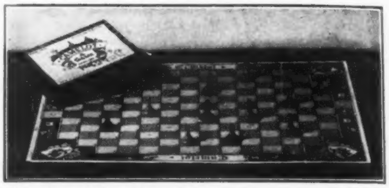
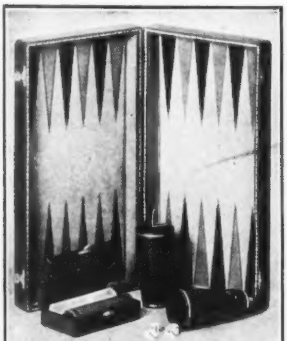


A BAR PIN, in the shape of a golf bag, very conveniently holds your tees, and may be worn wherever it is most handy. Much easier than rummaging in pockets — yours, the caddie's or your bag's. Since we photographed this pin, we learn that it is being made to hold six tees instead of four, but the appearance is the same. It has a safety clasp, and comes in a gift box, in sterling, for $5.00; silver plate, $1.25. Postpaid.



FOR cool evenings indoors, here is a new game, "Camelot," of the chess-checkers family, but differing widely from these or any other game. "Camelot" presents innumerable combinations and fascinating problems, affording the opportunity for brilliant play and great freedom of action, upon a basis of moves easily learned. This new game is full of atmosphere, the opposing forces being arranged in the centre of the field and meeting like small medieval armies. The game consists of a red-bound folding board of good weight, 20″ x 18″ when opened, with pictorial design in colors, and numbered squares for recording interesting plays, box of 28 playing pieces in enamel finish, and, of course, a booklet of rules and examples of play. $3.00. Postpaid.



OF COURSE you play Backgammon, or if you've resisted so far, you'll doubtless succumb soon. As you probably know, Backgammon has been played since the days of the ancient Egyptians, and now, with modern rules and new boards, it is enjoying an amazingly popular revival. We can only show you one set of the many — it has a leather case with gilt decorations, russet leather playing field, red and black points, galalith composition draughtsmen, measures 13½″ x 13″ open, and is priced at $15.00, complete with dice and cups. Please add $1.00 for packing and mailing beyond 100 miles of New York City. There are other sets up to $130.00 table models, and you may be interested to know of a Backgammon primer at 75 cents, and a book, "Modern Backgammon," $1.75.

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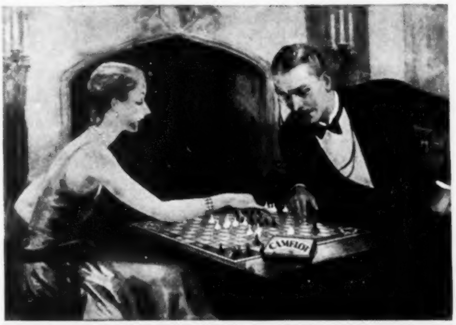

REG. U.S. PATENT OFFICE
Camelot
by **GEORGE S. PARKER**

CAMELOT is the latest popular success in games. Two forces of knights and men confront each other in the center of the board.

Jump, canter, capture, smash with a Knight's Charge and clear the way through your opponent's forces to his goal!

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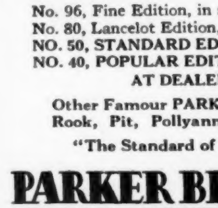

CAMELOT

Camelot will be found surprising and amusing even when lightly played. Each succeeding game will develop the player's skill and delight. There are never two games alike — the variety is endless. Camelot is made in the following editions.

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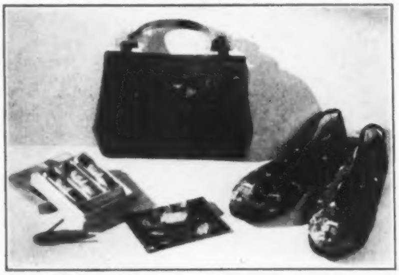
Gifts From The Orient



Hand bag of Japanese embossed leather in brown tones, with shell handle, silk-lined and fitted with suspended purse, and mirror. 5½" x 8", $7.50 postpaid.

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Handkerchiefs
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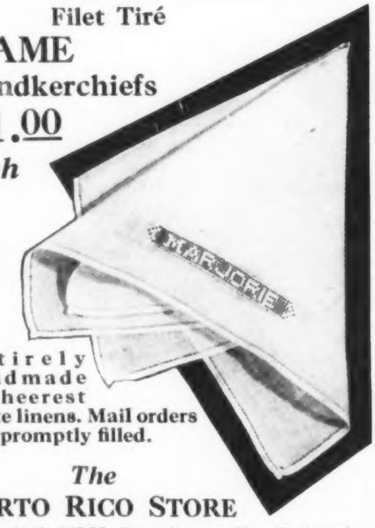

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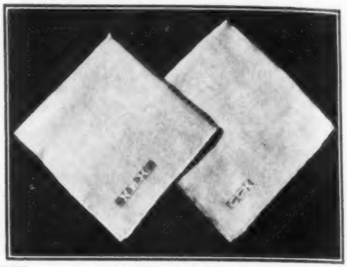
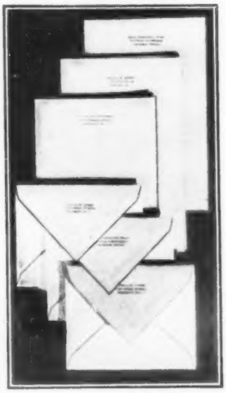
Gifts for Her



I THINK every woman likes dainty handkerchiefs and certainly they are something of which one can never have too many. And when they are marked they give double pleasure because of the thought and the added personal touch. These are of fine, pure Irish linen, hand-made, with a filet tiré oblong monogram (1, 2 or 3 initials) cut into the linen in one corner. Both handkerchiefs are 9½" square; the one with the ⅛" hand-hemstitched hem is priced at $1.00, or $5.00 for six, the one with the ⅛" filet tiré edge at $2.00 or $10.00 for six. These prices are postpaid and include initialing.



A BOX of this smart bordered stationery, marked with her name and address, is sure to be a welcome present. In the Baronial size, 5" x 8" folded sheet, with envelopes bordered and having pointed flaps, 5¼" x 4¼", it comes in rippled vellum or linen finish and in the following colors: light blue paper with dark blue border; white with gray, gold or red; gray with red; orchid with lavender; buff with brown. The price of $3.00 for 100 sheets and 100 envelopes includes a 3-line name and address by the "thermograving" process, in blue, black, green or red; other colors are 50 cents extra. Packed in a Xmas box, with a gift card enclosed, and postpaid, east of the Mississippi; west of the Mississippi add 10%; for countries outside the United States, 20%.

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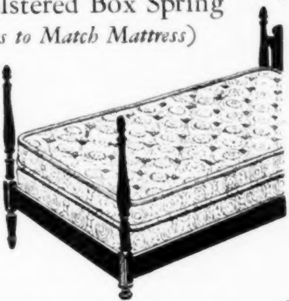

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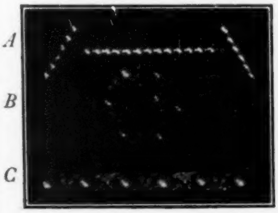

A — Set of bar and cuff pins — creamy white pearls or alternating gun metal and white — $2.00 *postpaid.*

B-C — Circle or Bar pin effectively set with tiny brilliants and six soft creamy pearls — exceptionally pretty — $1.60 *each postpaid.*

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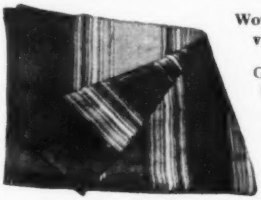

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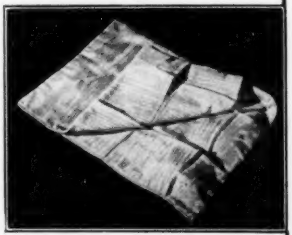

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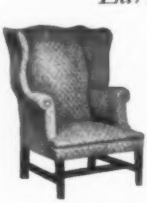

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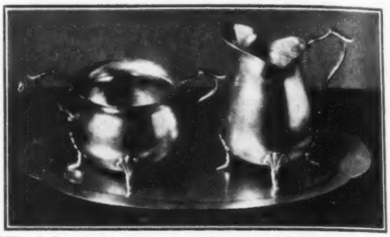
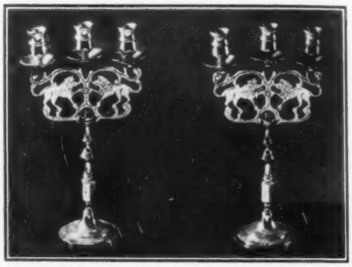
Jane Loring's Shopping Service



ONE of the nicest presents we have to suggest, and certainly one of the best values, is this sugar and cream set in a perfectly charming "Jack Shepard" design in modern pewter — the kind that retains its polish. The sugar bowl and cream pitcher, on little feet, are graceful as can be, and an oval 9″ tray completes the set, which is priced at $5.00. Postpaid.



THE design of these candelabra is copied from an old Russian one and we found them in that quarter of New York which abounds in fascinating things in brass and copper. Of solid, polished brass, three-candle style, 11½″ high x 6¾″ wide, they are strikingly decorative alone or in pairs, and are most moderately priced at $2.25 each; $4.00 a pair. Postpaid.

THIS is the sort of coffee set you use and use and use, never tiring of it and always finding it attractive and practical. Of hand-beaten brass or copper, pewter-lined for absolute safety in use, the set consists of four pieces, tray 12″ in diameter, coffee pot 7½″ high and holding one quart, sugar bowl and cream pitcher each 4″ high. Set complete, $7.50. Express charges collect. It weighs 10 pounds packed for shipping, so if you wish it sent to anyone prepaid, please include sufficient money.

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"From the earth's four corners"

Hors d' œuvres variè from many lands; Petit Marmite Soup; Green Turtle Soup prepared with Sherry; Arares, Japanese cocktail bits from Tokio; and just arrived from England, the Famous Royal Tunbridge Wells Romary's Water Biscuits, 60c a tin; Romary's Wheaten Water Biscuits, 60c a tin, and Ye Olde English Ginger Nuts, 70c a tin. Postage additional.

Let us send you our catalog H, which will give you more complete information

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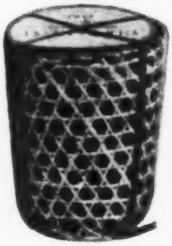
22 Allen Street New York City
Send for catalog P16



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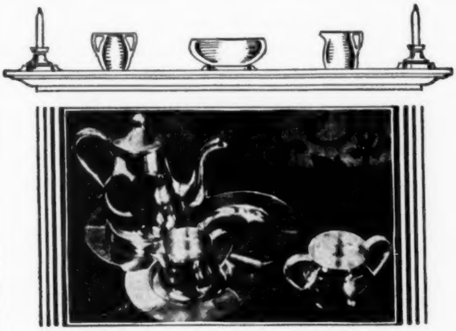

A Solid Pewter Tea or Coffee Set

$15.00

A set to delight the eye of any hostess. A gift that will be truly appreciated and cherished. It consists of four pieces,—the pot, the sugar bowl and the creamer each fit into the specially designed tray which prevents slipping. The dull glow of the pewter combined with the simple dignified lines of these reproductions make a set of real beauty besides being extremely useful. Ask to see this and other Carr Craft products at your favorite shop, or attach your check to this ad and mail it to us direct.

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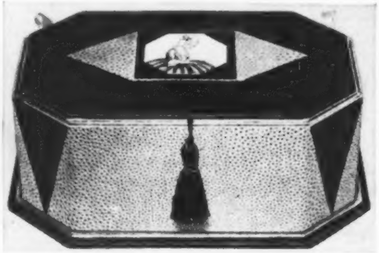
A UTILITY BOX for the GUEST ROOM



This box is unusually pretty, in tan and gold sungari paper trimmed with blue French velour. A hinged cover is provided with a fancy tassel to facilitate its opening. An accent of the Victorian note is shown in the dainty pastel colored miniature on top. It is both distinctive and practical for the guest room dresser.

Price including postage, $3.50

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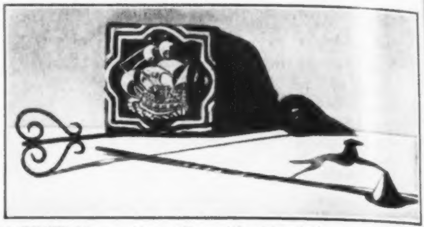
(Postage prepaid)

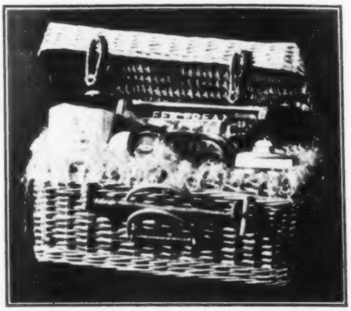
THE DRESSING ROOM

205 WEST 56TH STREET NEW YORK

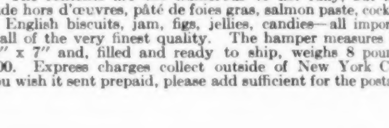


DELFT blue pottery tiles with ship designs in white are altogether delightful and lend themselves to many uses, for coffee or tea-pot or any hot dish, for flower pot or vase. 4" square and backed with felt, $1.00. Postpaid.

These graceful candle-snuffers are entirely hand-made, of pewter, in a lovely old finish, and in two most artistic designs, the Borzoi, and the open patterned handle, which looks lovely hanging near the fireplace, for instance. 11" long, $2.00 each. Postpaid.



FOR a gift that is different, for your hostess, for Thanksgiving or Xmas, we suggest a hamper filled to overflowing with tempting imported delicacies from a shop specializing in such things. Even the hamper is imported, and is one you would wish to keep, wicker, stained a nice tan, and with a firm fastening. The contents are too numerous to list fully, but they include hors d'œuvres, pâté de foies gras, salmon paste, cocktail bits, English biscuits, jam, figs, jellies, candies—all imported and all of the very finest quality. The hamper measures 15" x 10" x 7" and, filled and ready to ship, weighs 8 pounds. $10.00. Express charges collect outside of New York City. If you wish it sent prepaid, please add sufficient for the postage.



THESE Lilies of the Valley are an annual favorite with many of our readers, and we repeat them as a reminder, and as a suggestion to those who do not happen to be familiar with them. You receive 12 special forcing pips prepared for house planting, with sufficient fibre to plant them. All you do is put them in a bowl — and watch. In 21 days they bloom — and when they are done you may use the fibre over again on a new lot. They are a joy to watch and make a delightful Thanksgiving or Xmas remembrance. 12 pips and box of fibre, $2.50. Postpaid. The bowl is *not* included.

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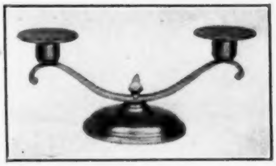

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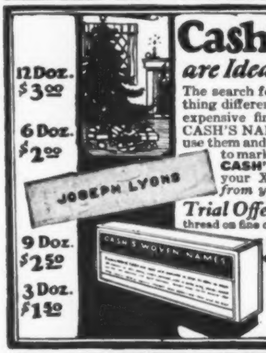

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We Apologize!

The *Bite-X* we recommended last month as a cure for that pernicious habit of thumb-sucking, is sold by the Child Welfare Guild for $1.00 the bottle, *prepaid.*

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You know, of course, that Jane Loring is here for the sole purpose of simplifying the shopping of Harper readers. She will buy anything shown on these pages, or anything else you may wish, she will give up-to-the-minute suggestions as to what to buy, and where.

In turn, however, Miss Loring begs you *please*, especially during these busy months before Christmas, to help her render you the best possible service, by observing the following suggestions: —

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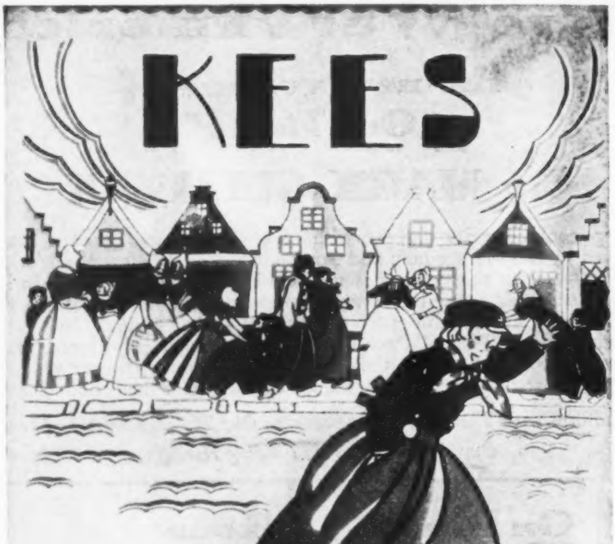

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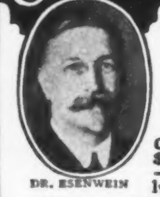

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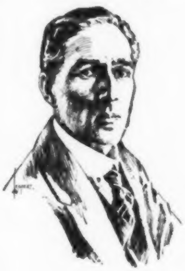

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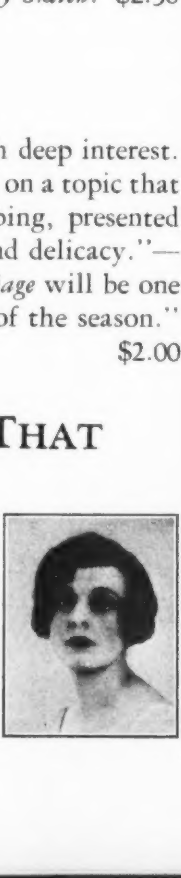

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"Like all Miss Royde-Smith's work, this is a well-told tale, with an attractive natural background vividly painted in, and with much shrewd observation of men and women." — *London Times.*

"THE ISLAND compels the imagination; it gathers momentum and intensity with every page." — *Week End Review.*

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THE MYSTERY OF THE FOLDED PAPER, *by Hulbert Footner.* Murder by night in Hoboken, and only one clue. A replica of the little folded paper comes with the book. Draw your own deductions, and share in the thrilling horrors of this mystery de luxe. They will lead you to the Old Rialto Theatre, to a lonely estate on the Hudson and to as high a peak of excitement as you are likely to find anywhere.

I MET MURDER, *by Selwyn Jepson.* The wine glass shattered in his hand just as something struck the panelling behind his head. A bullet had missed its mark. Within a week, however, all six of those attending that little dinner had met sudden, silent death. There is something close to genius in the simplicity with which this tale is told.

THE TRIAL OF SCOTLAND YARD, *by Stuart Martin.* "Can a murder be committed in a room in which a dozen of the country's best detectives are sitting, at a moment specified by the murderer? It can and was done. A rattling good tale." — *Brooklyn Eagle.*

Ready November 5th

SIR JOHN MAGILL'S LAST JOURNEY, *by Freeman Wills Crofts.* Inspector French, in a duel with Murder, narrowly escapes with his own life.

Sealed and guaranteed.
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NEW Harper BOOKS

REPENTANCE AT LEISURE

by Olive Moore

About this story of a woman who rebelled against the burden of child-bearing the *London Telegraph* says: "This novel deserves to be one of the most eagerly discussed of our time, for it contains more thought and originality on one page than most novelists manage to spread over a whole book." $2.00

THE SILVER SWAN

by Bertrand Collins

Author of "Rome Express"

She was a nice girl, technically, but a determined one. She dazzled one poor Englishman after another and finally married into a distinguished country family. Subtle satire goes into this portrait of the American girl abroad. $2.50

WOMAN UNDER GLASS

by Virginia Hersch

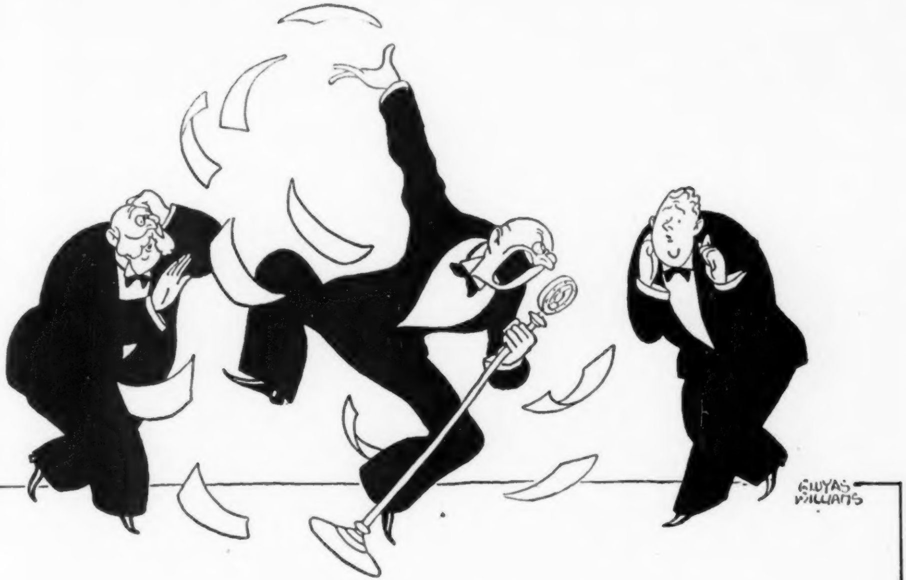
Author of "Bird of God"

"The fascinating story of a woman saint who, after the quiet violence of doubt and uncertainty, solved the problem of flesh and spirit. Beautifully painted — compounded of heaven and earth." — *Pierre Loving.* $2.50

SOLDIERS' WOMEN

by Otto Bernhard Wendler

A restrained, but none the less shocking story of the havoc wrought by the enforced separation of the sexes in wartime, pictured through the lives of four men brought together in the same platoon. $2.00



A—N—N—O—U—N—C—I—N—G

a new book by Robert Benchley

THE ribs of the nation quail; diaphragms tremble in fear. The devilish Benchley is on the loose again.

Here's what the country has needed all along. We've been scaring prosperity away and ourselves to death. One long face entails another — but now the long faces will widen into grins, the grins will stretch to good broad laughs, and the country will be saved.

Give yourself a treat. Invest two bucks in Benchley and hold him for the long pull. It's going to be a hard winter and you'll need something to keep you amused when you're snowed in. Let America's favorite humorist warm the cockles of your heart and thaw out your risibilities.

In addition to the world-famous *Treasurer's Report*, you have here over thirty other tidbits from the inimitable Benchley pen — all illustrated by the wily Gluyas Williams. What more could you ask? When funnier books are written Benchley will write them. In the meanwhile, if you're wise you won't miss this one!

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AND OTHER ASPECTS OF COMMUNITY SINGING

"Angel Pavement *is a bigger book, a more important book than* The Good Companions."

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N. Y. EVENING WORLD: "Here it is! A great novel! A novel that will live. We strongly recommend *Angel Pavement*."

PHILADELPHIA PUBLIC LEDGER: "This story of a picturesque career upon a background of London in all kinds of weather and in all corners is as robust, as vital, as entertaining, as true as anything you are likely to read this year."

CHICAGO TRIBUNE: "A grand book for smoothing down the barbs of boredom."

N. Y. EVENING POST: "The lavish merits of Mr. Priestley's novels lie in the gusto of his own personality, the seemingly inexhaustible sympathy which keeps his satirical chapters and his sly humor constantly tender."

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J. B. PRIESTLEY
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494 pages *Heading Best Seller Lists Everywhere* **$3.00**

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Favorite Sister of Napoleon

by **W. N. C. Carlton**

Edgar Lee Masters says:—"I could not put it down. The vast Napoleonic material is reduced to the perspective of a one aisled avenue down which one can see the figure of a woman, *une grande amoureuse*, who used her brother's glory and riches for the triumphs of her own person. A fascinating book from first to last." "The love-saga of one of the most un-moral women in the world."—*A. Hamilton Gibbs*. Illustrated. $3.50

LIFE IN ELIZABETHAN DAYS

by ***William Stearns Davis***

This new book by the author of that perennial favorite *Life on a Mediaeval Barony*, takes you into Merrie England in the year 1590. Every phase of existence in that day is set before you in a diverting and authoritative story. Illustrated. $3.50

BACH THE MASTER

A New Interpretation of His Genius

by ***Rutland Boughton***

Rutland Boughton touches the core of Bach's spiritual conflict, showing his faith to be the same as that which inspired the wonders of Gothic architecture. The thousands who have heard Bach's music with delight, but without full understanding, will welcome this book. $4.00

Collectors' Note—

An important item, of which 299 signed and numbered copies are for sale, is the Definitive Edition of *H. M. Tomlinson's* THE SEA AND THE JUNGLE. The author has made numerous textual changes and written a special preface for this edition, which is illustrated with wood-cuts by *Clare Leighton*. Limited edition, $15.00. Regular trade edition, $3.50

New Novelist—

"It is the distinction of *Jack O'Connor* that he has created a character who rides a horse in the Arizona desert and wears two guns, and who yet achieves something of the rich and detailed reality of a figure by Dreiser or Zola. He has made cowboys, Mexicans, Pima Indians and dance-hall girls as real as the crowd on Forty-second street."—*Harvey Fergusson*. This novel, CONQUEST, by *Jack O'Connor*, has just been banned by the Public Library of El Paso, Texas, once the toughest of border towns. $2.00

Khaki Cur—

You will honor a khaki-colored cur who received two wound stripes, and, as mascot of the First Division, reviewed a regiment, in RAGS, The Story of a Dog Who Went to War, by *Jack Rohan*. Illustrated. $2.00

Melody—

Ballads and folk-songs of the Kentucky hills, vibrant with human feeling and the magic of pure melody, illustrated with the author's own black and white drawings which express something of the inherent beauty and fresh quality of the verse will be found in LONESOME WATER, by *Roy C. Helton.* $2.00

A Great Man

"Written intimately and from the heart, it is the story of a great man told by his close friends." So did *Lewis Gannett* appraise GOETHALS: GENIUS OF THE PANAMA CANAL by *Joseph Bucklin Bishop* and *Farnham Bishop*. Illustrated. $5.00

Indispensable

"Absolutely indispensable to the study of European history . . . a veritable mine of new information, rich in personal revelations." — *Charles A. Beard.* THE GROWING ANTAGONISM, Vol. III of The German Diplomatic Documents, is now ready. $7.50 4 vols. $25.00 the set.

Veracity of an Angler

The hitherto silent partner in Zane Grey's fishing expeditions tells his own tales in a salty book, ADVENTURES OF A DEEP-SEA ANGLER, by Zane's brother, *R. C. Grey.* 77 full-page illustrations testify to the size of his hauls. $7.50

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by Norman Douglas

"A witty, penetrating, choleric, chaotic book; a crazy book, a wholly delightful and surprising book." — LEWIS GANNETT, in the *New York Herald Tribune*. $3.00

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"If there was ever a book which liberals should conspire to circulate it is this one." HARRY ELMER BARNES. Illustrated. $5.00

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by Harold J. Laski

"He is worthy to rank with Milton, Locke and Mill as a fearless champion of freedom. His book is invaluable." — H. W. NEVINSON. $3.00

THIS LAND OF LIBERTY

by Ernest Sutherland Bates

"Smug and complacent 100% Americans would be shocked into thought if they had sense enough to read this book." — ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS. $3.00

OUR NEW WAYS OF THINKING

by George Boas

A distinguished philosopher shows how the new thinking affects our lives. $2.50

Retail credits and motor cars

MANY generations ago, when banks began to extend credit to producers of raw materials and manufacturers of finished goods, the world experienced an immense increase in production and in wealth.

This generation is witnessing a corresponding extension of credit to the individual consumer, which has stimulated the sale of goods because it has enabled the average family to enjoy greater advantages and greater comforts to an extent never paralleled.

The principle of instalment purchasing has been utilized by many lines of industry, but in none has it played such an important role as in the motor car industry, where more than 60 per cent of all cars are now sold to individuals on credit.

General Motors, back in 1919, recognized the importance of time payments in retail sales and organized the General Motors Acceptance Corporation as an independent banking institution to provide credit on a sound basis to General Motors dealers and to buyers of General Motors products. This institution has enabled more than 5 million people to enjoy their cars while paying for them out of income.

This one institution has granted more than two and one-half billion dollars of credit, based upon the inherent honesty and industry of the American people. The bulk of this vast sum has been borrowed from a group of the world's most forward-looking banks.

Without this sound credit structure and banking cooperation, the automotive industry, with all that it means to American life and prosperity, could not have become the largest manufacturing industry in the world.

GM
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GENERAL MOTORS

"A CAR FOR EVERY PURSE AND PURPOSE"

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · OAKLAND
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GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS · YELLOW COACHES AND YELLOW CABS
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When you discover a critical traveler . . . you'll usually find a Statler guest.

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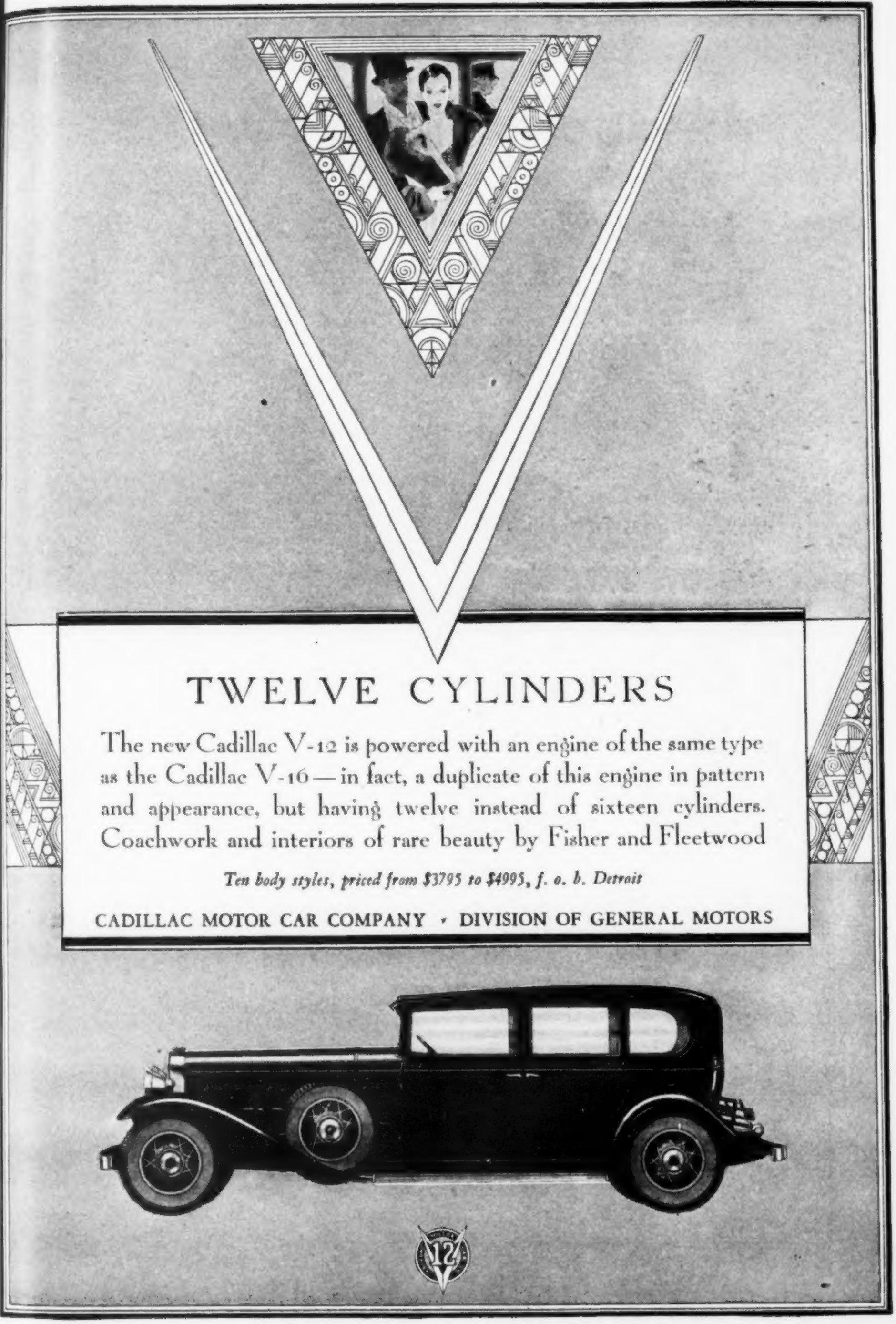
[*Hotel Pennsylvania*]



TWELVE CYLINDERS

The new Cadillac V-12 is powered with an engine of the same type as the Cadillac V-16—in fact, a duplicate of this engine in pattern and appearance, but having twelve instead of sixteen cylinders. Coachwork and interiors of rare beauty by Fisher and Fleetwood

Ten body styles, priced from $3795 to $4995, f. o. b. Detroit

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY • DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

Announcement of the Opening

GASPARILLA INN
HOTEL CHARLOTTE HARBOR
USEPPA INN

On the tenth of January, Gasparilla Inn, at Boca Grande, Florida (Gulf Coast), will open for the coming season. A new golf course and clubhouse will be ready. The splendid beaches and the tennis courts will be high favorites. Fishing will be enjoyed. Write to Gasparilla Inn, New York Office, 220 West 42nd Street, New York City, for reservations, booklet or further details.

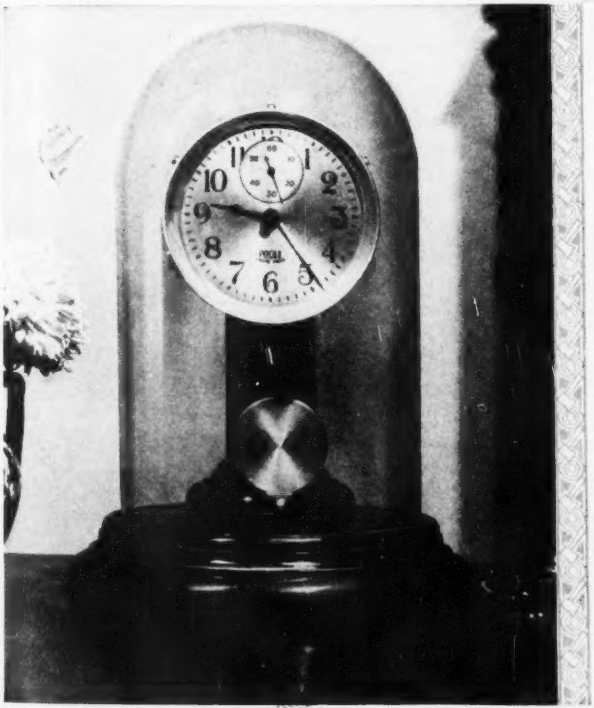
The Hotel Charlotte Harbor at Punta Gorda on Florida's West Coast, will open January first. The Hotel's own 18 hole golf course, one of the South's finest, will be in perfect condition. The great pool that fronts the Hotel will be ready. The tennis courts and traps will be waiting. In season, quail shooting and tarpon fishing will call the sportsman. Boating, black bass fishing, and dancing will be enjoyed. And as ever, the very important matter of cuisine will be everything it should be. A handsome booklet or further information may be had by addressing Peter P. Schutt, Manager, Room 903, 220 West 42nd Street, New York — after December first at Punta Gorda, Florida.

Useppa Inn, on Useppa Island, off the Gulf Coast of Florida, also will open January first. At this unique resort, tarpon fishing, golf, bathing and tennis may be enjoyed. Write to J. F. Vallely, Manager, Useppa Inn, New York Office, 220 West 42nd Street, New York City.

In a Hunting Shack in the Wilds . . .

A MAN had a hunting shack deep in the Canadian woods, far from all electric wires. He put a Poole Electric Clock in the shack because of its independence of outside aid, either human or electrical.

At the close of the season he departed, leaving the clock running. Nearly a year later he returned and found the clock still running—and on time—although during the winter the temperature had been nearly 50 below zero.



PooleElectricClocks

are the only self-contained electric clocks; they require no connection with a central station current; hence they do away with unsightly cords, and they are not affected by circuit troubles, the blowing of fuses, or the accidental pulling-out of plugs.

Every Poole Electric Clock, whatever its price, carries a written and signed guarantee of accuracy within sixty seconds per month. No other timepiece carries such a guarantee.

Cased in a variety of handsome models for living rooms, dining rooms, libraries and kitchens; for private and general offices.

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(Slightly higher West of the Rockies and in Canada)

If you don't find them readily in your locality, write us; we will give you name of a nearby dealer or fill your order direct if no convenient dealer yet handles the Poole.

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Ithaca, N. Y.

THE EXECUTIVE

MODEL 5—PRICE $20.00

For the modern private office or library. Dome of dustproof glass, set in an unbreakable Morsite base. 10½ inches high.

POOLE
Electric Clocks

A NEW

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN!

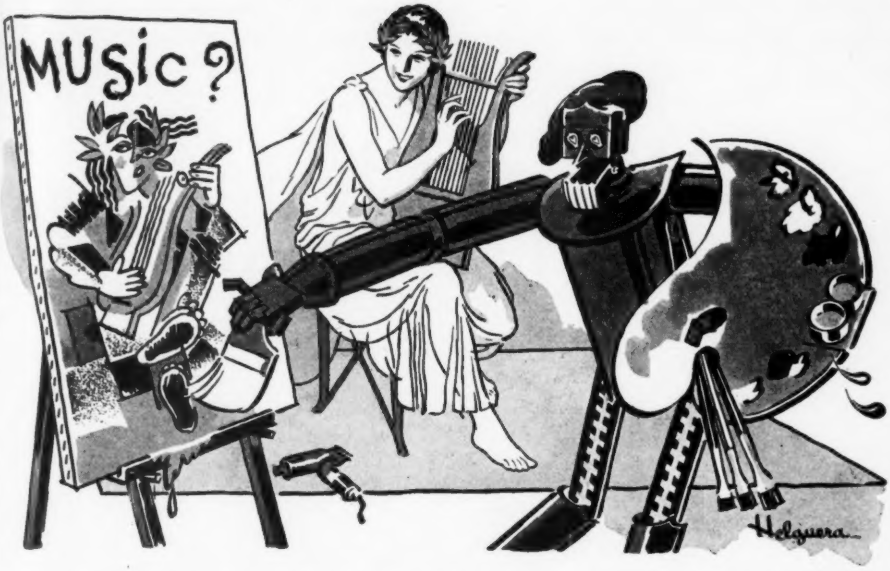
WE HAVE a very interesting announcement to make. Beginning with the November issue, *Scientific American* will appear in an entirely new format.

The front cover will have the color painting extending entirely across the face of the page, thus giving greater amplitude for reproduction of the original painting and allowing the subjects to be treated with more freedom and imagination than formerly — somewhat similar to effects obtained in pastel work. The body of the magazine has been entirely reset in the Bodoni "family" and the typography has been carefully worked out to give better display for the illustrations and make the text clear and readable. A new and better paper will be used and production on sheet-fed rotary presses will provide for better make-ready and hence superior results.

All these changes will make a more distinctive magazine — attractive, handy, and easy to read. The logotype of the front cover, in the formation of its letters, still retains a suggestion of the old one first adopted in 1867, thus carrying through a bit of tradition which ties up the new with the old and is a guerdon that the pre-eminent position of *Scientific American* in the magazine field will be carried through and enhanced by all the experience, resources, and contacts which give it its individuality.

Orson D. Munn

EDITOR



A PICTURE NO ROBOT CAN PAINT!

ONE cannot produce art without feeling. Hence the inadequacy of mechanical rendition of music as a substitute for Living Music.

* * *

Life—glamour—excitement—are fundamental requirements of the theatre. There is drama in the artist's struggle to please and in the emotional response of the audience.

* * *

The intelligent theatre goer enjoys the thrill of the artist's presence, and the feeling that his presence, too, is felt. He is a participant in the event—a critic of the performance, empowered to reward excellence and to reprove fault.

* * *

Music supplied this life, this human contact, for the motion picture theatre until the coming of Canned Music.

* * *

The purely mechanical theatre represents the climax of a new spirit in the theatrical business, one that takes the docility of the patron too much for granted. His money is required, therefore he must be given a show. "But," says the exploiter, "let's give him no more than we must."

* * *

The new economists of the theatre! Are they right? Or are they wrong?

* * *

Millions of theatre patrons believe they are wrong and are voicing a demand for Living Music in the theatre by joining the Music Defense League. It is your right, also, to vote on this cultural issue. **See coupon below.**

AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS H-11
1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Without further obligation on my part please enroll my name in the Music Defense League as one who is opposed to the elimination of Living Music from the Theatre.

Name...

Address......................................

City......................... **State**..........

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS

(Comprising 140,000 professional musicians in the United States and Canada)
JOSEPH N. WEBER, *President*, 1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

The

HUNTING

Number

of

Polo

The Magazine for Horsemen

Established 1927

THE November issue of POLO will be the special HUNTING Number. News and articles on hunting, of pointed interest to huntsmen and entertaining to every horseman, will be specially featured in this issue. Reproductions from exclusive photographs and original drawings and sketches will enliven the text.

℄ For years POLO has been the only recognized authority on the galloping game, and has enjoyed an unusual following among the "polo crowd." Now, under the management of Harper & Brothers and with its greatly widened editorial scope, other activities of the horseman are dealt with, with equal authority, intelligence and interest.

℄ The HUNTING Number is one of the series of special issues to be devoted to Hunting, Steeplechasing, Racing, Horse Shows, etc.

℄ The HUNTING Number (*November issue*) will be in the hands of subscribers on November the first. Copies will also be on sale at newsstands at leading resorts, hotels, country clubs, railroad stations, and wherever the social-sporting crowd gathers.

Single copies 50 cents. To make sure of your copy of this important issue order from your newsdealer now. Or mail the attached coupon for a subscription to begin with the November (Hunting) number.

A Publication of HARPER & BROTHERS

POLO MAGAZINE INC. HM 11-30

49 East 33rd St., New York, N. Y.

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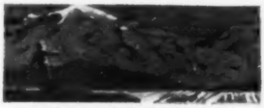
How to make the most of winter playtime



Snow-peaked mountains

The desert near Palm Springs

Golf beside the blue Pacific . . . outdoor sports all winter

All-Year Club of Southern California, Div 11 R, 1151 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.
(Check if desired). ☐ Please send me *free* one-month's Illustrated Winter Itinerary with itemized figures on costs while in Southern California.
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You can make every precious vacation moment return its fullest measure of play, rest, health and stimulating new experience in Southern California this winter. For no other single place offers so *many* ways of making winter playtime memorable.

There's the winter desert, with a brilliant oasis like Palm Springs, the new mecca for those who know the world's most fascinating playgrounds.

Nearby are pine-bordered lakes a mile above the sea . . . snow-peaks sheltering fertile valleys fragrant with orange blossoms.

Your favorite sport . . . golf . . . polo . . . tennis . . . riding . . . all are here at their sportiest.

Or you can bask beside the friendly Pacific . . . sail blue waters to nearby pleasure-isles.

Get a touch of foreign glamour in Old Mexico, in California's ancient Spanish Missions and in the architecture they reflect today.

Then explore the gay cafes, night clubs and theaters of Hollywood and Los Angeles . . . attend unique "first-nights" with the stars.

Because Southern California is a year 'round vacation land you escape "peak prices" necessary in short-season resorts. Ample accommodations. In fact, living costs here are less than the national average.* You can play all winter long and spend no more than at home!

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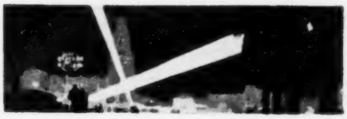
We have prepared a suggested outline of a month's stay in California, including dozens of interesting gravure photographs of Southern California scenes, map, information about routes and itemized cost figures. Send the coupon now for your free copy of this remarkable book.

If you wish *another* beautiful Southern California book — containing 71 large gravure photographs send 4c to cover mailing cost.

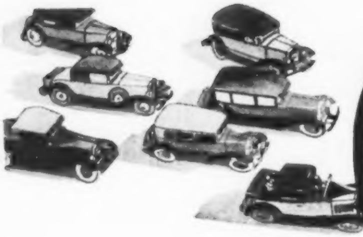
*Based on U. S. Gov't surveys for food, rent fuel and light.

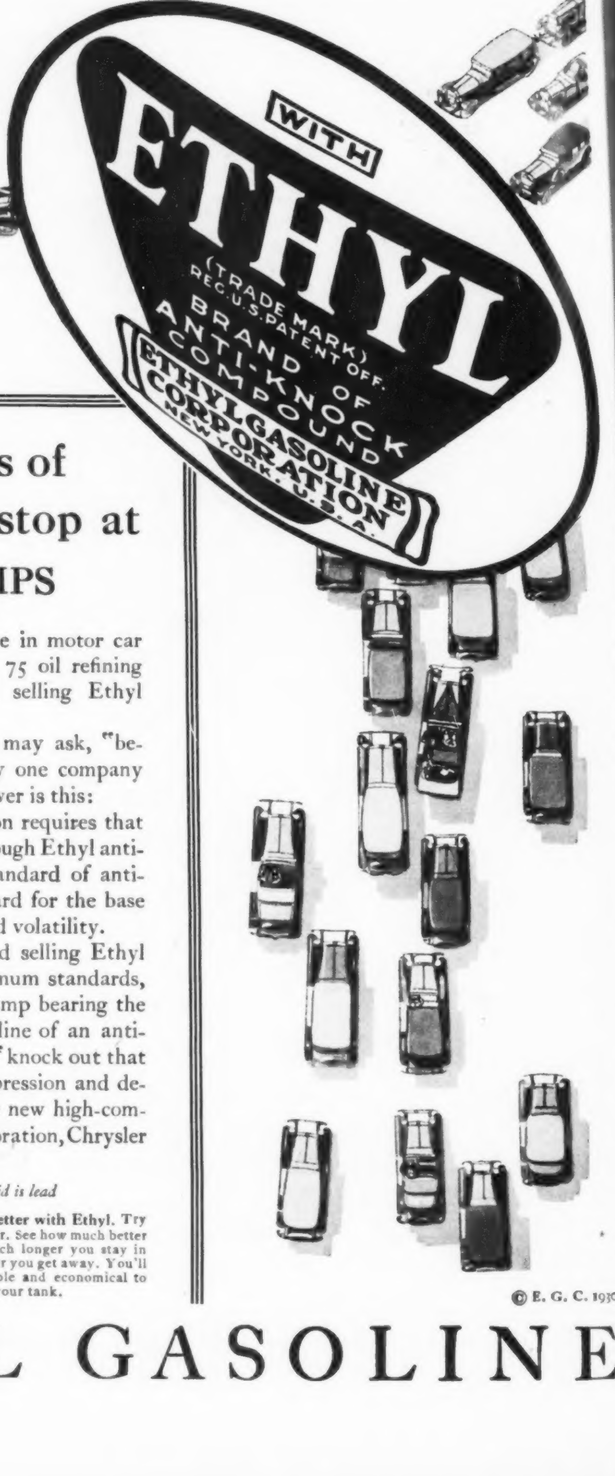


Gay night life . . . Hollywood

Executives and Investors: Los Angeles County oil fields represent an investment of 750 millions . . . the agricultural industry over 400 millions. The port of Los Angeles is second only to New York in volume of export tonnage.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA





Why millions of motorists now stop at ETHYL PUMPS

ETHYL makes such a difference in motor car performance that more than 75 oil refining companies are now mixing and selling Ethyl Gasoline.

"Is there any difference," you may ask, "between the Ethyl Gasoline sold by one company and that sold by others?" The answer is this:

The Ethyl Gasoline Corporation requires that *all* Ethyl Gasoline must contain enough Ethyl anti-knock fluid to meet the Ethyl standard of anti-knock quality. It also sets a standard for the base gasoline used, as regards purity and volatility.

Most oil companies mixing and selling Ethyl Gasoline are exceeding these minimum standards, but you may be sure that *any* pump bearing the Ethyl emblem contains good gasoline of an anti-knock rating sufficiently high to "knock out that 'knock'" in cars of ordinary compression and develop the additional power of the new high-compression cars. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York City.

The active ingredient in Ethyl fluid is lead

GOOD GASOLINE + ETHYL FLUID = ETHYL GASOLINE
Knocks out that "knock"

***Your* car will run better with Ethyl.** Try Ethyl in your own car. See how much better it performs; how much longer you stay in high; how much faster you get away. You'll find it more enjoyable and economical to drive with Ethyl in your tank.

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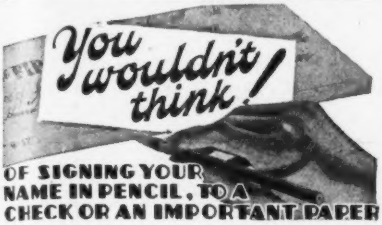
ETHYL GASOLINE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COMMUNITY & INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT

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Based on *your* problems. Utica, located in the center of New York State, is at the center of the world's greatest market. If you are planning a branch factory, or new industrial location, Utica offers you definite manufacturing and distributing advantages. We will gladly prepare a survey, based on your individual problems. Write our Industrial Department A.

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The Financial Department

of Harper's Magazine will supply upon request booklets on Investments in Stocks and Bonds, Insurance, Banking and Trust Company service—see list in this issue.

Three 30-DAY Mediterranean Morocco-Riviera Cruises

The Continental's Winter Playground

ETCHING OF THE CHELLAH, RABAT BY W. DOUGLAS MACLEOD

THIRTY-DAY "Mediterranean-Sahara-Riviera Cruise" with live young moderns, off for the sun by the South Atlantic . . . circling the azure sea at its smartest . . . eight ports » » Not a dull moment, the *"France"* starts her gayety with her engines . . . Casablanca for a Moroccan interlude, Oasis, Sultan's paradise, the winter capital of modern sunworshippers . . . gay Algiers and the Garden of Allah . . . Italy at its loveliest . . . the Riviera and Roman France when the sky that arched over the Caesars is blue with the first spring days » » The freedom of independent travel with unlimited stopovers, or return via Havre or Plymouth . . . a ship that is the last word in luxury and chic.

"France", Jan. 10, Feb. 14, March 20

"Barbary Land Cruises" through Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia . . . a fleet of high-powered motor cars . . . 57-day itinerary **$1750;** 13-day itinerary **$200.**

Sixteen-day West Indies Cruise by "Lafayette", December 20 to January 5

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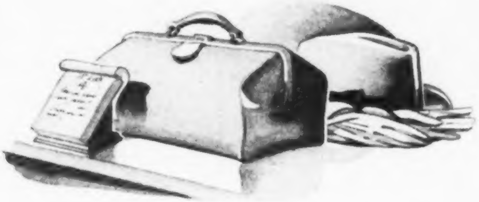
Information from any authorized French Line Agent or write direct to 19 State Street, New York City



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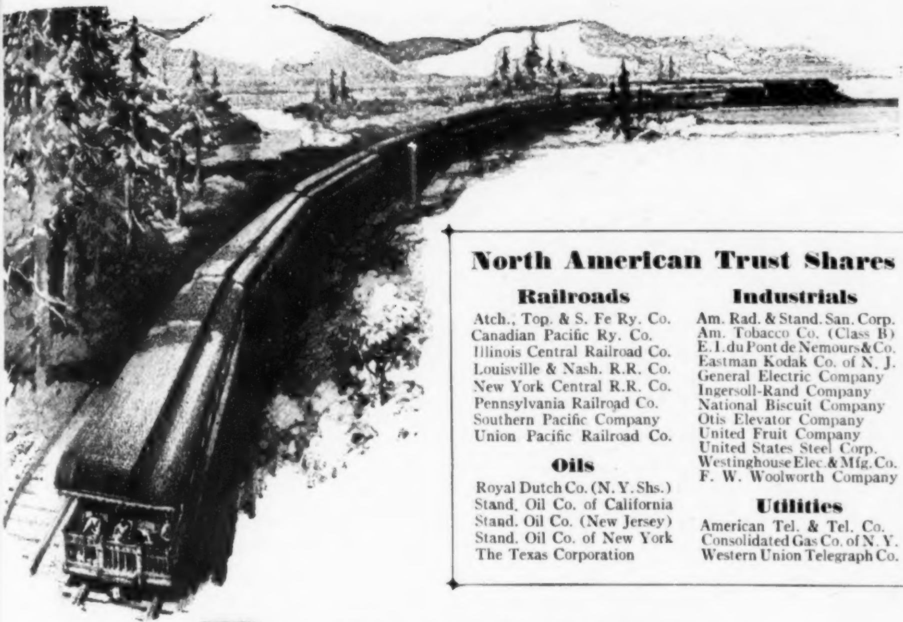

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Investments For Your Individual Needs: Upon request The National City Company will submit a list of recommended issues. The National City Company, 55 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.

Systematic Investment Plans: A definite program of systematic investing is offered by the First National Old Colony Corp., Boston, Mass.

Guaranty Service: A booklet that describes briefly the work of the various departments of the Company and, at the same time, outlines the facilities available to customers through these departments. Guaranty Trust Company of New York, 140 Broadway, New York City.

Why a National Union for Safety: A booklet describing National Union Mortgage Bonds and showing how securities are safeguarded through insurance of principal and interest by outside surety companies. Offered by the National Union Mortgage Company, 111 E. Redwood Street, Baltimore, Md.

"Our Institution," an illustrated booklet describing the various types of securities and the varied services available to investors, is offered by Peabody and Company, 10 S. La Salle St., Chicago, Illinois.

Public Utility Securities as Investments: A booklet containing information on Public Utilities Securities of special interest to all investors is offered by A. C. Allyn & Company, 67 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Water, the Indispensable Utility: An interesting booklet, giving a detailed description of a water company's plant and operations, with special reference to the investment qualities of securities of water companies. Offered by G. . Ohrstrom & Co., 44 Wall St., New York City.

Utility Securities Company, 230 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill., will gladly furnish complete information of the various securities offered by the great public utility interests which the Utility Securities Company serves. Detailed circulars regarding various issues will be mailed upon request.

The Seal That Certifies Safety is the title of a booklet that gives complete information of guaranteed investments; it may be obtained by addressing General Surety Company, 340 Madison Avenue, New York.

The Report of United Founders Corporation for six months ended May 31, 1930, showing a complete list of portfolio holdings together with earnings statement may be obtained from Founders General Corporation, 50 Pine Street, New York City.

Water Works—The Oldest Public Service: A description of the water works operations of the American Water Works and Electric Company, Inc.

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The Growth of American Business, 1904-1929. A brief, conclusive survey of recent business history is offered by Hornblower & Weeks.

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Cities Service Common as a Permanent Investment. This booklet describes the activities of Cities Service Company and its subsidiaries. It also discusses common stock for investment, with special reference to the past history and future possibilities of Cities Service Common stock. Offered by Henry Doherty & Co., 60 Wall St., New York, N. Y.

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Security Bonds: Secured by real estate first mortgages that bear a $40,000,000 guarantee, are described in a circular which J. A. W. Iglehart & Company, 102 St. Paul Street, Baltimore, Md., will be pleased to send to you upon request.

How to Invest Money is the title of a new booklet published by S. W. Straus & Co. It describes various types of securities and is a valuable guide to every investor. A copy will be sent free on request by S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Stock and Bond Register: A record showing the important features of each security which is held by investors. Offered by Otis & Company, 216 Superior St., N. E., Cleveland, Ohio.

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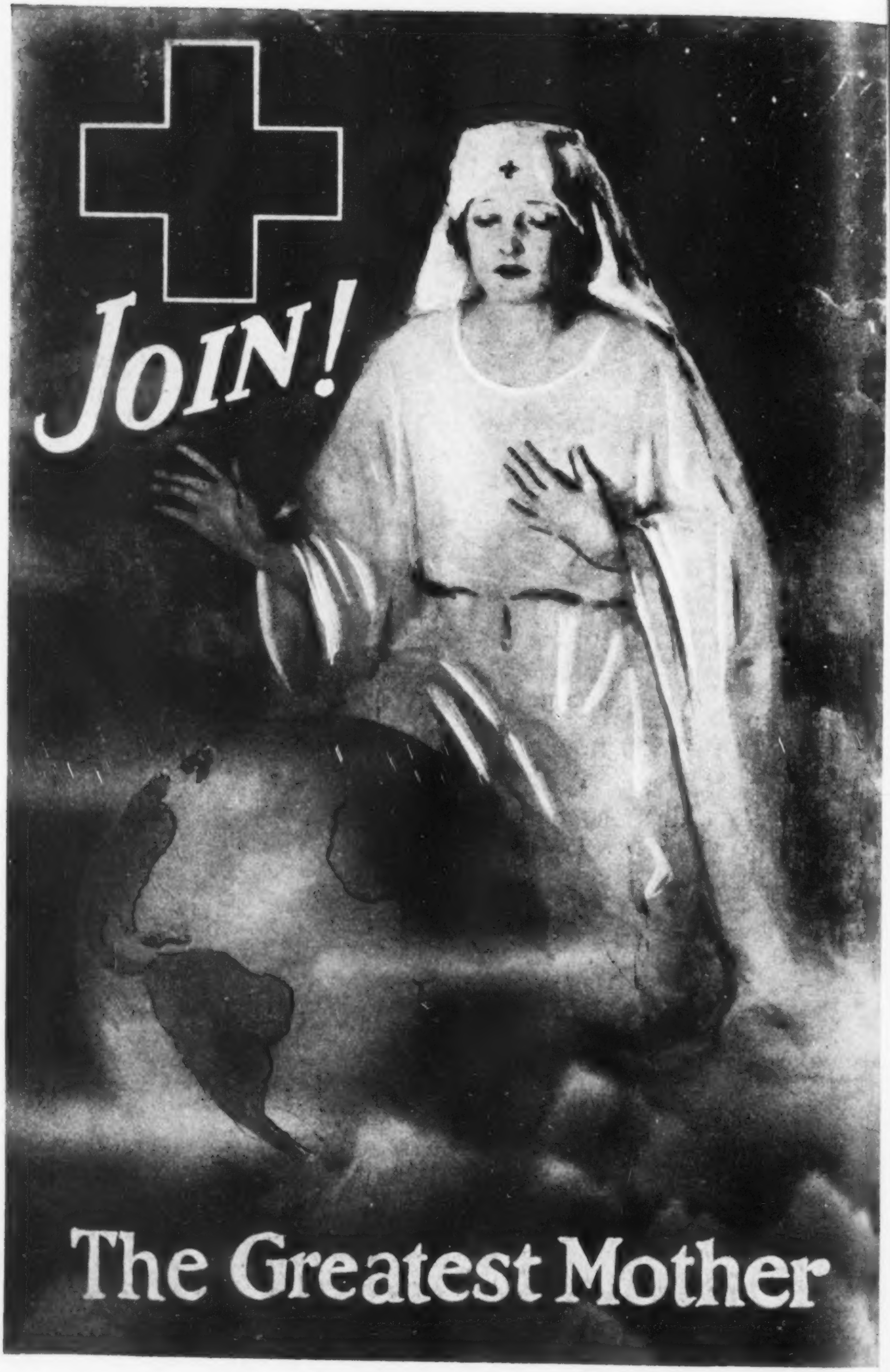
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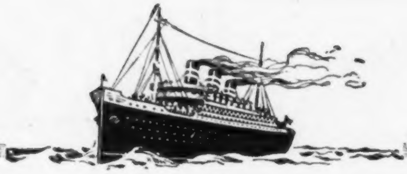

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*MINNEWASKA	†Nov. 22	†Dec. 20

†Via Cherbourg ‡Via Plymouth and Boulogne

Canadian Pacific **Mad. Ave. & 44th St., N. Y.**

Montreal to Liverpool, Glasgow, Belfast, Southampton, Cherbourg, Havre, Hamburg, Antwerp

*MONTCALM	Oct. 29	Dec. 24
DUCHESS OF BEDFORD	Oct. 31	Nov. 26
*DUCHESS OF YORK	Nov. 7	Dec. 5
DUCHESS OF RICHMOND	Nov. 14	Dec. 12
*MONTCLARE	Nov. 15	Dec. 13
*DUCHESS OF ATHOLL	Nov. 21	Dec. 16
*MELITA	Nov. 28	Feb. 6
*MINNEDOSA	Jan. 9	Feb. 13

Quebec to Cherbourg and Southampton

EMPRESS OF FRANCE	Nov. 5
EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA	Nov. 24

Vancouver and Victoria to Yokohama, Honolulu, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Hongkong, and Manila

EMPRESS OF JAPAN	Oct. 30	Dec. 20
EMPRESS OF ASIA	Nov. 13	Jan. 3
EMPRESS OF CANADA	Nov. 27	Jan. 17
EMPRESS OF RUSSIA	Dec. 6	Jan. 31

Clyde-Mallory Lines

N. Y. to Miami

MOHAWK	Nov. 1
ALGONQUIN	Nov. 8

N. Y. to Charleston and Jacksonville

SEMINOLE	Oct. 28
H. R. MALLORY	Oct. 30

N. Y. to Galveston (Calling at Miami)

MOHAWK	Nov. 1
ALGONQUIN	Nov. 8

Cosulich Line **17 Battery Place, N. Y.**

N. Y. to Lisbon, France, Naples, Greece and Trieste

VULCANIA	Nov. 12
SATURNIA	Nov. 29

Cunard Line **25 Broadway, N. Y.**

N. Y. to Cherbourg and Southampton

BERENGARIA	Oct. 29	Nov. 19
MAURETANIA	Nov. 5	Nov. 26
AQUITANIA	Nov. 12	Dec. 3

N. Y. to Plymouth, Havre and London

*TUSCANIA	Oct. 31	Dec. 6
LANCASTRIA	Nov. 14	Dec. 20

Montreal to Belfast, Liverpool

ANTONIA	Nov. 28

N. Y. to Galway, Liverpool

*SCYTHIA	Nov. 1	Nov. 30

Montreal to Belfast, Liverpool and Glasgow

LETITIA	Oct. 31
ANDANIA	Nov. 7
ATHENIA	Nov. 14

Montreal to Plymouth, Havre and London

AUSONIA	Oct. 31
ALAUNIA	Nov. 21

Dollar Steamship Line **604 Fifth Ave., N. Y.**

Los Angeles and San Francisco to Honolulu, Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hongkong, Manila and Around the World. Weekly Sailings from Los Angeles on Mondays; San Francisco on Fridays

PRES. GARFIELD	Oct. 31
PRES. McKINLEY	Nov. 7

N. Y. to California via Panama. Around the World Fortnightly Service from New York sailing Thursdays

PRES. ADAMS	Nov. 6
PRES. HARRISON	Nov. 20

Eastern S. S. Lines **Pier 25, No. River, N. Y.**

Old Dominion Line, New York to Norfolk, Va.

Regular Sailings daily except Sunday, in each direction

Boston & Yarmouth S.S. Co. (India Wharf, Boston)

Boston to Yarmouth

Regular Sailings	Mondays and Thursdays

French Line **19 State St., N. Y.**

N. Y. to Plymouth-Havre

*DE GRASSE	Nov. 5	Dec. 4
*ROCHAMBEAU		Nov. 11
*LAFAYETTE	Nov. 11	Dec. 20
FRANCE		Nov. 14
ILE DE FRANCE	Nov. 21	Dec. 12
PARIS	Dec. 5	Dec. 24

New York-Vigo-Bordeaux

LA BOURDONNAIS	Nov. 5	Dec. 31
*ROUSSILLON		Nov. 29

Furness Bermuda Line **Whitehall St., N. Y.**

N. Y. to Bermuda

Regular Sailings	Wednesdays and Saturdays

Furness Prince Line

New York to Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo, Buenos Aires

NORTHERN PRINCE	Nov. 7
EASTERN PRINCE	Nov. 21
SOUTHERN PRINCE	Dec. 5
WESTERN PRINCE	Dec. 19

Grace Line **10 Hanover Sq., N. Y.**

N. Y to Canal Zone and West Coast, South America via Havana

Fortnightly Service	Sailing Thursdays

Hamburg-American Line **39 Broadway, N. Y.**

N. Y. to Cherbourg-Southampton-Hamburg

DEUTSCHLAND	Oct. 30
RESOLUTE	Nov. 6

N. Y. to Cobh, Cherbourg, Hamburg

ST. LOUIS	Nov. 8
MILWAUKEE	Nov. 22

Holland-America Line **24 State St., N. Y.**

N. Y. to Plymouth-Boulogne-sur-Mer, Rotterdam

NEW AMSTERDAM	Nov. 1	Dec. 2
STATENDAM	Nov. 8	Mar. 24
ROTTERDAM	Nov. 15	Dec. 13
VOLENDAM	Dec. 9	Mar. 14

Italian Line (N. G. I.) **1 State St., N. Y.**

N. Y. to Naples and Genoa

AUGUSTUS	Nov. 1	Dec. 6
ROMA	Nov. 15	Dec. 12

Lloyd Sabaudo Line **3 State St., N. Y.**

New York to Gibraltar, Naples and Genoa

CONTE BIANCAMANO	Nov. 8	Dec. 10
CONTE GRANDE	Nov. 25	Jan. 6

Los Angeles S. S. Co.

Los Angeles to Honolulu

CITY OF LOS ANGELES	Nov. 15	Dec. 13
CALAWAII	Nov. 8	Nov. 29

Matson Line

San Francisco to Hawaii, Samoa, Fiji, Australia,

San Francisco to Honolulu Service

MANOA	Oct. 29	Nov. 26
MAUI	Nov. 5	Dec. 3
WILHELMINA	Nov. 12	Dec. 10
†SIERRA	Dec. 2	Feb. 5

*One class cabin steamer

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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STEAMSHIP SAILINGS (Cont.)

†VENTURA	Nov. 13	Jan. 15
MATSONIA	Nov. 19	Dec. 17
†SONOMA	Dec. 23	Feb. 26

†Australian Boats

Morgan Line
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New York to Nassau, Havana, Miami
Fortnightly Service . . . . Sailing Fridays
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Regular sailings from New York . . . . Fridays
From Bermuda . . . . Mondays

New York and Porto Rico Line
N. Y. to San Juan and Santo Domingo

SAN LORENZO	Oct. 30
COAMO	Nov. 6

Nippon Yusen Kaisha — (N. Y. K. Line)
Seattle and Victoria to Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai and Hongkong

HIKAWA MARU	Oct. 29
YOKOHAMA MARU	Nov. 15
HIYE MARU	Nov. 29

San Francisco via Honolulu to Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Keelung and Hongkong

TAIYO MARU	Oct. 30
CHICHIBU MARU	Nov. 8
SHINYO MARU	Nov. 20

North German Lloyd 57 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to Cobh, Galway, Plymouth, Southampton, Cherbourg, Boulogne, Bremen

*KARLSRUHE		Oct. 30
COLUMBUS	Nov. 5	Nov. 26
*STUTTGART	Nov. 6	Dec. 6
*BERLIN	Nov. 13	Dec. 11
BREMEN	Nov. 15	Dec. 6
*DRESDEN	Nov. 20	Dec. 18
EUROPA	Dec. 16	Jan. 13

Norwegian-America Line 22 Whitehall St.
N. Y. to Norway-Sweden-Denmark-Finland and the Continent

STAVANGERFJORD	Nov. 6
BERGENSFJORD	Nov. 25

Pacific Steam Nav. Co. 26 Broadway, N. Y.
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Panama Mail S. S. Co. 10 Hanover Sq., N. Y.
2 Pine St., San Francisco
N. Y. to San Francisco and return via Panama Canal and Spanish Americas

Sailings from New York	Oct. 25	Nov. 8
Sailings from San Francisco	Nov. 1	Nov. 15

Panama-Pacific Line 1 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to California and return via Havana and Panama Canal

From New York		From San Francisco	
Pennsylvania	Nov. 8	California	Nov. 1
California	Nov. 22	Virginia	Nov. 15
Virginia	Dec. 6	Pennsylvania	Nov. 29

Red Star Line 1 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to Plymouth-Cherbourg-Antwerp

LAPLAND		Nov. 1
WESTERNLAND	Nov. 7	†Dec. 5
PENNLAND	Nov. 21	Dec. 27

†Calls at Halifax

Royal Mail 26 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to Bermuda
S.S. ARCADIAN . . . . Sails Every Saturday

Spanish Royal Mail 24 State St.
N. Y. to Cadiz and Barcelona

MANUEL ARNUS	Oct. 27
*MANUEL CALVO	Nov. 12
MARQUES DE COMILLAS	Nov. 22

N. Y. to Vigo, Coruna, Gijon, Santander, Bilboa

ALFONSO XIII	Nov. 2

Swedish American Line
N. Y. to Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Finland and Baltic States

GRIPSHOLM	Nov. 1	Dec. 6
KUNGSHOLM		Nov. 8
*DROTTNINGHOLM	Nov. 29	Dec. 27

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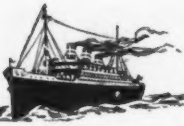

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS (Cont.)

United Fruit Line — **17 Battery Place**

N. Y. to Havana, Cuba, Cristobal, Panama Canal Zone and Port Limon, Costa Rica

PASTORES	Nov. 1	Nov. 29
ULUA	Nov. 8	Dec. 6
CALAMARES	Nov. 15	Dec. 13
TOLOA	Nov. 22	Dec. 20

N. Y. to Kingston, Jamaica; Cristobal, Panama Canal Zone; Cartagena, Puerto Colombia and Santa Marta, Colombia

SANTA MARTA	Oct. 29	Nov. 26
METAPAN	Nov. 5	Dec. 3
SIXAOLA	Nov. 12	Dec. 10

N. Y. to Santiago, Cuba; Kingston, Jamaica; Puerto Castilla and Tela, Honduras; Puerto Barrios, Guatemala

CARRILLO	Nov. 8	Dec. 6
TIVIVES	Nov. 22	Dec. 20

United States Lines — **45 Broadway, N. Y.**

N. Y. to Cherbourg and Southampton

LEVIATHAN	Nov. 8	Dec. 6

N. Y. to Plymouth-Cherbourg-Hamburg

AMERICA	Oct. 29	Nov. 26
PRES. HARDING	Nov. 5	Dec. 3
REPUBLIC		Nov. 15
GEO. WASHINGTON	Nov. 12	Dec. 10
PRES. ROOSEVELT	Nov. 19	Dec. 31

Ward Line

N. Y. to Havana

MORRO CASTLE (New)	Nov. 12

N. Y. to Havana, Progreso, Vera Cruz

HAVANA	Nov. 1
ORIZABA	Nov. 8

White Star Line — **1 Broadway, N. Y.**

N. Y. to Cherbourg-Southampton

MAJESTIC	Oct. 31	Nov. 21
HOMERIC	Nov. 7	Nov. 28
OLYMPIC	Nov. 14	Dec. 5

N. Y. to Cobh (Queenstown)-Liverpool

ADRIATIC	Nov. 1	Nov. 29
BRITANNIC	Nov. 8	Dec. 26
BALTIC		Nov. 15
CEDRIC		Nov. 27

Montreal, Quebec to Liverpool via Glasgow and Belfast

DORIC	Nov. 1

TOURS and CRUISES

Mediterranean

Canadian Pacific	
Empress of France	Feb. 3, 1931
Frank C. Clark	
S.S. Laurentic	Jan. 31, 1931
Thos. Cook & Son	
S.S. Homeric	Jan. 24, 1931
Cunard Line	
S.S. Mauretania	Feb. 21, 1931
Frank Tourist Co.	
S.S. Scythia	Jan. 27, 1931
Hamburg-American Line	
S.S. Hamburg	Jan. 31, 1931
Holland-America Line	
S.S. Rotterdam	Feb. 5, 1931
Italian Line (N. G. I.)	
S.S. Augustus (special voyage)	Jan. 15, Feb. 18
S.S. Roma (special voyage)	Feb. 4, Mar. 7
Raymond-Whitcomb	
S.S. Carinthia	Jan. 31, Apr. 14, 1931
White Star Line	
S.S. Adriatic	Jan. 17 Mar. 7
S.S. Britannic	Jan. 8 Feb. 26

Round the World

Canadian Pacific	
Empress of Australia	Dec. 2, 1930
Cook-Cunard	
S.S. Samaria	Dec. 3, 1930
S.S. Franconia	Jan. 10, 1931
Dollar Line	
Fortnightly Service from N. Y.	Sailings Thursday
Hamburg-American Line	
S.S. Resolute	Jan. 6, 1931
Raymond-Whitcomb	
S.S. Columbus	Jan. 21, 1931
Red Star Line	
S.S. Belgenland	Dec. 15, 1930

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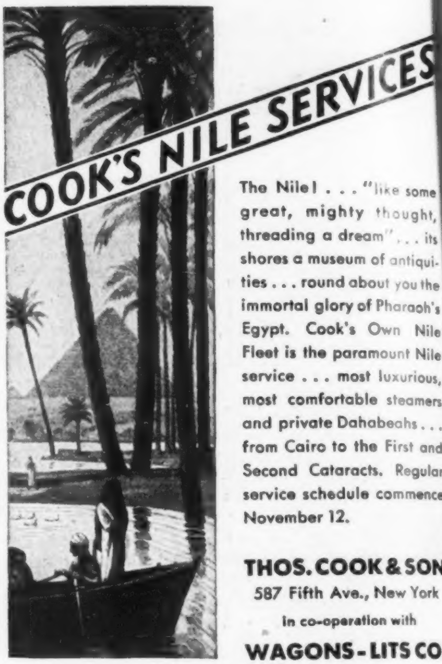

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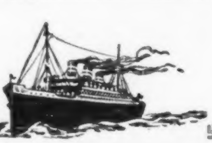

TOURS and CRUISES (Cont.)

West Indies

Canadian Pacific	
Duchess of Bedford	Jan. 9, Feb. 11, 1931
Cosulich Line	
S.S. Vulcania	Jan. 23, Feb. 14
Frank Tourist Co.	
S.S. Volendam	Jan. 21, Feb. 11
S.S. Lafayette	Dec. 20
Furness Bermuda Line	
S.S. Dominica	Oct. 30 Nov. 27
Hamburg-American Line	
S.S. Resolute	Dec. 17
S.S. Reliance	Dec. 20, Jan. 7, Jan. 27
Holland-America Line	
S.S. Statendam	Dec. 20 Jan. 8
S.S. Volendam	Jan. 21 Feb. 11
Raymond-Whitcomb	
S.S. Statendam	Dec. 20, Jan. 8, Jan. 27, Feb. 24
Swedish American Line	
S.S. Kungsholm	Dec. 19
Ward Line	
Regular Sailings	

Mediterranean-Europe

Frank C. Clark	
S.S. Laurentic	July 4, 1931

North Cape

Frank C. Clark	
S.S. Calgaric	June 29, 1931

North Cape-Russia

Raymond-Whitcomb	
S.S. Franconia	June 24, 1931
S.S. Carinthia	June 28, 1931

African Cruise

Cunard-Anchor Lines	
S.S. Transylvania	Jan. 17, 1931

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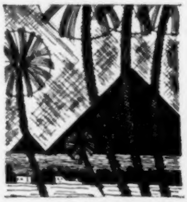

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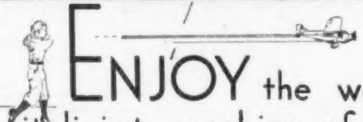

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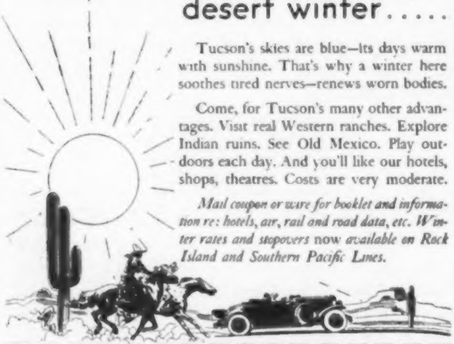

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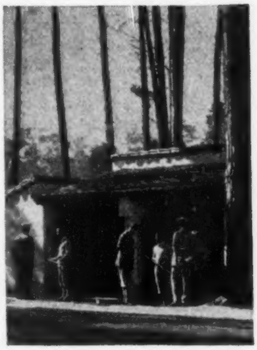
Dinner is your introduction to the San Francisco night. Dinner in the great hotels and restaurants and in the countless famous little eating places. Places French. Italian. German. Chinese. Russian. Japanese . . . Each one in turn a gay contributor to the city's cosmopolitan charm.

The theatre, the opera and the symphony (that are this city's own) come next. You take your choice. Or perhaps you'll stroll awhile. One carefree night one thing, the next another. The walk you'll take can't possibly be charted . . . Sometime you'll be on *Market Street,* the path of gold that is a combination of every fascinating street you've ever strolled. Down *Geary, Sutter, Post.* Up *Grant Avenue,* where long, deep shoppers' windows whisper other secrets of the city's taste. Somehow you'll enter Chinatown and then . . .

Perhaps you'll motor to the Beach, to contemplate the waves that roll from Asia underneath the moon. Perhaps you'll find yourself upon the highest hill watching the moving lights that are an everlasting mystery of the Bay . . . In a thousand nights no two will ever be alike, except in utter fascination.

Choose San Francisco for this winter's holiday. No snow, no cold will keep you from full days outdoors. No boredom from the ecstasy of night.

Let us help you plan. The coupon will bring an illustrated book, full of information.



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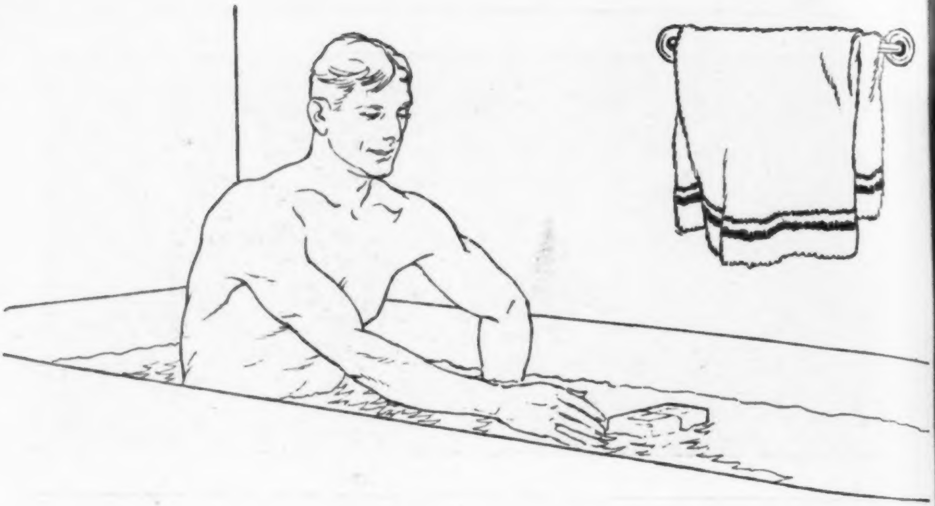


Recipe for a bracer

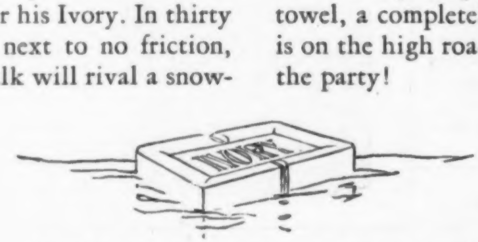
This will add eight additional lives to one wilted spirit if it is taken just before dinner:

Fill the bathtub full and warm. Test with toe or finger. Blend into this a completely tired man. Let him settle quietly to the bottom so that he may absorb contentment. Top the mixture with an unsinkable cake of Ivory Soap.

After a few minutes, the subject will be pleasantly inclined to stir . . . to reach for his Ivory. In thirty seconds, with next to no friction, his lathered bulk will rival a snow-covered Alp. When he bursts out with his old college song, he will feel an irresistible desire to splash. And by the time he cracks on his last high note, every Ivory bubble will be rinsed away.

Now—let coolish water flow in! This starts an extreme agitation of arms and legs . . . blowings and puffings . . . a final leap to the floor.

After a quick polishing with the towel, a completely renovated man is on the high road to be the life of the party!



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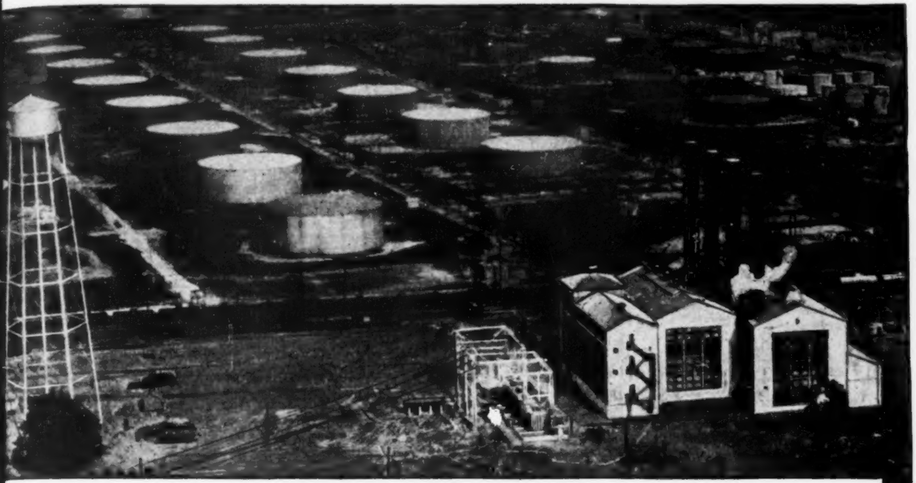

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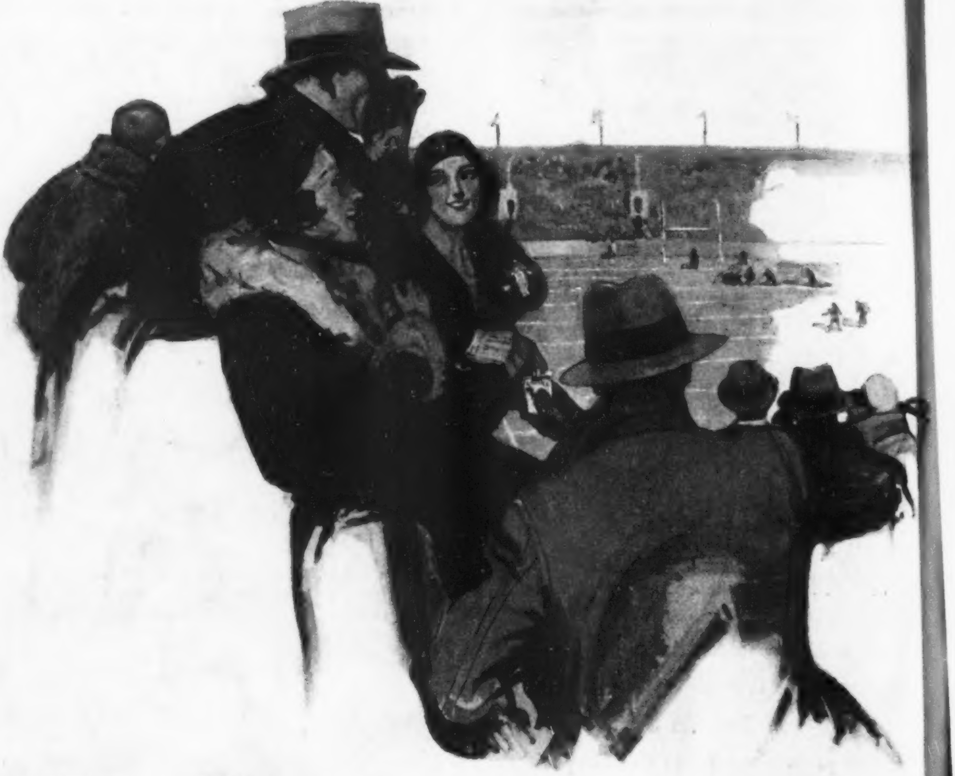

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